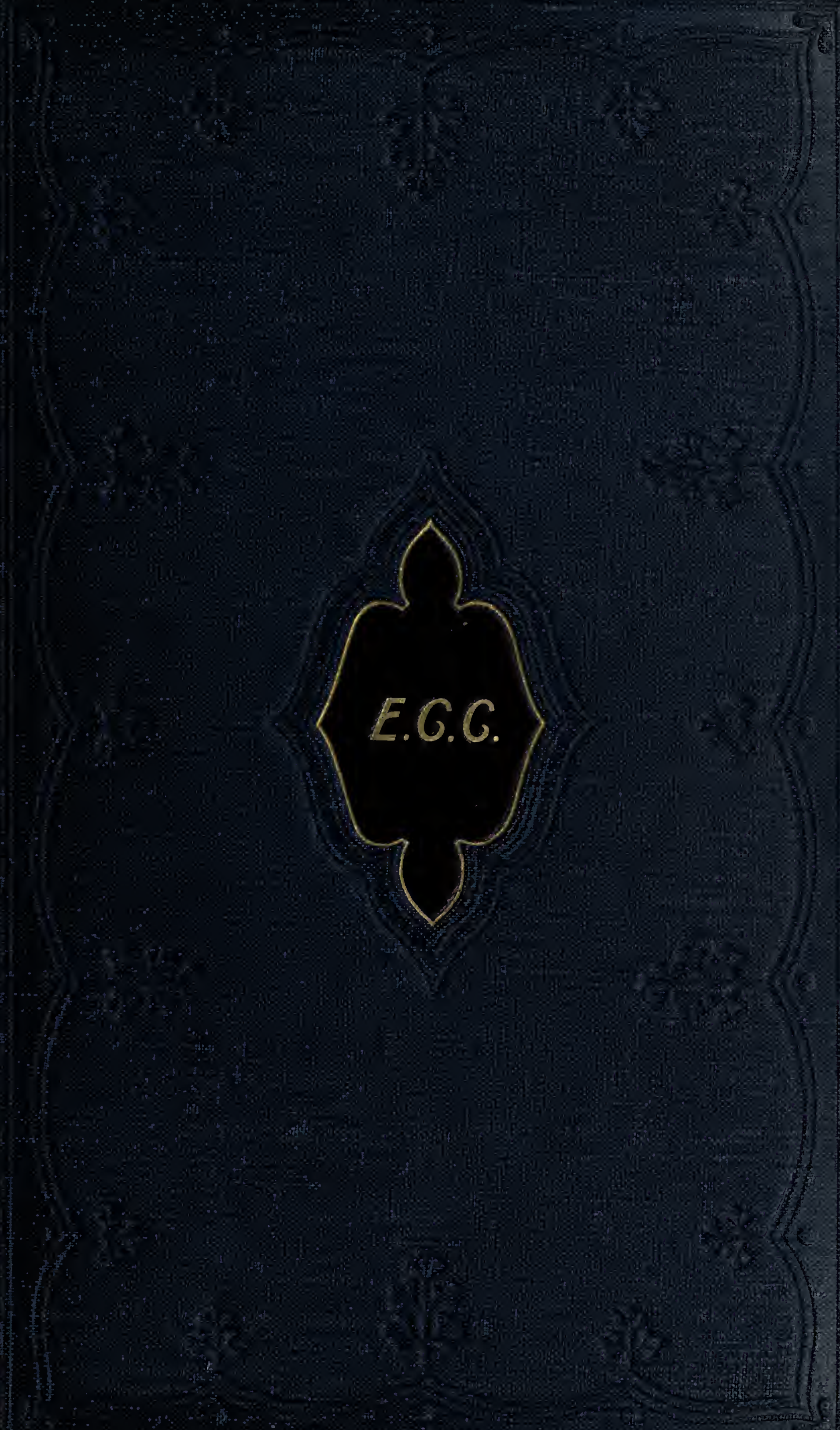


E.G.C.

LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA.

Class

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/mythirtyyearsini00coxerich

MY THIRTY YEARS IN INDIA

MILLS & BOON'S LIST

AVIATION. Written from material supplied by Henry Farman (with a Special Chapter by him). By his brother, D. Farman. Profusely Illustrated. Demy 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.* net.

MY THIRTY YEARS IN INDIA. By Sir Edmund C. Cox, Bart. With 6 Illustrations. Demy 8vo, 8*s.* net.

SPORTING STORIES. By "Thormanby." With Coloured Illustrations. Demy 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.* net.

HOME LIFE IN IRELAND. By Robert Lynd. With 18 Illustrations. Demy 8vo, 8*s.* net.

BRITISH MOUNTAIN CLIMBS. By George D. Abraham, Author of "The Complete Mountaineer." With 18 Illustrations and 21 Diagrams. Pocket size 8vo, Waterproof Cloth, 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

AUCTION BRIDGE. By Archibald Dunn. Containing the Revised Rules of the Game. Handsomely bound in Cloth, and forming a companion volume to "Club Bridge." 5*s.* net.

CLUB BRIDGE. By Archibald Dunn, Author of "Bridge and How to Play It." 5*s.* net.

THE CHLDREN'S STORY OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY. By G. E. Troutbeck, Author of "Westminster Abbey" (Little Guides). With 4 Photogravure Plates and 23 Illustrations from Photographs. Crown 8vo, 5*s.* net.

THE CHILDREN'S STORY OF THE BEE. By S. L. Bensusan, Author of "Heart of the Wild." Illustrated by C. Moore Park. Crown 8vo, 5*s.* net.

DEPORTMENTAL DITTIES. By Captain Harry Graham, Author of "Ruthless Rhymes for Heartless Homes," "Misrepresentative Men," etc. Illustrated by Lewis Baumer. Crown 4to, 3*s.* 6*d.* net.

THROUGH THE LOOPHOLES OF RETREAT. A Cowper Day Book. By Hansard Watt. With a Photogravure Portrait of the Poet. Fcap. 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.* net.

PURE FOLLY. All about those wonderful laughter makers: THE FOLLIES. With an Original Song by H. G. Pelissier. Fully Illustrated. Crown 4to, 2*s.* 6*d.* net.

MILLS & BOON'S COMPANION SERIES

THE CHAUFFEUR'S COMPANION. By "A Four-Inch Driver." With 4 Plates and 5 Diagrams. Waterproof Cloth. Crown 8vo, 2*s.* net. Second Edition.

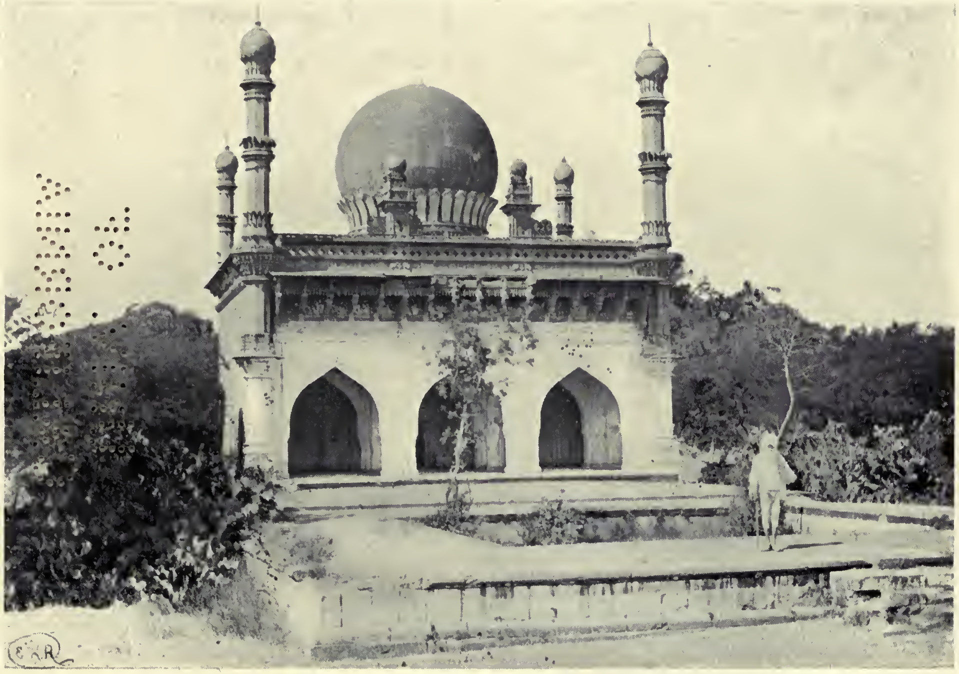
THE SIX-HANDICAP GOLFER'S COMPANION. By "Two of his Kind." With Chapters by H. S. Colt and Harold H. Hilton. Fully Illustrated. Crown 8vo, 2*s.* 6*d.* net.

THE GARDENER'S COMPANION. By Selina Randolph. With an Introduction by Lady Alwyne Compton. Crown 8vo, 2*s.* net.

THE MOTHER'S COMPANION. By Mrs. M. A. Cloudesley-Brereton (Officier d'Académie). With an Introduction by Sir Lauder Brunton, M.D., F.R.C.P., F.R.S. Crown 8vo, 2*s.* 6*d.* net.

Write for MILLS & BOON'S Catalogue for Complete List of Publications.

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA



THE MALIK-I-JEHAL, MUSJID, BIJAPUR.
(The Mosque of the Lord of the World.)

MY THIRTY YEARS IN INDIA

BY

SIR EDMUND C. COX, BART.

AUTHOR OF
"JOHN CARRUTHERS, INDIAN POLICEMAN"
ETC. ETC.

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

MILLS & BOON, LIMITED
49 WHITCOMB STREET
LONDON W.C.

DS413
C75

Published November, 1909

TO

MY WIFE

222830

CONTENTS

CHAPTER I

I Go to India to be a Tea-Planter . . . *Page* 1

CHAPTER II

Tea-Planting no Catch—I Become Classical Master at St. Paul's School, Darjeeling—Curious Experiences 19

CHAPTER III

I Become Second Master at the Nizamut College, Moorshedabad—Polo and Pig-sticking—The Mahometan Religion 34

CHAPTER IV

I Join the Bombay Political Department—A Mad Rajah—I am Accused of Attempt at Murder 56

CHAPTER V

My First Year in the Police—No Work to Do—Life at Bijapur—The Ilbert Bill 75

CHAPTER VI

Police and other Experiences at Ahmednugger and in Khandesh—Courage of English Ladies—The Wild Bhils as Policemen—Empire Building 92

CHAPTER VII

ALIBAG—THE POLICE AND THE MOHURRUM—CAMP LIFE—INSPECTIONS—WHO KILLED KRISHNA MOKASHI?—CONFESSIONS . . . . *Page* 114

CHAPTER VIII

THAT AWFUL ANNUAL REPORT—I WRITE A BOOK—THE ALIBAG LIFEBOATS—WHY DID BABAJI HANG HIMSELF?—A TRYING JOURNEY—I GET SHIPWRECKED AND RESCUED—THE NATIVE POLICE 138

CHAPTER IX

TRANSFERRED TO POONA—THEFT OF THE DIAMONDS OF H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT—POONA AMUSEMENTS—POLICE EXPERIENCES ON THE RAILWAY—FRAUD OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS—WRECK OF THE MADRAS MAIL—I GET MARRIED AND AM TRANSFERRED TO UPPER SIND 163

CHAPTER X

SHIKARPUR, A TERRIBLE PLACE—THE MURDER OF JUNNAT—SHAHNAWAZ AND QUEEN VICTORIA—MURDER AND SUICIDE IN THE POLICE LINES—MURDER IN THE JAIL—I DETECT A RAILWAY-THEFT CASE—I RIDE INTO BELUCHISTAN AND CAPTURE A BAND OF ROBBERS . 182

CHAPTER XI

RIOTS IN BOMBAY—EXPERIENCES AT HYDERABAD—A DISHONEST POLICE INSPECTOR—DACOITIES AND MONEY-LENDERS—SALE OF WOMEN—DESPERADOES OF THE MUKHI DHUND—MOTIRAM AND HIS BOGUS PATHANS—A THIEF IN MY BUNGALOW—TOMMY ATKINS—AN EXPLOSION—ZEMINDARS—BIPIN CHUNDRA PAL—A BALLOON ASCENT—TERRIBLE ACCIDENT—AMUSEMENTS IN THE HOT WEATHER 207

CHAPTER XII

The Plague and its Terrors — The Dharwar District — Rotten Police and Terrible Criminality — My Wrath at Inspector Krishnaji—I Get the Better of the Dacoits—Some Painful Experiences—I Shoot a Tiger—The Awful Discomforts in Investigating Crimes—Death of Queen Victoria—Distress of the Natives . . . . *Page* 231

CHAPTER XIII

Transferred to Poona—European Subordinates—Their Love Affairs—Lord Curzon's Police Commission—The Thana District—The Ruined City of Bassein—Friendship with Indians—Crime at Bandora—Capture of the Criminals in Bombay — Futteh Khan Shoots his Cousin—Is Arrested the Other Side of India—The Sunjan Case—Dhatura Poisoning—The Mohurrum—I Circumvent the Bandora Butchers—I Write Another Book 254

CHAPTER XIV

I Become Deputy Inspector-General of Police—Sind again—Visit of Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales—His Royal Highness's Compliment to me—Sedition—Mr. Enthoven's Sense of Humour—Mr. Aba Saheb Ramchandra's Sense of Humour—Condition of the People of India under British Rule—They were Never so Well Off before —Good-bye to India. 275

Index 301

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

THE MALIK-I-JEHAL MUSJID, BIJAPUR . . . *Frontispiece*
(The Mosque of the Lord of the World)

TO FACE PAGE

FOREST NEAR DARJEELING 18

THE IBRAHIM ROZA, BIJAPUR 78

THE GODDESS KALI 170

TULHAR, IN SIND 227

A BRAHMIN WOMAN MAKING CHUPATTIES . . . 295

MY THIRTY YEARS IN INDIA

CHAPTER I

I GO TO INDIA TO BE A TEA-PLANTER

WHEN I look back on it I think that my decision to seek my fortune in India was one of the most crack-brained things that I have ever heard of. I knew nothing about India, except that my father had been born there, and he used to tell us children about his early days at Simla and Delhi. I had been in the sixth form, and head of my house, at Marlborough, and in the May term of 1876 was just completing my first year at Trinity College, Cambridge. One evening I got a letter from home saying that my younger brother was going out to India almost immediately as a tea-planter. I hadn't the ghost of a notion what a tea-planter was. I did not even know that tea was grown in India. My head was full of Latin verses and Greek accents, and such-like useful subjects, and I suppose that I knew something about them. Even now, after thirty-two years of India, I can recall with pleasure passages from Homer, Virgil, and Horace. Well, I got an exeat and went home to say good-bye to my brother, and of course we had a lot of talks about his future prospects.

From all accounts these seemed the brightest and most delightful in the world. He was to go to somewhere near a place called Darjeeling, wherever that might be, where the climate was heavenly, and the scenery glorious, the work fascinating, and the pay and prospects alluring. All this made me think a bit. Here was I at Cambridge, reading hard, and on the way presumably to a good degree, but with not the faintest idea what I was going to do for a livelihood after taking the degree. I saw other men getting a fair position in the tripos, and then eating their hearts out for something to do. As for medicine or the bar, these needed pecuniary assistance till the age of thirty, and this I knew that I could not look for.

There remained practically the choice between the church and schoolmastering, and neither of these prospects particularly appealed to me. I was too old to try for the Indian Civil or the Army, and no one had ever suggested to me that I should go in for either of those careers. Since I have known something of the world, it has always been a regret to me that I did not enter the Army. For an ambitious man the service offers a career full of great possibilities. The end of my cogitations was that I determined to go out to India and join my younger brother as a tea-planter. I believe I had some gloriously vague idea that in about fifteen years I should return home to enjoy the rest of my life on the proceeds of the grand fortune which I should have piled up in that interval.

I finished my year at Trinity, and left the dear old college with an examination prize and an excellent testimonial. Early in the following November I sailed for Calcutta in the good ship *Duke of Lancaster*, and after an interminable time—I believe it was six weeks—I reached my port of destination. I had been only feebly interested in the amusements that people had got up on board, but I was extremely keen on acquiring all possible knowledge about India, whether by conversation with my fellow-passengers, or by reading any books about the country that I could get hold of. One of these books I remember very well, though I forget the name of it. The object of the author was to describe our administration of India in the most gloomy colours, and to make out that it was nothing more or less than the most selfish and unjustifiable tyranny. For all I knew this might be a true bill. I asked some old Indians what they thought about it. They said it was d—d rot, as I should soon find out for myself. I was on the whole more convinced by the book than by this sort of treatment of the asertions contained therein. I had never been taught to feel any pride in the British Empire. My father used to say that we English had been robbers and plunderers all over the world. I had been brought up in the Liberal school of politics. Many young men get an attack of Liberalism as children get the measles. It took me a long time to find that what may look all right in theory does not coincide with facts. Observation and experience led me to realise that our rule in India is one of the greatest achievements in the world's history, and that its existence is unquestionably for the immense benefit of the dark races who are committed to our charge.

With the places that I passed in the *Duke of Lancaster* I was enormously interested. I wrote home long letters describing the Oriental world, with which I first came into contact at Port Saïd—the strange costumes, the quaint buildings gleaming in brilliant sunshine in the middle of November, the crowded streets, and the babel of languages. What a vile place Port Said was in those days, with its flaunting indecency, its filthy roads, its general lawlessness, and the insecurity of life. How utterly changed now since Egypt is subject to the law and order of England! The Suez Canal seemed absolutely fascinating. The vast expanse of plain on either side traversed by strings of camels, the novel phenomenon of mirage, the flights of scarlet flamingoes, seemed so enticing that I could hardly leave the deck to snatch a hasty meal. But delightful as all this was it was nothing to the glories of Ceylon. We had a whole day to wait at Colombo, and I took the morning train to Kandy, where I was able to stay for a couple of hours or so. The scenery through which the train passed was sublime. Luxuriant tropical vegetation, mangoes, dates, tamarinds, and cocoanut palms, rivers dashing down over rocks to the sea, birds of brilliant plumage, butterflies blazing with colour, gave me a sense of unknown joy. After a time the line began to ascend hills, dive into tunnels, and skirt abrupt precipices, and at midday the train glided into the terminus at Kandy, the old capital of Ceylon. I had lunch in the verandah of a funny little hotel overlooking the picturesque lake, round about which cluster the houses of the natives, and enjoyed a magnificent view over mountain and plain. I was very sorry to have to return to Colombo and the steamer. I forgot to mention the glorious view from Colombo harbour of the mountain range, known as Adam's Peak, which seemed to pierce the sky.

We were anchored for three or four days off Madras, tossing about in a rough sea, but I was unable to go ashore. There was a severe famine on in many parts of India, and famine prices were in the ascendency at Madras. A boatman wanted half a sovereign to take me ashore, and it would have meant another to bring me off again, and I had not many sovereigns to my name. Madras looked very impressive from the steamer. I am assured by those who know the city that it does not look impressive from anywhere else. Talking about the famine, I had a long conversation with a Madras native who had come on board, and who was very communicative. He was evidently a well-to-do merchant. His costume was of white muslin. He was intensely indignant with the Government because, while thousands of people were starving, the bunyas or grain-sellers refused to sell the immense stores of grain which they kept in their go-downs, or warehouses, in the hope that prices would go up still higher, and yet Government did not interfere and order the grain to be distributed. These economic questions were beyond me, and are beyond heads which are wiser than mine. My friend was also very indignant that the Viceroy, Lord Lytton, was about to hold a great durbar at Delhi to proclaim Queen Victoria as Empress of India, because the durbar would cause enormous expense, and the money ought to be given to the sufferers from the famine. The reflection occurred to me that our rule could not be very tyrannical if natives were permitted to speak so freely in criticism of their rulers. I remember buying a great many pretty little boxes and ornaments of Madras manufacture, which a man came on the ship to sell, for an outlay of about seven shillings, and they caused great pleasure when they reached home.

After the beauty of Ceylon, the scenery as we steamed up the Hooghli to Calcutta seemed rather tame. Calcutta is about a hundred miles from the sea. The navigation of the Hooghli is the most dangerous and difficult in the world. The channel is full of quicksands which are constantly changing their position. The English pilots are wonderfully skilful, and it is most exceptional for a steamer to come to grief. Before the days of steam it was not uncommon for an East Indiaman to take a fortnight in getting up the tortuous course of the river from the sand-heads to the great city of Calcutta. I was greatly impressed by the style assumed by our pilot as he came aboard. He had several native servants to minister to his needs, and more luggage than most of the passengers had found it necessary to bring with them all the way from England. He seemed a very high and mighty personage, and the ship's captain and officers were his very humble servants.

The banks of the river were more wooded and the scenery somewhat prettier as we drew near Calcutta the evening after we had entered the river. On our right there was pointed out to me the palatial buildings known as Garden Reach. In former days this settlement on the bank of the river was the fashionable quarter of the rich merchants of Calcutta. But from the time, a year or so before the mutiny, that the deposed King of Oudh was sent to live there, the whole place became so overrun by natives that Europeans were forced to find some other locality in which to sojourn. This sort of thing has happened in various parts of India, and is exceedingly hard on the white population. Europeans, to whom a healthy situation and open space are of such vast importance in the East, find a place which suits their requirements, and in which natives have never thought of living, build houses, and enjoy themselves for a time in reasonable comfort and seclusion, when it suddenly occurs to our Aryan brother to imitate the Sahibs. Every patch of available ground becomes occupied by a native house; each compound or enclosure swarms with a seething crowd of noisy humanity, to whom sanitation has no meaning. The whole vicinity is ruined for Europeans. The most glaring example of this kind of thing is to be seen in Malabar Hill, at Bombay. The charming peninsula, which we changed from a wilderness into a garden, is practically monopolised by rich Parsees, Hindoos, and Mahometans, and Europeans have to live in very insalubrious flats, in what is known as the fort. But the last thing which our Government troubles itself about is the convenience of Europeans, whether they are in its own employ or not. I have heard very bitter words on this and kindred subjects. There is not the faintest doubt that Malabar Hill should have been reserved for Europeans. The French Government at Pondicherri have always reserved for the French a part of that settlement which is most suitable for their occupation.

At Calcutta I found a letter from my brother, which was considerably upsetting. He had not, as he hoped, been able to come to meet me. He had given up tea, having been appointed by Sir Richard Temple, Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, to the police. He was at Bankipur, the civil station of Patna. His pay was 250 rupees a month, and this seemed riches. He said that the police was miles better than tea-planting, and begged me to go and stay with him straight away. This meant that there was no brother to join forces with in the tea business; but I determined to carry out my plans, after paying a visit to Bankipur. I spent a couple of days in Calcutta. The climate in the middle of December was most delicious. I drove all over the place, and was surprised to find what a vast and splendid city it was, with imposing buildings, spacious parks and gardens, fine streets, and excellent shops. One experience that I met with struck me as very odd. I took a room at the Chowringhee Hotel. The nights at that time of year were quite cold. When I went to bed I found that there was no bedding whatever except a pair of sheets. I endeavoured to make my wants known to a native servant belonging to the hotel, but to no purpose. I managed to pass the night by keeping some of my day clothes on and throwing my ulster over me. I learnt afterwards that everyone in India takes his own blankets, pillows, and so on about with him. On my first afternoon in Calcutta I went to call on Sir Richard Temple. He occupied a magnificent house called Belvedere, that was furnished in regal luxury. It was about four miles' drive from the city, at a place called Alipur. I was conducted there by a native gentleman named Baboo Bullub Perchund, who had been requested by my brother to look after me. The Baboo was employed in the Army Clothing Department, which happened to be situated at Alipur. He took me all over the establishment. It was very curious to see hundreds and hundreds of natives, many of them mere boys, working away at sewing machines. The collective buzz of all the machines was almost deafening. Perhaps by now they have introduced Wilcox & Gibbs' silent sewing machine. What most interested me was the cutting-out department. There were sheets of tin representing coats and trousers in various sizes. These were placed upon the cloth, which was spread out on tables. A chalk line was then drawn along the edge of the tin pattern, and the cutting-out thus became a purely automatic process. I did not see Sir Richard that afternoon, but his private secretary asked me to come to breakfast at ten o'clock the next morning. It struck me as a very late hour for that meal, but I soon got to realise that breakfast in England and breakfast in India meant very different things. In India people get up very early, about dawn as a rule, and take some light refreshment, consisting of a cup of tea and a scrap of toast, and a plaintain. This is known as *chota hazri*, or small breakfast. They then go for a ride, either for exercise or to transact outdoor business. On their return they take a bath, dress for the day, and then have what they term breakfast. This meal may be at any time between ten and twelve o'clock. It is in many cases a combination of breakfast and lunch, the next meal consisting of five o'clock tea.

Everything was new and interesting and surprising to me. When I arrived at Belvedere I was ushered into a large room, where Sir Richard and various members of his staff were present. His Honour, as the Lieutenant-Governor is officially addressed, proceeded to read prayers, and then we trooped into the breakfast-room and sat down to table. How utterly different was that table from an English one! There were plates and knives and forks, of course, but no food of any description was in evidence. There was no urn, and no teapot or teacups, only some vases of flowers. Everything for our consumption was brought by native servants, designated in Bengal *kitmagars*, one of whom stood behind each person sitting at table. These servants have one most annoying trick. They always want to get a meal over as soon as possible, in order that they may be free to look after their own requirements. So if you are engaged in conversation, and happen for a moment to put down your knife and fork, you find that without your noticing it your plate has been whisked away, whether you have finished what was on it or not. To obviate this I formed a habit of always keeping one finger on the edge of the plate; and many a time has this dodge served me in good stead, and nipped an incipient attack on my provender in the bud. During breakfast Sir Richard gave me a great deal of advice about tea-planting.

Owing to my entire ignorance of the subject I fear that most, if not all, of this went in at one ear and out at the other. He also directed his secretary to give me some letters of introduction to tea-planters at or near Darjeeling.

I took the night train to Bankipur. There were four classes on the train, one termed "Intermediate" coming between the second and third. I was accustomed at home to travel third-class. My worthy friend Bullub Perchund, whom I found most useful and attentive, told me that I should be all right travelling intermediate, and I did so. I must say it was something too awful. My brother, when I arrived at Bankipur the next morning, was horror-struck at seeing me in that class. It was impressed upon me that a European in India is a "sahib," and a member of the ruling race, and must not lower his position by travelling in anything less than second-class, and that it is only permissible to take a second-class ticket when your financial position absolutely prohibits the luxury of a first. This lecture over, it was very delightful having a long talk with my brother. He had only been a few days in Bankipur, and was enjoying the hospitality of Mr. Wilkins, the joint-magistrate. What this designation means I never could make out, but in Bengal it is applied to the civil officer next senior to the District Magistrate, or head of the district. This latter is also known as Collector (or in some parts as Deputy Commissioner), as he is responsible for revenue as well as magisterial jurisdiction. The joint-magistrate most kindly asked me to stay with him until my brother could find a bungalow, and most kind he and his wife were to us both. As soon as I had bathed and got into clean clothes, both very necessary operations after the appalling dust of the train, I was introduced to another new custom, which struck me as most singular and senseless. My brother said that I must go out calling with him. I asked on whom. He said on everyone. So we chartered a vehicle that passes muster in that part of the world for a cab. It was a kind of box on four wheels, drawn by a couple of miserable ponies, driven by a more miserable-looking Jehu, whose ragged garments might have come out of the ark. Hackney carriages have immensely improved now in India, but I well remember my impression of this terrible equipage. If this is Eastern luxury, I thought, what is Eastern squalor ?

We paid a round of visits, spending a small fortune in visiting-cards, or "tickuts," as the natives call them. Some people were in, and we exchanged some platitudes ; but generally they were out, or at all events not visible. However, I soon learnt the point of this calling business, for in a day or two nearly all the residents whom we had honoured with our attention sent us invitations to dinner. Some of these entertainments were very charming and enjoyable, and others so formal and dull that I was unspeakably bored and wearied. Another custom that struck me as exceedingly strange was that every guest at a dinner-party had to be accompanied by his own table-servant. Failing this, it would be a matter of good luck if he found anyone to minister to his wants.

I stayed about a fortnight at Bankipur, and had a delightful time. The climate was splendid. I remember we had our Christmas dinner with some very cheery people called Cosserat. I had brought out with me two home-made Christmas plum-puddings, and I presented one of these to our hosts, who very much appreciated it. On New Year's Day, 1877, a durbar or public assembly was held in an enormous tent on the maidan, which signifies a plain, or open grass-land, to signalise the assumption by Queen Victoria of the title of Empress of India. The great and historical durbar at which the event was announced took place of course at Delhi, but replicas of the ceremony were held all over India simultaneously. At Bankipur the Commissioner, Mr. Baillie, read out the proclamation in a dignified and imposing manner to a vast assembly. There was no doubt that the assumption of the imperial title met with a most favourable reception from all classes of natives. The only hostile criticism that I encountered related to the particular time that had been selected for the event. This was to the same effect as the comment made by my friend at Madras, that the money expended on the celebration might have been more profitably laid out on famine relief. I was greatly surprised to find that Europeans not entitled to wear uniform had to appear at the function, which took place at midday, in evening dress. The sight of a lot of English gentlemen driving out in the glaring sunshine, arrayed in dress suits, with shapeless *sola topis* or pith hats on their heads, was a sight for the gods. This ridiculous custom has long since died a natural death, and Europeans now attend levees and durbars in the ordinary frock-coat and appendages of civilisation. The change came in gradually, a choice between various styles of costume being at first permitted. I remember a misprint in the official notification of a levee to be held at Bombay some years later which caused great consternation. A whole line was inadvertently omitted, and gentlemen to their surprise read a notification that they might pay their respects to Her Majesty's representative in a frock-coat or white trousers!

It was a long journey to Darjeeling in those days. I took the night train to a place called Sahibgunge, on the Ganges. There there was a ramshackle steamer which took passengers across. Karagola, the landing-place on the opposite side, was some distance up the stream, and the crossing occupied several hours. An excellent breakfast was provided on board. Though the banks were absolutely flat, yet this little voyage on the noble river was full of interest. The sacred Ganges was covered with native boats, propelled by the most picturesque sails; and occasional white temples under the banyan trees that lined the shores gleamed in the sparkling sunshine. Karagola afforded me my first experience of a dawk-bungalow, or staging-house. These institutions are provided by a paternal government for the accommodation of Europeans, or of natives who have adopted the European style of living. They are as a rule exceedingly uncomfortable, and not infrequently in a disgraceful state of disrepair and uncleanliness. A dawk-bungalow is something like a third-class inn. However, it is much better than nothing at all. For natives who live in their own fashion, Government provides rest-houses, known in various places as serais, dhuramshalas, or muzufferkhanas. I have sometimes had to put up in them, and I admit that I prefer the comparative luxury of a dawk-bungalow. Now there is a railway to Darjeeling. I had to drive in a dawk-ghari, or box on wheels, to Siliguri, about a hundred and thirty miles. The coachman was armed with a sword which looked much more formidable than himself; but as I have never heard of an attack on a dawk-ghari I suppose the weapon inspired terror upon would-be robbers. The ponies were changed every ten miles, and it was usually a work of art to induce each new pair to start. They would struggle and fight, and jib sideways or backwards, and rear—in short, do anything but go where they were wanted to. There was one pair of animals that flatly refused to move in any direction, and stood still in spite of all persuasions and terms of disparagement of their various female relations, for some twenty minutes. At last, after a vociferous argument, some of the hangers-on brought up a large bundle of straw. While I was wondering what this move in the game signified the men placed the straw under the ponies and set a light to it. This was enough. The villainous quadrupeds suddenly started off at full gallop, and kept up this frantic pace for the whole of their ten-mile stage.

I had started in the infernal machine known as a dawk-ghari at three in the afternoon, and about nine the next morning I was deposited at the dawk-bungalow at Siliguri, feeling a shattered and mangled wreck. However, a bath and some breakfast soon put me to rights. It is a great thing to be young, as we realise when it is too late. I then, after great delay, got a pony, and rode for twenty miles to a place called Punkahbari. I was no rider at all, and did not feel particularly happy. However, I met with no mishap, except that it was difficult to get the pony to go out of a walk. This did not matter much, as the scenery was most beautiful. I rode through dense forests, which occasionally opened out and afforded delightful views of the lower ranges of the Himalayas. Here and there were clearances in which tea had been planted. The climate in the Terai, or belt of land at the foot of the hills, is frightfully unhealthy, and the bungalows of the planters who chose to risk their constitutions in the pursuit of a livelihood were built upon piles, which raised them eight or ten feet from the ground, in order to protect them in some degree from the deadly malaria. It grew dark as I reached the foot of the hills, and it was not without difficulty that I could follow the winding track which ascended the mountains. Right glad I was to find myself at the Punkahbari dawk-bungalow. Here I had to borrow some bedding for the night from the native attendant. The temperature was too low to admit of sleeping without bedding, but I wonder that I did not acquire sundry diseases and divers kinds of death from that awful bundle of coverings. The next morning a five-mile ride, up and up and up through glorious scenery, brought me to Kurseong, a place with a little hotel, about twenty miles from Darjeeling. Here was civilisation again, as exemplified by a large board notifying that trespassers would be prosecuted! At Kurseong I discarded my pony, and walked on the remaining distance to Darjeeling. I was now on the great cart road which ascended by a very roundabout route from Siliguri, the track through Punkahbari being known as the short cut. The engineering of this road was a marvellous achievement of science. From the foot of the hills to the Pass of Jellapahar, just above Darjeeling, it steadily mounts, never losing a single inch, winding in and out of spurs and precipices. There is now a hill railway with a gauge of two feet running along this road; but the only choice as to means of progression when I first went there lay between walking and riding.

From Kurseong, looking backward, there was a marvellous view of the plains of Bengal, which seem to gradually vanish away in endless distance. I was perhaps more interested in the tea-gardens, of which Kurseong is a great centre. The contrast was striking between the primeval forests that still clothed much of the mountain-side and the regular rows of bushes in the parts which had been cleared for their reception. I am afraid that there was nothing which appealed to any æsthetic sense in the appearance of the straight lines of the cultivated herb, although an individual tea-plant if not clipped into regulation proportions may be fairly picturesque. I walked along in a leisurely way, admiring the scenery, until, about an hour before sunset, I reached the crest of Jellapahar, and looked down over the houses of Darjeeling to the magnificent panorama of the highest heights of the mighty Himalayas, the majestic peak of Kinchinjunga in the centre. It was a sight never to be forgotten—the perfect purity of the snows, perhaps fifty miles away, and yet clear as if one could touch them, standing out against a sky of azure blue, and bathed in a flood of light from the setting sun. It was all inimitable, indescribable. And there were beautiful streams running down the hillsides, and great tree-ferns standing out of multi-colour tangled foliage. It did, indeed, more than realise my expectations. The realisation, alas, was only ephemeral and evanescent.

FOREST NEAR DARJEELING.

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

CHAPTER II

TEA-PLANTING NO CATCH—I BECOME CLASSICAL MASTER AT ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL, DARJEELING—CURIOUS EXPERIENCES

IT was a Saturday evening that I arrived at Darjeeling, and put up in a very comfortable boarding-house named "Rockville." The next morning I went to church, and heard a most eloquent extempore sermon from the clergyman. I learnt at lunch that he was the Rev. G. H. Mathias, rector of St. Paul's School. It happened that he was one of the persons to whom I had been given a letter of introduction. So in the afternoon I climbed up an interminable hill to call upon him. He gave me a hearty welcome and insisted on my leaving "Rockville" and coming to stay with him that very day. Besides being rector, or headmaster of the school, he owned several tea-gardens. How it was possible for him to run the school and also supervise his tea at the same time is beyond me to explain. I never saw his gardens, and I can only hope that they were more efficiently managed than the school was. He told me that he had been out for nine years, and had saved three thousand pounds. In my crass ignorance I thought how painful to be out for all that time and save so little. I was out for just on thirty-two years, and saved less than five hundred pounds.

Mr. Mathias at once told me that I should be very unwise to tie myself down to any particular tea-garden until I knew more of the country, and meanwhile he recommended me to accept the vacant post of classical master in the school on a salary of a hundred and twenty rupees a month, with furnished rooms, and food at the boys' table. If I wanted late dinner I would have to arrange for it at my own cost, messing if I liked with the other masters. I was rather anxious to get to the tea business as soon as possible, so I thanked him for the offer and begged for a little time to consider it. He agreed, and I went on short visits to several tea-planters. All of these were most kind and hospitable, and showed me their gardens and tea-curing sheds, and so on, and told me all about the work. The long and short of it was that I was entirely disillusioned on every point except one, and that was the magnificence of the scenery. But even here was a crumpled rose-leaf, or, considering the local surroundings, a tea-leaf; for I was credibly informed that owing to rain and cloud and fog, weeks, not to say months, might pass at a time without a view of the snowy range being obtainable. This I found by experience to be absolutely true. Of all the detestable climates that I have ever struck, Darjeeling fairly takes the cake. It can boast a hundred and twenty inches of rain a year, and the *chota* and the *burra bursat*, or the former and the latter rains, seem to cover between them ten months out of the twelve. Of course, for anyone jaded and worn out by severe work in the heat of the plains, it is a refreshing change to go up to the hills and take pleasure in contemplating a reasonably low thermometer, in spite of the rain and gloom, and the clouds that penetrate the bungalows; and children can be reared here who might die in Calcutta. But the worst summer in England is more enjoyable than the chilly vapour-bath of Darjeeling.

You can imagine the life led by the tea-planters for months of the year in such a climate. They go out early in the morning, and stand for perhaps four hours in the ceaseless rain, superintending the work of swarms of coolies, who are engaged in pruning the bushes, picking the leaf, or weeding the plantations. Drenched to the skin, in spite of all precautions, they come in for a midday meal and change of clothes, and then go out again for the same work till the evening. Or they may, as a variety, spend their time in the sheds, where the tea is dried and cured. This part of the business is perhaps worse, for the fumes of the leaves while undergoing the process are almost overpowering, and after a few minutes only of watching the fermenting, if that is the right word, I was glad to beat a hasty retreat and seek a breath of fresh air. Then, kind as were the planters whom I visited, their mode of life seemed extraordinarily uncomfortable, unless to have a large number of incompetent servants, and a table loaded with an excessive quantity of abominably cooked meat, together with beds that made you ache to sleep in them, and pillows that might have been stuffed with stones, constituted their idea of luxury.

These details might, I suppose, have been remedied, but what was worse, and what could not be remedied, was that the price of tea was steadily going down. Some planters of an optimistic turn of mind hoped for better days, but the better days have not come yet. Further, you could make nothing out of tea beyond a bare subsistence if you slaved at it for years and years, unless you were prepared to put money, and a considerable deal of money at that, into it. It took me a little time to digest all these facts, and then it dawned upon me that I had made a considerable fool of myself in coming out to the Darjeeling tea-gardens. The question naturally arose, what to do? I settled the matter for the immediate present by accepting the offer of the classical mastership at St. Paul's School. I suppose it was about the end of January that I came to this conclusion. There was still a month of holidays to run. The homes of all the boys were in the plains, and as, owing to the climate, they could not return to their parents for an Easter or a summer vacation, they had to have three months' holiday straight off in the cold weather, spending the rest of the year at school. This was of course an utterly unnatural and unsatisfactory arrangement, but it could not be helped. Meanwhile Mr. Mathias kindly lent me a pony, and after various falls I managed to acquire a fairly secure seat in the saddle. My host's ideas of meal-times were extraordinarily erratic, and breakfast took place at any time between nine in the morning and three in the afternoon. After pretty well fainting for want of food on more than one occasion, I was obliged in self-defence to get in a supply of biscuits from the bazaar to fill up the terrible interval between meal-times. “Bazaar” means native shops in general, and the term has no connection in the land of its birth with the fancy bazaar so familiar in England. Mr. Mathias was extraordinarily eccentric, and took a pride in telling me that the natives considered him mad. He would often stay in his night garments all day, merely throwing an overcoat over his sleeping-suit, and then appear in an immaculate dress-suit for dinner. His Hindustani he had apparently evolved out of his own inner consciousness, and I had to unlearn everything that I picked up from him.

I engaged a servant, as it seemed the right thing so to do, to look after my wants, but it struck me before long that it appeared to be my business to look after his. He was always in want of something or other. At one time it was a warm coat, at another some headgear—always “that the sahib's name might be great.” This imposter was called Manuddee. He used to bring me his children at various times, and say that they wanted this, that, and the other; and bills for various incomprehensible items, written in vile English on scraps of dirty paper, constituted a sort of hardy annual. If he could think of nothing else an advance of wages seemed a handy idea. The man was a useless imposter. If he tried to put studs in my shirts he either dropped the studs and then trod on them, or he left black thumb impressions on the linen. I hardened my heart and insisted on being allowed to have the privilege of doing this for myself. Of the hundreds of Indian servants whom I have had, I remember a few who have been invaluable. As a general rule they were nothing but a lot of rubbish, and very troublesome into the bargain. Up to date, since my retirement (I touch wood as I write this, and say "good word, be it spoken"), I have enjoyed more comfort, and had things better done, with two servants, than I had out there with a dozen benighted heathens at my command. While on the subject of servants I may record how funny it seemed to me at first in India that the washerwoman was a male man called a *dhobi;* one's cook was a man, known in Bengal as a *bobajee* and in Bombay as a *mestri;* one's housemaid was a man, in Bengal termed a *mashalchi*, in Bombay a *hamal;* and if a lady wanted a dress made her dressmaker was a man (save the mark) designated a *durzi*. Heaven made the lot of them, so they may pass for men. The cook at St. Paul's School was a Bhutya, or native of Bhutan. He was a huge fellow, about six foot two in height, and broad in proportion. I have known worse cooks. He had some weird religion of his own. As far as I could make out from asking him various questions, he didn't see any need to worship a good god. A beneficent deity, he explained, would do no one any harm, so there was no need to trouble about him. But there were a good many evil-minded gods who might do one no end of mischief unless they were propitiated and pampered, and he was terribly afraid of these. He had what he called a praying wheel, which he set in the wind. It went round and round like a windmill, various sacred texts recurring at intervals, written in characters designed to strike terror into the most recalcitrant of gods.

The hill people at Darjeeling were a very quaint and curious lot. There were giants from Bhutan, middling-sized people from Sikkim, known as Lepchas, and little Ghurkas from Nepal. These were all totally different from the natives of the plains. As a rule they had fair, even reddish complexions, eyes of greyish blue, and some had quite light hair. Besides these there were all sorts of picturesque pigtailed strangers from across the Himalayas, Thibetans from Lhasa, and real Chinamen from the wilder parts of the Flowery Kingdom. The women of the hills seemed a light-hearted set of people. They used to go singing and laughing along the roads or tracks, presenting a very different appearance from the melancholy women of Bengal.

The time passed quickly enough in the last month of the holidays. I helped Mr. Mathias with his school account books, letters to parents, and in looking after workmen who were repairing the school buildings after the ravages and dilapidations caused by last year's rains. One night when I was asleep my servant woke me up and said, "Padre Sahib salaam bolta," which means, "His reverence sends his compliments"—a hint that he wished to see me. I was sleeping in a separate building, and the ground happened to be under snow at the time. However, I put on a wrap and went across, wondering what on earth was up. Mr. Mathias had been dining out, so I had not seen him for some time. I found him in bed. He said he was dying. I asked what was the particular reason for this. He said that his pony had thrown him while riding back; but he altered this statement, and informed me that he had fainted and fallen off. I suggested a little brandy. My prescription had good effect, and I retired to bed. I am sorry to say that I heard unkind remarks afterwards about the cause of this incident. People in India are not very charitable in their criticisms of one another, but over and over again I have known most marvellous kindness shown when it was needed. Mr. Mathias was certainly kind to me, and I know he had done no end for a tea-planter who came to grief. It happened that Mr. Mathias was about to go home on a year's furlough, and the Rev. B. Warburton, an assistant master at a school at Simla, was appointed to act for him. Mr. Warburton turned up a few days before the end of the holidays, and the two reverend gentlemen promptly got to loggerheads about everything. One of them confided to me that the other was "impossible"; and the other went one better with the adjective "intolerable." This promised developments, and the developments, to do them justice, went miles beyond the promise. By the time the boys arrived their late and future heads were not on speaking terms, though they and I were living together.

I shall never forget the first sight of the fifty boys who constituted the school. Some were pure Europeans, in appearance at least, but they varied in colours from white through various shades of brown to something pretty near black. They straggled in during the course of an afternoon, some riding ponies that had been sent to meet them, some sitting in bullock carts, and some walking, all more or less disreputable. A nice prospect for me, fresh from an English public school and university, to have to look after such a rabble. I may say at once that they were perfect little devils. Like the youth in *Martin*

Chuzzlewit, all the wickedness of the world was print to them. Their language was supposed to be English, but it was what is generally known as *chee-chee*, or the cockney of the half-caste population. They all seemed particularly pleased with themselves. The same day there arrived another assistant master, named Birch, who became a great friend of mine. The difficulty for him and myself was to know who was our boss, Mr. Mathias or Mr. Warburton, as we both agreed that no man could serve two masters, especially when they were on such peculiar terms.

The next day Mr. Mathias, to our relief, said that he was going to muster the boys in the great schoolroom at midday to hand over charge. It seemed a curious thing to do, but anything was better than going on in a state of chaos. So down we all went. Mr. Mathias made the boys a speech, and told them that he hoped they would behave as well under their new master as under him, and finally astonished us all by saying that he expected to be able to hand over charge in a few days' time. Then the fat was in the fire. Mr. Mathias made no attempt to do any teaching, so who was to run the show ? It was a choice predicament. At last Mr. Warburton told us that he was sent there to be headmaster, and headmaster he was going to be, and directed us to take orders from him, which of course we did. Mr. Mathias could not very well directly interfere with this ; but he hovered about like an unclean spirit, encouraging the boys to come to him with tales of the awful strictness of Mr. Warburton and his two new assistants ; and, in short, doing as much harm as he possibly could. A nice sort of thing for us three new men.

I had no quarrel with Mr. Mathias, and I continued to be awfully amused at the various confidences reposed in me by the two clergymen regarding each other. Both said that they were acting under guidance. At last Mr. Mathias took himself off, and I never saw him again.

I must say St. Paul's School was an amazing specimen of a collegiate institution. It had been founded by Bishop Cotton as a public school for sons of Europeans, and I can safely say that I should be sorry to have a son there, or at any school in India, whether on the hills or in the plains. It is impossible to restrict the boys to those who can claim to be really Europeans, and contact with the mixed races is anything but an unmixed blessing. Then there is the everlasting question of native servants. Their mere presence seems enough to contaminate surroundings that might otherwise be decent. The whole tone of St. Paul's was most objectionable. The educational standard was beneath contempt. The boys had not the faintest idea of discipline. I think that Mr. Warburton was a bit wanting in tact; but, anyhow, he and Birch and myself set to with a will to evolve order out of chaos, and to make the best out of the very unpromising material which we had to deal with. Apart from teaching we threw ourselves heart and soul into the boys' amusements—cricket, football, riding, swimming, and so on. I used to tell them about Marlborough, and how we boys used to enjoy our life there. This sentiment fairly staggered them, for their sole idea of enjoyment at school was to cause as much annoyance as they could to their masters. There were all kinds of trouble, ranging from passive resistance and malingering to flagrant insubordination. One day Warburton, Birch, and myself were in the rector's house, a little above the school building, when a dozen or so of the bigger boys, enraged at some fancied slight, came up armed with big sticks, and proceeded to smash windows, yelling at us for all they were worth. Their feelings so overmastered them that they vented them in Hindustani, which came easier to many of them than English.

"This won't do," said Warburton, who was certainly not wanting in courage. "Birch, you catch hold of Smith; Cox, you go for Burnell; and I will tackle Dobson." We rushed out and did as was arranged. I know I was furiously angry, and I shook Burnell by the neck till he howled for mercy. Our bold front soon reduced the whole lot to submission. One or two were expelled for this business, and another a fortnight later. On that occasion the boys of my class were particularly troublesome at afternoon school, and there seemed some very deep game on, though what it was I could not divine. I discovered a little later that the whole of the senior class, who should have been imbibing instruction from Warburton, had played truant. All these and other occurrences made a great stir. There were letters in the papers from indignant parents, based upon complaints from their sons. After some time a commission of inquiry was appointed. The result of a prolonged investigation was the following circular to parents:—

"After a special inquiry into the state of St. Paul's School, Darjeeling, the Committee think it due to the parents of boys there to inform them that they are agreed :—

"1. That the recent trouble in the school mainly arose from the circumstances attending the transfer of Rev. G. H. Mathias to the Officiating Head Master.

"2. That various changes in the discipline and management of the school were necessary for its welfare, and have been approved or recommended by us.

"3. That no undue severity in the administration of corporal punishment has been used, that the removal of two at least of the three boys who were sent away was amply justified by their character and position.

"4. That the Staff of Masters is competent and worthy by character and education to hold their office.

"5. That parents may be reassured that the somewhat stricter discipline now in force tends to the welfare of their sons.

"6. That parents be urged to loyally support the authority of the Masters in their responsible and difficult position, and by punctual payments to secure the financial stability of the school.

"On behalf of the Committee,

"G. J. POPHAM BLYTH,

"*Hony. Secretary.*"

Things settled down considerably after this vote of confidence, and some new boys joined the school. I continued in my post till the end of October, and I know that, taking one thing with another, I had a very happy year. Warburton, Birch, and myself got on absolutely, and our relations with the boys very greatly improved. I remember one amusing incident. We had about a week's holiday for Easter, and on one of the days I got up a paper-chase, in which all the school joined. It was cruel work, all up and down hill, but it is wonderful what one can do when young. During the chase some half-dozen of the boys became separated from the rest, and happened to pass the house of a gentleman proverbially more interested in other people's affairs than in his own. This was shortly after all the troubles, and he took it into his head that the boys were running away. He sent up a frantic letter to Warburton to let him know what had happened!

I was a little doubtful at first as to the social position attaching to my appointment, but I soon found that that was all right. I had plenty of invitations to dinner-parties and other functions. It was a business getting to them in the perpetual rain. The only way was to ride, wrapped up so far as might be in mackintoshes. The rain was perfectly maddening. In the height of the monsoon we would often wake up to a most lovely morning, with heavenly views of the snows. We knew that this might last for about an hour, and we generally availed ourselves of such a respite to take all the school for a walk in lieu of the usual before-breakfast lesson. By eight or half-past down came the torrent again. Jupiter Pluvius must have been the tutelary god of Darjeeling.

More than once I visited a Buddhist monastery near Darjeeling. It is only in parts of the Himalayas that Buddhism, once the religion of nearly all the country, survives in India. Of course in Ceylon and Burmah it flourishes. I was greatly impressed by the extraordinary resemblance of the monastery, with its monks, refectory, chapel, and its ritual, to similar institutions of the Roman Catholic Church. A service which I saw being solemnised was for all the world a replica of a Romish Mass.

Talking of churches, I remember going for a week-end to Kurseong, and there attending the harvest-home festival for the tea crop. The church was beautifully decorated with tea plants, leaves, berries, and seeds. Naturally enough the sermon was about tea. But human nature is a cussed sort of thing, and this choice of a subject greatly annoyed the planters. "We hear of nothing but tea morning, noon, and night all the year round," they said. "The *padre* might have stirred us up with a picture of the harvest at home."

Early in October I was very surprised to receive a most kind letter from Mr., now Sir Alfred, Croft, Director of Public Instruction, offering me the post of Second Master at the Nizamut College, Moorshedabad. The pay was three hundred rupees a month, with a suite of rooms. I showed the letter to Warburton, and he told me that of course I must accept the appointment, and said that I could leave St. Paul's at the end of the month, he and Birch carrying on without me till the holidays. So I wrote accepting with many thanks Mr. Croft's offer. I was, nevertheless, really sorry to leave Darjeeling, for I had been very keen on working St. Paul's up. Before I left there was a most complimentary article in the *Darjeeling News* about the school. Here are some extracts from it:—

"We noticed in one of our late issues the thorough shaking-up and revision which the school has undergone. The present staff is a strong one, and all that could be desired in every respect. Its administration has already been marked by an improvement in the demeanour and appearance of the boys, who are no longer the ill-dressed nondescripts of former days, but well-mannered, well-conducted, gentlemanly lads. The standard of education has been also raised and improved."

It was very nice having a *bene decessit* of this sort, and I think still nicer that the boys seemed really sorry at my leaving them. By this time I had given up all idea of tea-planting.

One personal matter I must briefly refer to, as it gave me some unexpected trouble later on. In the course of my year at Darjeeling my father wrote to say that he had succeeded as fourteenth baronet to the baronetcy conferred upon Sir Richard Cox, Lord Chancellor of Ireland, in 1706. In due course I received a copy of *Debrett*, showing my father as the Rev. Sir George W. Cox, Bart., M.A., and myself as heir to the title. It was only a title, for no money came with it. But I was proud of my descent, which went back to Richard Cox, Bishop of Ely in Queen Elizabeth's time.

CHAPTER III

I BECOME SECOND MASTER AT THE NIZAMUT COLLEGE, MOORSHEDABAD—POLO AND PIG-STICKING—THE MAHOMETAN RELIGION

I STAYED at the Nizamut College, Moorshedabad, for close on two years. Darjeeling was rather Central Asia than India; but now I was in the heart of India, and I began to learn about our empire, its history and its responsibilities. The famous battle of Plassey, or, as the natives call it, Pilashi, by which Clive obtained for us the sovereignty of Bengal, Behar, and Orissa, was fought, in 1757, a few miles from Moorshedabad, on the other side of the River Bhagiruthi, the branch of the Ganges which on approaching Calcutta is called the Hooghli. Suraj-ud-dowla, the Nawab of Bengal, who was defeated at Plassey, had his capital at Moorshedabad. It was from that city that a year before the battle of Plassey he had marched upon Calcutta to wipe out the English merchants, whose rich factories had aroused his cupidity. Suraj-ud-dowla's name has come down to posterity as the infamous perpetrator of the frightful atrocity of the Black Hole of Calcutta. In the terrible heat of a Bengal June some hundred and fifty English men and women were thrust into an underground chamber, which in that climate could not decently have contained ten, and the next morning twenty-three only survived the unspeakable ordeal. I have heard people in Calcutta itself gravely refer to the Black Hole as an incident of the Mutiny! Only a century and a year wrong! I did not contradict them.

Moorshedabad was a typical Eastern city, very picturesque and very dirty. Its palmy days were over, and there was a certain aspect of decay in the streets and buildings. Trade had deserted it for Kasim-bazaar, or, as English people call it, Cossim Bazaar, some eight miles off. Before the days of railways goods for up-country from Calcutta used to pass Moorshedabad in boats or steamers on the Bhagiruthi; but this had long since ceased. Moorshedabad had to live on its past. Although the general appearance of the crowded streets was rather fascinating, the city could boast no particularly remarkable specimens of native architecture, except the great Chowk, or market-place, a picture of which I once saw in a very old number of the *Illustrated London News*. There was, however, a splendid palace built by the English for the Nawab Nazim of Bengal. It was a noble building, in classical style; but neither the Nawab nor any members of his family would condescend to occupy it. It had magnificent suites of rooms, furnished in European fashion, but everything was too public to suit Oriental ideas. The Shahzadas, or princes as they were called, preferred a shapeless building, which I was never permitted to enter, where they could enjoy the seclusion which Eastern prejudice demands. I do not know who was responsible for building the palace, the cost of which must have been fabulous, but it was a singularly foolish conception. The Nizamut College, too, was a very fine building on the river bank. The rooms were arranged round a large quadrangle, and the general effect was that of a college at one of our own universities. There were spacious class-rooms, library, gymnasium, dining-rooms for the students, with sets of rooms for the headmaster, myself, and the third master. All the students, some of whom were older than myself, were sons or near relations of the Nawab Nazim of Bengal. This nobleman was descended from Mir Jaffer, who had sided with Clive in the Battle of Plassey, and he and his family were all pensioned by our Government. I never saw the Nawab Nazim, who was living in England, where he added a barmaid to his various other wives. She was known as Sarah Begum, and became a Mahometan in order to marry her dusky lord. I believe she was a very clever woman. The Nawab Nazim had had over a hundred children. His eldest son, and heir, was Nawab Abdul Khader, generally known as the Burra Sahib, a quiet, gentlemanly man, of most kind disposition and charming manners. He had been to England, and the chief reminiscences that he brought away from that country were his acquaintance with the Prince of Wales, now King Edward the Seventh, and his instruction in billiards by Mr. John Roberts.

The headmaster of the College was a dear old gentleman named Mr. Arrow. He was about sixty years of age. Looking back on it now I think he was admirably suited for his post, though at the time, in my youthful zeal, I was rather exercised at the want of fervour and enthusiasm, so to speak, that he displayed. His educational attainments were exceedingly limited. He could impart very little knowledge, but with my present experience of India I am disposed to think that this was rather a good thing. Anyhow, he turned out his pupils as most gentlemanly and well-behaved young men, who could mix freely in European society, and this was by no means a poor result. Mr. Arrow was not a pure European. He did not attempt to disguise the fact. On the contrary, he boasted that the blood of emperors flowed in his veins, and he traced his ancestry to Aurungzebe. He was as thorough-going an Imperialist as I ever met. While I was at Moorshedabad, there was some row on in Upper Burmah, and Lord Lytton was about to send an expedition there, but this was countermanded from home. I remember saying to Mr. Arrow that we did not want Burmah. "What!" he said indignantly, "not want Burmah? We want everything." He was ultra-conservative in every way. There was a lot of talk at one time about a book called *Eternal Hope*, by Farrar, my late headmaster at Marlborough. Mr. Arrow had no patience with criticism of orthodox interpretations of Scripture. "I believe in everything," he asserted unequivocally. I confess I envied him his serene frame of mind. He and Mrs. Arrow, and his sister, Miss Arrow, both dear, kind old ladies, had once been to England, and they were never tired of retailing their experiences of the joys of home.

The boys, if the elder students will permit me to speak of them by this appellation, were, as I have said, all sons or near relations of the Nawab Nazim, whose dignity, I should explain, was purely titular, not a square yard of territory being under his rule. They were also all Syads, or descendants of the Prophet Mahomed, and were consequently accorded great respect. Mahometans are divided into two great sects, known as Soonnies and Shiahs. The latter do not recognise the first three successors of Mahomed, namely, Umar, Abu Bukher, and another whose name I forget. The Shiahs count Ali, the fourth in succession, as the first. Most Indian Mahometans are Soonnies, but the Moorshedabad family were Shiahs. In Persia the great majority are Shiahs. Between the two divisions there is intense ill-feeling, much the same as between Roman Catholics and Protestants in Ireland. This is particularly the case during the great festival of the Mohurrum, when the death of Hussan and Hussein, the heroic sons of Ali, at the battle of Kerbela, on the River Tigris, is celebrated. This annual festival occurs eleven days earlier every year, as the Mahometan year is based on the lunar month, though how the difference works out to eleven days is one of those things that no fellow can understand. Anyhow, the result is that the festival gradually comes round from the cold weather to the hot weather, and so on. It is very unfortunate when this revolution causes the celebration of the Mohurrum to take place in the height of the rains, and the beautiful tinsel effigies of the biers of Hussan and Hussein that are carried through the streets to be finally immersed in the sea or a river or tank, are ruined by the pitiless elements. The Mohurrum is a month of mourning on the part of the Shiahs. These people gradually work themselves up to a state of acute religious frenzy, and are only too ready to go for their rivals the Soonnies, or for Hindoos, or for the police engaged in controlling the processions, on the smallest provocation. The crowds of Shiahs continually shout, "Yah Hussan, Yah Hussein!" at the top of their voices. Our predecessors in India, who never could get hold of the right end of the stick in vernacular terms, altered this religious cry to "Hobson-Jobson," and by this appellation the Mohurrum is familiarly known to British soldiers and sailors. The transformation of the word sounds incredible, but it is true.

Three young descendants of the Prophet constituted the senior class. The first of these was Syad Iskunder Ali, generally known as Sultan Sahib. It is a common custom among Indians, whether Hindoos or Mahometans, to have one name for formal occasions and another for ordinary use. Iskunder, I may mention, is the Indian equivalent of Alexander. The next was Syad Asghur Ali, generally known as Boodhan Sahib. The third was Syad Farhad Mirza. He had no alternative name. Farhad means the River Euphrates. These three were taught miscellaneous subjects by Mr. Arrow, but they came to me half an hour daily for mathematics. At school and college my forte had been classics, and I had to read up mathematics a bit to enable me to do justice to my pupils. They were not bad at Algebra and Euclid, and in doing Todhunter riders on the proposition of the ancient geometrician they would require reasons for everything, so I had to make myself well up in the subject. Boodhan Sahib especially would let nothing pass him. I had a class in drawing, composed of boys from various forms. I soon found that it was against their religion to make representations of any animate object. On the Last Day they would be asked, according to their tenets, why they had brought into existence a being, and yet not given life to it. So we had to restrict our efforts to the delineation of buildings or freehand drawing.

Sultan Sahib was about twenty-three years of age, while when I went to the Nizamut College I was not yet twenty-two. He had been married for some time, and was very proud of his son, a jolly little fellow, whom he sometimes brought to see me. Sultan Sahib had a tremendous idea of himself, not without justification. He was very handsome, always perfectly dressed, a first-class rider, a good shot, several tigers having fallen to his rifle, and a fine fellow all round. He was always enthusiastic about the achievements of the English. He and I were great friends. Unfortunately he and his eldest brother, the Burra Sahib, were on terms of rivalry. Sultan's mother was a lady of higher rank than the Burra Sahib's, and Sultan considered that he ought to be the prospective Nawab Nazim of Bengal. However, the authorities did not accept his view. Poor fellow, he did not live long enough for the issue to be of real consequence. Sultan and the Burra Sahib used to meet, to all appearance, cordially enough, but each at times opened his heart to me. I had to be very discreet, and do nothing to widen the breach between them. Later on, when the Afghan War broke out, Sultan very creditably offered to accompany our troops as a volunteer. This got into the papers, in which of course he was highly complimented on his patriotism. The first intimation that the Burra Sahib had of this was a notice in the *Pioneer*. He was in a great state of mind at his rival having attained this celebrity, and he instantly volunteered himself. But this was not quite the same thing as taking the initiative in so serious a matter.

Boodhan Sahib was a very different character. He had no taste for outdoor pursuits, but was remarkably keen on literature. He had read all the Waverley novels right through. His efforts to cope with the Scotch dialect were most amusing. He used to trot out the phrase "Mony a mickle maks a muckle" on the most inappropriate occasions. Boodhan was nothing at all to look at. Farhad Mirza was of a simple nature. He was a very good sort, and enthusiastic about riding and shooting. He had no particular liking for books, but he did his best. He was not in the least conceited, though he was quite good-looking. He was a thoroughly straightforward youngster.

My own form, which came next, consisted of six or seven boys. My favourites (how can one help having favourites ?) were Fayaz-ud-din and Daud Mirza. The first of these two names, quite a high-sounding one, I venture to think, means the generosity of the faith. Daud is the Mahometan equivalent of David. Fayaz-ud-din was a good-looking, manly boy of sixteen. I often used to play cricket with the Shahzadas, and Fayaz-ud-din was quite the best bowler of the lot. I am afraid he took my wicket a good many times. He was also a promising billiard player, at which game he said that I was his *ustad* or preceptor. He was quite smart at algebra, and never gave any trouble. As for Daud Mirza, I don't exactly know why I liked him, but I couldn't help doing so. He wasn't good at anything, but there was something very taking about him. He was seventeen years of age, and not married. One evening he rode up to my quarters in a great state of jubilation to inform me that he had been presented with a son. It was rather embarrassing how to receive this statement. Another boy of about the same age was Bakar Ali. He was pleasant enough, but not exactly an immaculate character. Then there was a very objectionable youth named Nizam ud-din; his other name was Raoshan Akhtar, which being interpreted signifies "Bright Star." He was the only pupil in the college who was inclined to be rude and to take liberties. On the whole they were a very decent lot. It often seemed to me a pity that none of them would have to earn his own living. There was one boy, a tall, lanky, melancholy fellow, named Waris Ali, or the heir of Ali, who took it into his head that he would like to do some work. I was pleasurably surprised at this announcement, and I took a lot of trouble to find an opening for him. After some time I was able to give him a choice of two appointments at Calcutta. One of these was a railway billet. But Waris Ali flatly declined both. Nothing would induce him to leave Moorshedabad. When the Sirkar (Government) thought it right to make a railway to Moorshedabad he would consider about taking up a suitable position in connection therewith. At that time the nearest railway station was Azimgunge, five miles off, across the river. This was the last I heard of either the heir of Ali or anyone else's heir at the Nizamut College asking for employment. The costume worn by all these young noblemen was rather kaleidoscopic. I always wondered how on earth they managed to get into their trousers, which were generally of some washing material, and fitted the calf of the leg up to the knee like a glove. They wore no socks, but their shoes were bright red or green, ornamented with gold or silver beads. Their upper garments consisted of loose flowing robes of any brilliant colour that the wearer affected, fastened round the waist by a gorgeous cummerbund. Out of doors they wore large puggrees of various hues, but indoors, to avoid the weight of this headgear, they substituted light gauze caps of all sorts of colours.

The civil station of the district was at Berhampur, about nine miles away by road, or six by river. There were stationed there the usual officers who run the administrative show: the Collector and District Magistrate, the Sessions Judge, the Joint-Magistrate, a young Assistant Magistrate, all of the Indian Civil Service; the Civil Surgeon, the District Superintendent of Police, his assistant, a Deputy Conservator of Forests, and an Executive Engineer. But more important to myself than any of these was the Agent to the Governor-General for Moorshedabad, who was the Government as far as we at the college and everyone connected with the Nawab Nazim's establishment was concerned. The Agent during nearly all the time that I was at Moorshedabad was Major H. P. Peacock. I can never forget the kindness that I used to receive from Major and Mrs. Peacock. I was always made welcome at their house, and frequently spent the week-end with them. He had been in command of the Governor-General's bodyguard of cavalry, and he was my ideal of a smart soldier. Besides the officials at Berhampur there were several Europeans engaged in the silk industry. I have the kindest recollections of the civility shown to me by the various residents.

In a way I was very well off at Moorshedabad, though I found that my pay was not three hundred rupees a month, as I had been told, but two hundred and fifty. However, I was asked to do some reading with the Burra Sahib during leisure hours, and for this I received one hundred rupees a month. This reading was the funniest affair. The Burra Sahib set his affections on *The Student's Hume.* I rather shied at this dryasdust production, and endeavoured to get him on to general literature, anything, in fact, that appealed more to the heart. I remember a vain attempt to interest him in *The Lady of the Lake;* but it was no use. Back we went to *The Student's Hume*, and the ancient Druids, and the Roman invasions. We never got any further than Hengist and Horsa. Besides the hundred rupees a month that I earned over *The Student's Hume*, the Burra Sahib placed at my disposal a horse and buggy, so I could drive to Berhampur for week-ends in my own conveyance. He was a real good sort, the Burra Sahib. So I ought to have been quite well off; but I suppose I managed very badly, for I seldom had any money to my name. During my last six months I made a desperate effort, and saved about seventy pounds, but it was at the expense of every little comfort. Including punkah-wallahs I had to spend about eighty rupees a month on servants. In the East you do not feed your servants as in England. They make their own arrangements. But it is their primary object in life to bring you bills. One does not deal direct with butcher, baker, grocer, and so on; but one's khansameh, or bearer, or cook, or some member of the establishment is the intermediary, and he shoves on to his account everything that he can think of. All his spare time is spent in concocting items, real or imaginary. Later on I used to insist on settling everything daily. At first I, like most people, used to go into these matters when I got my pay at the beginning of each month, and these wretched domestic bills were simply fabulous. They made a tremendous hole in one's salary. What they were all about I never could make out. If you disputed one item of two annas six pies, and, after wasting a quarter of an hour and losing your temper, succeeded in getting it reduced to two annas, the miscreant promptly invented another item of three annas and nine pies, which he professed he had forgotten to write down. They always get the best of a sahib. It takes a mem-sahib to get the best of them; and then with the loss of mental tissue involved in the struggle it is hardly good enough.

The housekeeping arrangements struck me as very odd in all sorts of ways. Instead of English saucepans there were copper cooking-pots without any handles, and with loose covers that never fitted properly. One generally purchased a set of these pots, each being a trifle smaller than the next above it, so that all would go inside the biggest. Naturally copper was a deadly poisonous substance in which to have one's food cooked, so every month all these vessels had to be tinned, or, as the natives called it, *kallied*, by a professional. The artist generally spent a whole day over the operation, which took place in one's verandah. The excruciating noises which he perpetrated in removing the remains of last month's tinning before he could start fair with a new layer used to set my teeth on edge. It was customary to buy these cooking-pots by their weight. A dozen of them might weigh, perhaps, twenty-four seers, at one rupee eight annas a seer. Fancy going into an English shop, choosing an assortment of saucepans, frying-pans, and kettles, and then, in order to determine the price, having them all weighed together on the scales! As to what a seer was there was no knowing. The word means a head. Sometimes a seer was about two pounds, sometimes two and a half, and in Bombay it was one pound. Forty seers went to one sort of maund, and a less number—twenty-five, more or less, I think—to another sort of maund. I never could make out why the Government of India did not devise some universal system of weights and measures.

The heat at Moorshedabad for eight or nine months in the year was something awful. A lot of money had to go on punkah-wallahs. To keep one punkah constantly going required two men by day and another two by night. It was impossible to sleep without a punkah. At first it struck me as rather cruel that a native should be obliged to pull a string at night to enable the sahib to sleep, but I soon found that the appointment of a night punkah-wallah was a much sought-after one. After all, it was much lighter work than driving a train or sending telegraphic messages at night. Going to bed in the hot weather was a very simple matter as compared with the same process in England. There was no tucking oneself in, for there was no bedding but the one sheet below you. The only thing to be considered in getting into bed was to avoid a bang on the head from the swinging punkah. And then the night was passed rather in an unquiet swoon than a restful sleep. And what a squeezed-out rag one felt in the morning! With fever and prickly heat I soon became more intimately acquainted than I cared to be. However, in all my thirty-two years in India, I had on the whole wonderfully good health, more by good luck than by good management, I think, for I never observed any particular rules as to diet or otherwise. To the last I always enjoyed a big bottle of beer at dinner. I had fever and ague lots of times, but I never once had to spend a day in bed for any reason.

Soon after Major Peacock came to Berhampur as Agent he started polo for the Shahzadas, both those at the college and those who had left it. There was no place to play at Moorshedabad, but at Berhampur there was a large grass-grown maidan, which did very well for a polo ground. A lot of scratch ponies were obtained somehow, none of them up to much, and most of them devils. These formed a sort of Nizamut joint stock. There were no particular rules or regulations as to height. I of course joined in, though I had never played before, and I became very keen on it. I remember one peculiarly diabolical pony which was served out to me one day. He never stopped kicking the whole time. I don't know how I managed to stick on, but I think I felt safer on his back than on the ground within range of those wicked heels. We used to drive out to Berhampur for our game in three or four carriages, and the students spent most of the time that they were on their way in sucking oranges. I fancy our polo was about as unscientific as could be imagined; but it really did not matter. It was very jolly, and did us all no end of good. Our best player was Sultan Sahib, but the Burra Sahib was not at all bad. Farhad Mirza played quite a good game. One day a young Hindoo zemindar, or land-holder, came up and asked if he might play. No one knew who he was, but permission was at once accorded. Early in the game he and Sultan, when riding very hard in opposite directions, managed to collide, and their heads came together with a resounding bang. There was no serious damage done, and Sultan after a minute or two continued the game. But the stranger disappeared, and we never heard of him again.

Besides polo we also from time to time had pig-sticking, or hog-hunting. This was splendid sport. Sometimes we had a small meet a few miles off; but on two occasions we had a very big affair at a place called Divanserai, about fifteen miles from Moorshedabad. I drove out Farhad Mirza in my buggy for the first half of the way, and there were elephants on which to ride the remainder. The Nizamut establishment boasted, I think, nearly thirty elephants. These were an enormous expense, and only of occasional use; but to have deprived him of these would have ruined the Nawab Nazim in his own self-respect and in everyone else's reputation. No native potentate can sustain his dignity without elephants. The entertainments at Divanserai were got up regardless of expense. There was a splendid suite of tents for the accommodation of the guests. There must have been over a dozen Europeans, besides all the Nizamut people. Pig were in profusion, and I felt awfully proud when I first got a "first spear." The grass with which the plain was covered was very long, coming up to the horses' girths. It was impossible to see what was before one in the way of nullahs or ditches, and the only way was to gallop as hard as you could and trust in Providence. Several gallant horsemen came to grief through suddenly coming upon some invisible ditch, but no one seemed to particularly mind. I was riding a Cape horse, who went very well when excited by the proximity of a pig, but at other times he used to go to sleep. Twice when I was cantering gaily about on perfectly good and open ground he suddenly turned a somersault. After that I constantly applied my spur to keep the old boy awake. Our first day at Divanserai was particularly successful, and everyone was very pleased with himself. As it grew dark, and we were riding to the tents, the Burra Sahib asked my advice. He said that after the Europeans had finished dinner, Major Peacock would send for him and the other Mahometan gentlemen, and would propose his health, and what was he to say in reply? This was rather a poser for me, as speech-making was not in my line. I suggested that he should say that he was extremely glad to see all his guests, and hoped that they would come again. He acted on my proposal, and his sentiment was received with unanimous applause. It really was about the best thing to say, and answered the purpose much better than a long speech would have done. I don't know if it seems strange to European readers that these educated Mahometan gentlemen would not take their food with us. So long as there was no pork or ham they would have had no prejudice against the food itself, and we would gladly have dined with them. But no; it was not the custom, and there was an end of it. Of course, in their own houses they sit on the floor for their meals, and dip their hands into a common dish. Their idea is that they can ensure their own hands being clean; but who can say into how many dirty mouths a spoon or fork has gone, and what sort of purification it has received? These details could, however, have been overcome, but though Christians might be their best friends and trusted advisers, the followers of the prophets could not break bread with them.

One of the civil officers at Berhampur for part of my time was Mr. O'Sullivan, District Superintendent of Police. Neither he nor his wife were by a long way pure Europeans. It so happened one year that O'Sullivan drew the first prize in the Umballa Sweep on the English Derby, and raked in a large sum of money. The Umballa Sweep was a very big thing in those days. People all over India took tickets in it. But Government decreed that the whole thing was wrong, and prohibited its continuance. They specially ordered that the advertisement in the *Pioneer* announcing that the drawing of the sweep on the

25th of May was not to appear. The well-known and popular officer who conducted the arrangements therefore put the following notice in the *Pioneer:* "Government has prohibited the Umballa Sweep Committee from announcing that the drawing of the sweep will take place on the 25th of May." After that year the sweep was transferred to the Calcutta Turf Club, and is now a bigger thing than ever, money for tickets coming in from all parts of the world. Government could not, of course, prevent the members of a club holding a sweep on the Derby. Well, the Umballa Sweep was won by O'Sullivan of Berhampur. He had never been out of India, nor had Mrs. O'Sullivan, and they determined with their winnings to have a trip home. They did it in real style. They took a house in Park Lane, bought or hired a carriage and pair, gave dinner-parties, and generally made the cash fly. I don't suppose they had much difficulty in getting people to help them to spend their money. At the end of six months they had not a penny of their winnings left, and back they came to India. They always said that their time in London had been more delightful than they could have imagined possible, and so far from regretting their money, they said that they would do the same thing again if they got the chance.

A great advantage of an educational appointment is the three months' holiday every year. At the Nizamut College we had a month from about the 10th of May, when the heat made both teaching and learning simply cruelty to animals. Then there was a month for Mohurrum. No one could be expected to study algebra when worked up into a frenzied state of religious exaltation. Luckily in my time the Mohurrum each year synchronised with Christmas. Then there was a month for the Ramzan, and this in my time came about September. The Ramzan, of course, like the Mohurrum, comes eleven days earlier each year. This month is like the Christian Lent, only it is much more strictly observed. From sunrise to sunset not a morsel of food, not a drop of water or any liquid may pass the lips of a true believer, nor may he solace himself with a whiff of tobacco. When once the sun has set, the followers of the Prophet may have a good all-round meal. It struck me as an extraordinarily strange thing that Mahometans will not accept any calendar date for the beginning of the lunar month. Nothing will convince them that the month has really commenced except a sight of the new moon. This rule is only relaxed so far that in these days of telegraphs a wire, say, from Lucknow that the moon has been seen there is considered sufficient proof in Calcutta or elsewhere that a new month has begun. On what it is anticipated is the last day of Ramzan thousands and thousands of people are busily engaged in looking out for the new moon, hoping that their diurnal privations have been completed for the next eleven months. These three month's holidays a year were a great boon to me. In the hot-weather vacation I went to Darjeeling and stayed with Birch. The second time that I did this, from the 10th of May to the 10th of June, not once did the awful fog lift to give me a view of the snowy range. In the Ramzan I went to Cuttack, in Orissa, to stay with my brother, who was stationed there after Bankipur. In the cold weather I sometimes stayed with planters within fifteen miles or so of Moorshedabad, and I had some very delightful visits to Calcutta, where I used to be the guest of Bishop Johnstone, and of Mr. Biden, headmaster of La Martiniere College, who had been a master at Marlborough when I was there.

The worst part of my life at Moorshedabad was the loneliness of the evenings. I could only read and read and read. I remember studying logic and physical geography, besides any amount of books on Indian history and biography. I dined alone, and sat alone after dinner. It was awfully trying; but there are many lives in India which are lonelier than mine was, for at all events I had week-ends at Berhampur. I had also to consider my future prospects. I realised after a bit that the Nizamut College was a thing by itself, a *cul-de-sac*, and that the appointments did not belong to the regular Educational Department, all the members of which were appointed from home by the Secretary of State. Looking ahead for ten years or so, I saw that there were no prospects at all. True, in the fullness of time I might succeed Mr. Arrow, but his pay was only four hundred rupees a month, while members of the Educational Department rose to two thousand rupees or more. In short, it was not good enough, and this got rather on my mind. Before I left the college Sir Ashley Eden, who had succeeded Sir Richard Temple as Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, offered me the Police, but I did not think this good enough either, especially as I should have had to begin considerably below my younger brother.

Many important events occurred in the world at large while I was at Moorshedabad, and in all of these the Shahzadas were keenly interested. There was the Afghan War, with the massacre of Cavagnari and his gallant comrades at Kabul; the Zulu War, with the terrible battle of Isandlawana; and when I first went to the college the Russo-Turkish War was still in progress. Sultan Sahib especially was most keen on hearing the latest news day by day. They were all Imperialists; and in the Afghan War, although we were fighting their co-religionists, yet their sympathies were entirely with us. During all this time I was able to acquire an exceptional knowledge of Hindustani, for the language was spoken in its purity by the Mahometans of Moorshedabad. The Hindoos, who formed the bulk of the population, spoke Bengali, an entirely different language, which I never learnt. I also got to know a great deal about the Mahometan religion, and in many ways I found it commanded respect. There was something majestic in the brief creed contained in the Kulma or recital of the faith. "La-illa la-allah, Mahomet Rasul Allah," or, "There is but one God, and Mahomet is the Prophet of God." There it begins and ends. An awful lot of nonsense is talked about this religion by some Europeans. Mahometans are justly indignant, for instance, at being credited with the belief that women have no souls. I also learnt that though my Nizamut friends were more than loyal, the Hindoos of Bengal even in those days were imbued with very different ideas. The Bengali newspapers were full of abuse of the English, so much so that Lord Lytton passed an Act for curbing the Press. It was known as the

Gagging Act, and, so far as I remember, it was repealed by orders from home when the Liberal Party came into power. The anti-Imperial Little Englander will never trust the man on the spot.

I said good-bye to Moorshedabad in October, 1879. I had written to Sir Richard Temple, Governor of Bombay, explaining the poorness of my prospects, and asking if he could help me. He told me to come and see him, so I took some leave and went. I may mention that I was given excellent certificates for my work at the college by Major Peacock and Mr. Arrow.

CHAPTER IV

I JOIN THE BOMBAY POLITICAL DEPARTMENT—A MAD RAJAH—I AM ACCUSED OF ATTEMPT AT MURDER

ON my way to Bombay I spent a couple of days with my old friend Warburton of Darjeeling, who was now headmaster of a school at Allahabad. We had some pleasant talks about our experiences at St. Paul's. I was greatly interested in two things at Allahabad, which means the abode of Allah or God. One was the magnificent bridge across the River Jumna, or, as the natives call it, Yamoona. It is a sort of double-storied bridge. The railway is carried along the top, while below is a road for ordinary traffic. The other object of interest was the splendid fort built by the Moghul Emperor Akbar, who was contemporary with our Queen Elizabeth. It stands in the angle formed by the junction of the Ganges and the Jumna. It is impossible to resist a thrill of pride at the sight of the English flag flying over the great fortresses of Allahabad, Delhi, and Agra. On the second morning after leaving Allahabad (the trains were terribly slow in those days), I awoke to find myself in the midst of beautiful mountain scenery. The train was beginning to descend the precipitous range known as the Western Ghauts. The line is a marvellous feat of engineering, there being a descent of nearly two thousand feet. The train dives in and out of tunnels, carries one over viaducts from which it makes one feel dizzy to look down on the depths beneath, and skirts precipices where it would seem impossible for a train to go. I was much impressed by the natural position of Bombay, with its grand harbour crowded with shipping, and the distant background of purple Ghauts shimmering in the brilliant sunshine. I was also struck by the grandeur of the buildings, especially the Secretariats, University, and the High Court, which lined the esplanade. But since that time there have been such vast changes, and so many new buildings have sprung up that the place is hardly recognisable. The present delightful yacht club was not then built.

My interview with Sir Richard Temple was most satisfactory. There was a vacancy in the Political Department, and to this he was prepared to appoint me. I for my part had only one question to ask, and that was whether the post would in the ordinary course of events lead to promotion in the Department. I did not want another odd job, as Moorshedabad turned out to be. I was reassured on this point, and, provided that I passed the necessary examinations in law and language, I might rise to appointments of two thousand rupees a month as Political Agent.

Here was indeed a career opened to me that surpassed all my possible expectations. Now my ambition had a chance, not to say a certainty of being realised. I was almost overwhelmed at the brightness of my prospects. Could I have foreseen the future I think I should have expended my little savings from Moorshedabad on a second-class ticket home, if only to break stones by the roadside when I got there. The Political Department, I may explain, is concerned with the administration of Native States. I was gazetted as Assistant Political Agent, Kolhapur, a state about the size of the county of Kent. My pay, including travelling allowance, was to be 675 rupees a month, an undeniably handsome salary, and it was to increase each year by fifty rupees a month. My duties were to look after the education of the young Rajah and some other petty chiefs, and, after passing in Marathi and law, to take up magisterial and general administrative work. I was warned that the Rajah was not in a very satisfactory state of mind, but I did not in the least realise the actual state of things, nor perhaps had anyone else done so at that time. I learnt that Kolhapur was a hundred and forty miles south of Poona, from which place it was necessary to drive. Leaving Bombay early one afternoon, I arrived at Poona in the evening, after dark. Poona is on the way to Madras. The line which ascends the Ghauts in this direction is an even finer specimen of engineering than that on the route by which I had travelled to Bombay, and the scenery still wilder and more romantic. At Poona I engaged a tonga and set out for Kolhapur. A tonga is a two-wheeled vehicle drawn by a pair of ponies, over whose shoulders there is fastened a sort of yoke. A Bengal dawk-ghari was bad enough, but a tonga is an even worse back-breaking instrument of torture for a long journey.

At that time the part of the Deccan which comprised the districts of Poona and Satara, the latter of these places being between Poona and Kolhapur, was, to put it mildly, in a very disturbed state. A Brahmin named Mahadev Wassudev Phudke, who had been a clerk in the military accounts office at Poona, had taken it upon himself to organise a rebellion against the British Government. The rising assumed such proportions that it was altogether beyond the power of the Police to cope with it, and a considerable number of native regiments had to be employed in its suppression. These scoured the country in small detachments. Phudke was very elusive and surprisingly rapid in his movements, and it took a long time to catch him. The troops were placed at the disposal of Major Harry Daniel, District Superintendent of Police, Poona, now Chief Constable of Hertfordshire, who obtained great kudos for his operations. Phudke issued various proclamations to the effect that the oppression of the British Raj, or Government, was intolerable, and no longer to be endured. He offered rewards of five thousand rupees each for the heads of the Collectors of Poona and Satara. His notion of liberating a persecuted people from their white oppressors was to commit dacoities, or gang-robberies, in every direction, in order to obtain the sinews of war. His victims were generally Hindoo bunyas and sowkars, or money-lenders and bankers. Altogether this enterprising gentleman afforded a pretty good object-lesson of the advantages likely to be obtained by the upsetting of British rule. I have known more than one other attempt at rebellion with the same object carried out in the same way.

Phudke was in fullness of time arrested. He was tried and found guilty. Here was a man who had committed the gravest offences against the State: he had upset the administration over a large area; he had ruined any amount of people, whether his dupes, or those whose property he had robbed. If any man deserved to be hanged as soon as he was convicted, it was this malefactor. But he was only sentenced to imprisonment. He died in jail at Aden, after a futile attempt at escape. To me the extraordinary weakness and sentimentality of the authorities in India have often been amazing. Natives, of course, only think we are mad for not hanging a man like Phudke on the nearest tree.

Well, I set off in the tonga, and we pounded along up hill and down dale, but mostly rising, for about eight miles, when one of the wheels of the tonga came off. The driver said that the only thing for him to do was to lead the ponies back to Poona and get another tonga. This course was decided upon, and I was left alone by the roadside to await the driver's return. I could not help wondering if our friend Phudke or some of his myrmidons would turn up in the interval, but they missed this very excellent chance of going for an unprotected Sahib. After an interminable delay a new tonga arrived, and a fresh start was made. About ten in the morning we reached Satara, where I was glad of a breakfast and bath at the dawk-bungalow, and it was not till midnight that we crawled into Kolhapur. The scenery of the Deccan plateau, which is for the most part some two thousand feet above the sea, was very different from that of Bengal, with its vast level plains. The Deccan was picturesquely wild, hills everywhere, and many surmounted by old Maratha forts scarped out of the basalt rock. The climate was far superior to that of Moorshedabad. The heat was only really excessive from the middle of March to the end of May, the rainy season being almost cool and quite enjoyable.

I look back on the whole of the time that I was Assistant Political Agent, Kolhapur, with unmitigated disgust. For my first two years I consoled myself with the reflection that present circumstances didn't much matter, in consideration of the bright prospects that the future afforded me. Later on I was deprived of this consolation. The morning after my arrival at Kolhapur I called on Colonel Schneider, the Political Agent, a dignified-looking man, who was on the point of retirement. He informed me that the young Rajah had gone to the hill-station of Mahableshwar, in the hope that the change of air would benefit his mental malady, and he said that I must proceed there as soon as possible. Meanwhile he kindly insisted on my being his guest in his charming house, known as the Residency. After a couple of days I set off for Mahableshwar. It was a hundred miles' journey by tonga via Satara. I have often been to Mahableshwar since, and it is a most delightful place. Somewhat more than four thousand feet above the sea, it enjoys an exceptionally pleasant climate for most of the year. It is situated on the top of the Ghauts, and the scenery is extremely beautiful. When I first saw it wild roses were growing in profusion, and waterfalls were dashing down the cliffs. The hill-top is richly wooded. There are two drawbacks to Mahableshwar: one is that the soil is red laterite, and all one's garments become caked with red dust; the other is that in the monsoon, from the beginning of June to the end of September, the rainfall is so terrific, amounting to three hundred inches, that no one can live there. The whole place is deserted, and the walls of the bungalows are covered with thatch, or chupper, as the local phraseology runs, to resist the influence of the ceaseless downpour.

My first interview with the young Rajah, whose name was Shiwaji, and whose title was Chatraputi, or lord of the umbrella, was, I must confess, disconcerting. He was about eighteen, dreadfully ugly, and intensely melancholy. His sole idea of life was to sit in a chair doing nothing and saying nothing. I could get nothing out of him but yes or no. He was an appalling specimen of humanity. He had a Brahmin tutor named Modak, who was supposed to teach him under my general supervision; but education was in the circumstances quite out of the question. I was told that the Rajah had been a promising boy, but he lamentably failed to keep his promise. He had a great *entourage* with him. The State Karbhari, or prime minister, a Brahmin named Mahadev Wassudev Burve, was in charge of the establishment. This gentleman was generally styled Mahdu Rao, or sometimes just Rao Sahib, which means "his honour." He was a Brahmin from Chitpawan, a little seaport town on the Rutnagiri coast. The Chitpawan Brahmins are of fair complexion, and have bluish eyes. There is a legend that in what may be called prehistoric times a ship from Europe was wrecked on the coast, and that the survivors married Brahmin women. This is supposed to account for the light colouring of the skin and eyes of the present generation. Mahdu Rao was a remarkably clever man and able administrator, and there was no doubt that he possessed more power and influence at Kolhapur than the Political Agent. The latter officer often drove about in a fine carriage and pair, and the people in the streets saluted him respectfully enough ; but Mahdu Rao, following him in a humble little tonga, received the most obsequious tokens of obeisance. Colonel Schneider informed me that I was expected to ride with his highness the Rajah in the morning, and drive with him in the evening, and see as much of him as I could in the interim. I do not care to dwell on these horrors. Meanwhile I bought an *Indian Penal Code* and a *Criminal Procedure Code*, and studied law as hard as I could. I also got a native named Vinayak Damodher Bhasker (what awful names they had !) to teach me the Marathi language. I picked this up pretty quickly, and in about six months I was able to sum up in this vernacular cases that I decided in my court. An instructor in Hindustani is called a moonshi, while a teacher of Marathi is termed a pundit. Shortly after Christmas we returned from Mahableshwar to Kolhapur.

My next three years varied between residence at Kolhapur and journeys to Poona, Bombay, and Mahableshwar with the Rajah, for the supposed benefit of his mental constitution. I infinitely preferred living at Kolhapur. What was the use of being at a jolly place like Poona, where any amount of amusement was available in the morning and evening, when at those very times I was saddled with this frightful incubus? I felt ashamed at being seen about with him, and it was enough to send one melancholy mad. I can only say that I did my best for the unfortunate wretch. It was far preferable at Kolhapur, for there people understood the situation. Also, I had my magisterial work, in which I was keenly interested. At first I was given powers of a third-class magistrate. These empowered me to sentence a prisoner to a month's imprisonment and fifty rupees fine. In due course I was made a second-class, and finally a first-class magistrate. I could then inflict sentences up to two years' imprisonment, and inflict a heavy fine. I shall have so much to say about crime and kindred subjects later on that I will pass over these matters now. I remember, however, my indignation at the endless tale of lies that I used to have to listen to. I was very pleased when I was made a first-class magistrate. Soon after getting these powers I had to deal with a house-breaker who had had ever so many previous convictions. I ought to have committed him to the Sessions Court, where he would have received a heavier punishment than I was authorised to award him. But I preferred to enjoy the satisfaction of exercising my new authority, so I sentenced him to two years' rigorous imprisonment, which is the Indian Penal Code equivalent for the English imprisonment with hard labour. The house-breaker seemed to think himself fortunate in getting off so cheaply. I also had general administrative powers over part of the state. I was responsible for the collection of land revenue, and had to decide disputes as to the right of occupancy of land. In all this I was as interested as possible. In one or two instances my magisterial decisions were reversed by a higher court on some legal quibbles, but never once upon issues of facts. The Sessions Judge was Lieutenant, now Colonel, Ferris. He was an exceedingly clever and able officer, and a most amusing man. We got on splendidly, and I learnt a lot about my work from him. He and Mrs. Ferris have been great friends of mine ever since. He seemed very young to have the powers of a Sessions Judge, but in India officers constantly have grave responsibilities at an age which in England would be considered impossible.

Besides the Rajah I had to generally superintend the education and training of several young chiefs who were brought to Kolhapur for this purpose. The Rajah was a Maratha by caste, but most of the others were Brahmins. Each of them had his own native tutor. The smartest and most intelligent of the youngsters was Bala Sahib, chief of Miraj. That was his informal name. They all had an overpowering string of names for formal application, and I fear that I have quite forgotten them. Then there was Baba Sahib, of Inchalkarunji, and Aba Sahib, chief of Vishalgud, and a few more. They were nice enough boys, all good riders, and industrious at their studies, but rather colourless as compared with my Moorshedabad Shahzadas. I mixed freely with them, and started them at tennis and badminton. Baba Sahib of Inchalkarunji has since taken rather a prominent part in politics, identifying himself with the National Congress movement, but, being fairly hard-headed, he is not an extremist. The so-called

National Congress was instituted some few years after I went to India. It professes to be a representative assembly of all Indians, but as a matter of fact it has never represented anything except the educated and literary classes. Its policy has always been "agin the Government." It meets once a year, at various places. The curious thing is that its deliberations have to be conducted in English, as that is the only language in which delegates from the Punjab, Bengal, Madras, and Bombay can understand each other. Hindustani is no use to a Bengali, or to anyone in Madras. Though the Congress is supposed to represent all sections of the community, Mahometans have always fought shy of it. The followers of the Prophet might perhaps prefer to rule the country themselves rather than be under Europeans, but they infinitely prefer existing arrangements to the prospect of being governed by Hindoos, which they can see would be the logical conclusion of the Congress.

Towards the latter part of 1880 a very curious incident occurred at Kolhapur. A most deliberate plan was made by some hot-headed persons for a general mutiny. It was too ridiculous for words, but a great deal of harm might have been done had not the scheme been by the merest chance nipped in the bud. The conspirators had determined to kill all the Europeans when we were in church on Sunday evening, cut the telegraph wires, plunder the treasury, and march to Delhi. What they proposed to do at Delhi I do not exactly know. The plot was discovered just in time. The Police, in the approved Oriental style, were engaged in torturing a man whom they had arrested, in order to make him confess to some crime. Driven to desperation he said at last, "I cannot tell you anything about this, for I know nothing about it; but I can tell you about something much bigger." He then gave the whole show away. Papers were found incriminating a large number of people, most of whom received swinging sentences from Ferris. There was a great sensation when telegrams regarding this very serious affair appeared in the Bombay newspapers. To us at Kolhapur one great advantage accrued from this plot. Government stationed a detachment of British infantry at the head-quarters of the state, and the presence of three or four young officers made a tremendous difference from a society point of view in our very dull little station. Stimulated by their breezy influence we got up all sorts of things, and even had the old race-course put into some degree of order, and actually had a race-meeting.

During my time in the Kolhapur appointment the Rajah's mental condition went from bad to worse. His melancholia sometimes gave place to acute dementia. Instead of sitting still in absolute silence he would talk and talk and talk, one ridiculous idea succeeding another with startling rapidity. At one time he was a Turkish soldier, and he told us in great detail how he had defended the Khyber Pass against the Russians. At another he was no less a personage than the Prince of Wales. He had the Prince of Wales on his brain for a long time. He would take pen and paper and write the most extraordinary letters in English. One sentence that used frequently to recur was something to this effect: "Gum un-melted recovery box, Prince of Wales, *Illustrated London News.*" At times he was very violent. One morning, when we were riding, he suddenly reined his horse towards me, slashed at me with his riding-whip, and said, "You cursed Europeans, the Afghans are coming to drive you out!" So unmanageable did he become that a steady old private soldier named Green was selected from the Fourth King's Own to act as a sort of keeper. One day shortly before Green arrived, while I was trying a case in court, the Rajah, who had taken to smoking vehemently, retired to his bathroom, and there blackened his face all over with a mixture that he had prepared from the stumps of cigars and some water. There happened to be standing behind his residence a bullock cart, in which some supplies had been brought. The driver had left the cart and bullocks alone. The Rajah saw his opportunity. With nothing on but a dhoter, or loin-cloth, bare-headed, and his face like a chimney-sweep's, he slipped out of the bathroom door, jumped on to the driver's seat, seized the bullocks by their tails, this being the regulation way of driving these animals, and away he went along the road for all that he was worth, singing at the top of his voice. No one in the house noticed his absence. After some time his mad career was checked at an octroi gate, where bullock carts had to pay a small fee. The octroi man asked his name, and when the reply was "Shivaji Chutraputi Maharaj" he was fairly astonished. The Rajah then proceeded to make a long oration on things in general and the better government of the state in particular. Meanwhile the disappearance of the bullock cart had caused alarm, and the servants, putting two and two together, guessed that their titular ruler had something to do with the matter. They tore along the road in search of the missing royalty, and arrived in time to hear the end of a magnificent peroration on the duties of rulers to their subjects. Information was promptly sent to me. I at once closed my court for the day and went off to his highness. I found him still in the same awful state of filth, entirely pleased with himself, and in explosions of laughter. Another time, at Poona, when we were setting off for a morning ride, he took it into his head to do a bolt. He was better mounted than I was, for my own horse happened to be laid up, and I was riding one of the state horses, which was not up to much. The Rajah dashed off at full gallop on the hard high-road, I after him as hard as I could leg it; but I did not overtake him for fifteen miles, when I came upon him, dismounted, and sitting in the shade of a mango tree, close to the monument of the famous battle of Korygaum. He said, "Sir, this is a very fine morning." I replied, "Yes, it is, Maharaj. Don't you think we had better go home now?" He agreed, but our horses were awfully played out, and goodness knows at what time we got our breakfasts.

Some time in 1881—about September, I think—I was informed that the Secretary of State for India, who was then Lord Hartington, afterwards Duke of Devonshire, declined to recognise me as belonging to the Political Department. I had long since passed my departmental examination "with credit," and had been confirmed in my appointment by the Government of Bombay. However, Lord Hartington ruled that Sir Richard Temple had had no right to employ in the Political Department any officer who was not in the Indian Civil Service, or in the Staff Corps or Indian Army. Sir James Fergusson, Governor of Bombay, was exceedingly kind, and did his utmost to have the order rescinded in my case. However, it was no use, and I and three others had ultimately to leave the Department. Here was a nice fix! After all this time I had to look out for another start in life. The only thing that India could offer me was the Police, which, as I observed before, didn't seem good enough.

In the summer of 1882 I took three months' leave and went home to fight the matter at the India Office. They let me go back with some soothing promises, which came to nothing. How I enjoyed my seven weeks of England. I made my headquarters at my father's rectory, at Scrayingham, York, and most delightful it was there. I also had a week in London, and did every theatre that I could. How terrible it seemed returning to my mad Rajah.

Before I had done with Kolhapur I had a most disagreeable experience—as if any experience connected with Kolhapur could be anything else but disagreeable. There was a most mischievous newspaper editor at Poona, a Brahmin named Bal Gungadhar Tilak. He is now undergoing a long sentence of imprisonment for sedition. He chose to take up the cause of the suffering Rajah of Kolhapur as against myself and the State Karbhari Mahadev Wassudev Burve and Private Green. Green and myself he used to designate in his vile rag, called the *Mahratta*, as "Messrs. Green and Cox." He gradually worked himself to such a state of frenzy, that from saying that we had driven the Rajah out of his mind by our harsh treatment, he insisted, in issue after issue, that we had deliberately attempted to murder him by administering poison. Government after a time ordered us to prosecute Tilak for defamation. There was a protracted trial in the High Court at Bombay, the end of which was that Tilak went to jail for his scandalous falsehoods. All this business was intensely annoying. If any man could wish to have his knife into someone, I might be pardoned for wanting to have mine into Tilak. I got my chance later on. Yes, I burnt with wrath, anger, and indignation against Bal Gungadhar Tilak for the abominable lies that he printed about me. In spite of his imprisonment for bringing a false charge of attempt at murder against myself and others, this gentleman was some years later made an additional member of the Council of the Government of Bombay for making laws and regulations. Tilak and laws and regulations! His only idea of laws was to break them, and of regulations to defy them. He showed his gratitude to Government for this kindness in the year 1898 by publishing a series of intensely seditious articles, for which he again went to jail. To allow Tilak to have a seat on the Legislative Council was equivalent to selecting a highwayman to draw up a Police Code.

Later on, in the year 1901, when I was District Superintendent of Police at Poona, I was once more brought into contact with Tilak. A Brahmin came to me one morning with a very serious charge against him of unlawful confinement of his ward, a lady named Tai Maharaj, who was said to be of age, and of embezzling money, besides other charges in connection with substituting one heir for another. Only the first of these was cognisable by the Police. The others needed magisterial warrants before action could be taken. However, for the first charge I could, upon the statements made before me, have arrested Tilak. Should I do so? I went into the evidence very carefully, and considered the defence, which was that Tai Maharaj was a minor, and not of mature years as the complainant represented, and that she had not been unlawfully confined. Now to say whether the lady was a minor or not was an exceedingly delicate matter, and any attempt to determine the issue might have led to most serious consequences. On the whole, the charge seemed very fishy and the evidence very weak. So I took no action, and wrote a "final report," which went in the usual course to the District Magistrate, that the allegations, so far at all events as the cognisable part of the case was concerned, were unfounded. Higher authority took another view, and Tilak was tried on the whole series of charges by a specially appointed judge, who convicted him. The finding was reversed on every point by the Bombay High Court, and my action was completely justified. I confess that just for the moment when the complaint was made to me it did seem as if my enemy were delivered into my hands. But of course personal feelings could not affect my action as a Police officer one way or another.

When Tilak was again convicted for sedition, in July, 1908, by the Bombay High Court, this is what the judge said to the accused: "Bal Gungadhar Tilak, it is my painful duty now to pass sentence upon you. I cannot tell you how painful it is to me to see you in this position. You are a man of undoubted talents and great power and influence. Those talents and that influence, if used for the good of your country, would have been instrumental in bringing about a great deal of happiness for those very people whose cause you espouse. Ten years ago you were convicted, and the court dealt most leniently with you then, and the Crown dealt still more leniently with you. After you had undergone your simple imprisonment for one year and six months the sentence was remitted upon conditions which you accepted as to your future writings. It seems to me that it must be a diseased mind, a most perverted mind, that could say that the articles which you have written are legitimate weapons in political agitation. They are seething with sedition, they breathe violence, they speak of murders with approval, and the cowardly and atrocious act of committing murders with bombs not only seems to meet with your approval, but you hail the advent of the bomb into India as if something had come to India for its good. As I have said, it can only be a diseased and perverted mind that can think that bombs are legitimate instruments in political agitation. And it would be a diseased mind that could ever have thought that the articles you wrote were articles that could have been legitimately written. Your hatred of the ruling race has not disappeared in the last ten years. And these articles deliberately and defiantly written week by week, not, as you say, on the spur of the moment, but a fortnight after that cruel and cowardly outrage had been committed upon two innocent women, you wrote about bombs as if they were legitimate instruments in political agitation. Such journalism is a curse to the country." With these and a few more stinging reproaches the judge sentenced Tilak to six years' transportation.

I do not like to leave off my reminiscences of Kolhapur with so odious a subject as Tilak. I must mention the splendid old fort of Panalla, twelve miles from Kolhapur, on a range of hills almost as high as Mahableshwar, which I was able to occasionally visit. The massive bastions, and the succession of three great gateways, known as the Teen Durwaza, were very impressive, and the temperature in the hot weather was a great relief after Kolhapur. I made several charming friends in addition to Colonel and Mrs. Ferris, whom I have referred to. There was dear old Dr. Sinclair, the Residency surgeon, and Major H. N. Reeves, who was Political Agent for the latter part of my time. Reeves had wretched health, and was often crippled with racking pains, but was most light-hearted and amusing between the bouts of illness. There was also Mr. E. A. Duncan, an engineer, who possessed a fund of information on all sorts of subjects. I was delighted to meet him last year at Delhi, of which place he was compiling an historical guide-book.

CHAPTER V

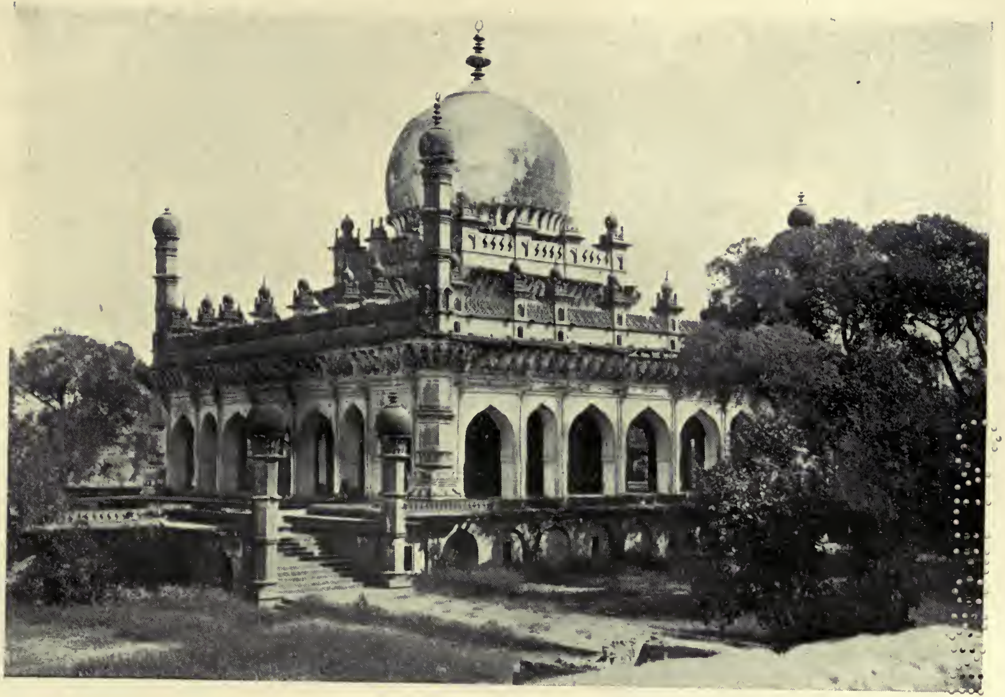
MY FIRST YEAR IN THE POLICE—NO WORK TO DO —LIFE AT BIJAPUR—THE ILBERT BILL

MY pay and allowances during the latter part of my tenure of the Kolhapur appointment came to 825 rupees a month. I was now to go down to 250 rupees a month in the Police. I calculated that it would take me ten years in this Department to get up to what I had been drawing in the Political. Here I was slightly wrong—it took me twenty years. The number of appointments in the Police when I joined (they have been greatly increased since then) below the rank of District Superintendent of Police was as follows: two first-grade Assistant Superintendents on 400 rupees a month, three second-grade Assistants on 300 rupees a month, and ten Police Probationers on 250 rupees a month. I became number ten on the latter list. Two months after entering the Police I went up for the higher standard departmental examination, and I need hardly say passed easily. This put me over the heads of two of the Probationers, who had been some time in the Police, but had not passed. So I attained the exalted position of eighth on the list of Police Probationers. All promotion was by seniority, whether one was good, bad, or indifferent. A man who could just scrape through his daily routine got on just as well as a man who had some brains and lived for his work. What a system! It took me over five years after passing the higher standard examination to reach the giddy height of second-grade Assistant Superintendent of Police. I was twenty-seven years of age when I entered the Police. Most of the men above me had joined at about the age of eighteen. I was the only university and the only public-school sixth-form man. I had refused the Bengal Police some years before as not being good enough. And now, after all this wasted time, I was chucked into the Police at the bottom of the list, without a ray of hope of being able to advance my prospects by distinguishing myself. It was enough to sour anyone. My idea was this. After my first year I should have completed six years in Government service, and should be entitled to six months' leave on half-pay, to which I could add further leave without pay. I would avail myself of this concession, and seek my fortune in some other part of the world, retaining my lien on the Police as a second string to my bow. I had saved, so far as I recollect, about 8000 rupees in the Political.

When I severed my connection with the Political Department, on February 1, 1883, I happened to be at Ahmednugger, where the Rajah had been sent for one of his various changes of air. I was posted as Police Probationer to Belgaum, about seventy miles south of Kolhapur. I had no wish to travel by road for some two hundred and ten miles or more from Poona, through Kolhapur, so finding that under the rules I had sufficient joining-time, I went by steamer from Bombay to Vingorla, on the Rutnagiri coast, and thence to Belgaum by road, a distance of about eighty miles. This was a delightful journey. The weather was at its best. The sea voyage took a day and a half, and the views of the Mahableshwar range from the steamer were very beautiful. From Vingorla I got a dhumny, or bullock coach, and two bullock carts for my kit, and travelled about twelve miles a day, putting up at the dawk-bungalows. The scenery was pretty for the whole way, but one stage, during which the road ascended the Ghauts, rising over two thousand feet, it was simply magnificent. I walked this portion of the route, and loitered along the road to enjoy the glorious views that every fresh curve disclosed.

At Belgaum, which is one of the pleasantest stations in India, I reported myself one morning to the District Superintendent of Police. With him I found awaiting me a letter from the Private Secretary to the Governor of Bombay saying that I was appointed to a newly created post of Assistant Superintendent for supervising the Southern Maratha Railway, which was under construction in the district then known as Kaludgi, and now called Bijapur. This was satisfactory, as I should be able to make some travelling allowance in that appointment. I set off that very evening after dinner, travelling in the same way as from Vingorla. On the fourth day I reached Kaludgi, about seventy miles from Belgaum. This place has since ceased to exist, the headquarters of the district having been transferred to Bijapur. The process had already commenced, and some officers had moved to the new headquarters. The Collector was at one place, and the Judge at the other. I found that I had to move on again. This was another sixty miles. I was tired of the bullock coach; besides, it was very expensive hiring it. So I bought a pony for ninety rupees, and rode to Bijapur in three days. When I left Ahmednugger, had I known that my destination was to be Bijapur, I could have gone the whole way by rail in a day and a half! Government, of course, paid the expenses of my roundabout journey.

Bijapur is a marvellous place. No sightseer touring in India should omit to visit it. The city was founded about 1490 by Yusuf Ali Shah, commander-in-chief of the great Mahometan kingdom known as the Bahmani dynasty of the Deccan. This dynasty had lasted since 1347, when its founder, Allah-ud-din Hussan Gungoo Bahmani, rebelled against the Toghluk ruler of Delhi and created an independent Mahometan state in the Deccan. The capital was in what is now known as the Nizam's dominions. At the time of the foundation of Bijapur the Bahmani kingdom was in the throes of dissolution, and it split up into five independent states, of which two were Bijapur and Ahmednugger. This took place some time before the great Moghul Empire came into being. In the zenith of its splendour Bijapur is said to have contained a million of inhabitants. The city is surrounded by a massive wall, which may be seven miles in circumference. For the magnificence of its buildings and the strength of its defences Bijapur was, in its palmy days, without a rival in India. The glories of Delhi and Agra were yet to come. The mighty dome that covers the mausoleum of Sultan Mahmoud, one of the rulers of the state, is



THE IBRAHIM ROZA, BIJAPUR.

said to exceed in dimensions any other in the world. In no country can the Ibrahim Roza, or mosque and tomb of Ibrahim, be surpassed for gracefulness of outline. On all sides palaces, tombs, reservoirs, and fortresses, some of them even now almost perfect, convey a sense of the majesty of a state that has long since passed away. In 1686 the city was forced to capitulate to the Moghul Emperor Aurungzebe. Bijapur ceased to be a capital, and its inhabitants soon deserted it. It appears probable that the dire disease of plague was instrumental in driving them away. The lofty walls, domes, and minarets might still lead the traveller to believe that he was approaching a flourishing city; but within, for nearly two centuries, there was nothing but ruin and desolation. Now Bijapur is the centre of a thriving population as the headquarters of a British district. Its beautiful buildings are carefully preserved, and some of the most suitable have been converted into courts, offices, and dwelling-houses for British officers. It seems a strange mixing up of things that the shrieking locomotive should run alongside the great dome of Sultan Mahmoud.

As the person concerned has long since gone to that bourne from which no traveller returns, there is no harm in my relating how utterly horrified I was to find that my District Superintendent of Police was a man who ought never to have been appointed to a service which is supposed to be composed of gentlemen. He had been a common or garden half-caste clerk in some office, and certainly had no special qualifications for his extraordinary selection. It was an awful blow to my pride to have to serve under him. He began by sending me instructions to do this, that, and the other, written by his clerk in Marathi, and just signed by himself. I didn't see why I should not be addressed in English, and I remonstrated. For this he threatened to report me to the Commissioner. I do not know if he did so or not, but no more letters came in the vernacular. After some months he was transferred, and was succeeded by an officer nearly four years younger than myself. This again was rather galling. University education did not seem much of an asset! After a good many years I again came into close contact with this officer, and we were on the most friendly terms right to the end. He was the most efficient policeman whom I ever met. As I may constantly have to refer to District Superintendents of Police I shall in future designate them as D.S.P.'s, by which abbreviation of the cumbersome official title they are generally known.

The year that I was at Bijapur I had practically no work to do. I really have no notion why my appointment was created. The ostensible object was to look after the coolies employed on making the railway, in case any of them should be dangerous characters. As a matter of fact their behaviour, and there were many thousands of them, was exemplary. Had there been black sheep among them, how was I to discover it? I had no staff placed under me beyond a *naik*, or head constable, and six constables, to pitch my tents. I used to ride up and down the hundred and twenty miles of embankment that constituted the embryo railway and talk to the men employed thereon. I acquired a good deal of miscellaneous information as to native customs which I did not know before, and I learnt a lot about railway making, the comparative advantages of broad and narrow gauge, the different kinds of sleepers, and so on; but devil a bad character could I get hold of. I was totally ignorant at first of the organisation of the Police force of a district, and so far as my own appointment was concerned I should have been as ignorant at the end of the year as at the beginning. But twice, for three or four weeks, I had charge of the office of D.S.P. as well as of my own, and I made the most of my opportunities to learn whatever I could.

The district of Bijapur comprised about seven thousand square miles. It was a sparsely populated country, liable to deficient rainfall, and consequent scarcity, if not famine. I do not think that the inhabitants numbered above half a million. For this area and population the Police force consisted of about six hundred of all ranks. The numerical strength of the force was entirely inadequate, nor was quantity made up for by quality. The former defect has long since been remedied. There was one D.S.P. with a temporary assistant (myself) for the railway works. All the rest were natives. Of these one was an inspector, ten were chief constables—a singularly inappropriate term, now altered to sub-inspector—about seventy were head-constables of various grades, fifteen sawars or mounted constables, and the remainder were foot constables. Some eighty head-constables and constables were armed with muzzle-loading carbines. The pay of the constables commenced at seven rupees a month. As it was impossible to get a syce, or groom, for less than nine rupees a month, it is easy to comprehend the sort of stuff that presented itself for enlistment to be knocked into shape as a policeman. Only about half the men could read and write. The district was divided into ten talookas or subdivisions. Each of these had a police station in charge of a chief constable, and in each talooka there were three or four outposts, each in charge of a head-constable. Precious few crimes were detected, and yet, somehow or other, things were kept going. On the whole, life and property were reasonably safe. When I first went to this district the Collector's treasury was at Kaludgi. It was afterwards moved to Bijapur. At Kaludgi it was guarded by a detachment of native infantry from a regiment at Belgaum. The employment of military on such duties has long since ceased, all treasuries being guarded by armed police. The policy for years past has been to abolish all small military stations, the troops being concentrated at a few important centres. This is for the sake of training, discipline, and general efficiency. Amongst other places, Kaludgi, Kolhapur, Sholapur, Thana, Surat, and Satara have been deprived of military protection. This has thrown far greater responsibility on the Police. This confidence in the Police has been entirely justified.

The D.S.P. was head of the Police only to a certain extent. He was always under the control of the District Magistrate, who, in his revenue and general capacity, is known as the Collector. How far the D.M., as we generally called him, interfered with the D.S.P. depended on the human equation. Generally speaking, if the D.M. knew the D.S.P. to be a good man, there was very little interference. If the D.S.P. punished one of his men for sleeping on duty, or any other departmental offence, there was an appeal to the D.M.; and sometimes the D.S.P.'s orders had to be reversed. Then, on bigger questions, such as imposing punitive police upon the inhabitants of any part of the district at their own expense by reason of their misconduct, the D.M. had of course a great deal to say. It never paid to quarrel with the D.M. If I ever differed from my D.M. I used to content myself with temperately setting forth my views. If he did not concur with them I loyally carried out his wishes. I have known a good many instances of the D.M. and the D.S.P. getting to loggerheads. Possibly sometimes the D.S.P. was right. But it is no use kicking against the pricks. After all, discipline is discipline, and you can't run the coach if the horses are to exercise their own discretion as to which road they should take. I have known all sorts of laxity on the part of its officers overlooked by Government or treated with a warning; but defiance of authority is the one unpardonable offence. With the exception of the Sessions Judge and the subordinate civil judges, every officer in the district is under the orders of the Collector or District Magistrate. He is the head of the district, his word is law, and there the matter ends. As I became senior in the service my D.M. was often ten or fifteen years younger than I was; but he was my D.M., and set in authority over me.

In spite of my drop in pay and my rotten prospects, I was ever so much happier at Bijapur than I was with the mad Rajah of Kolhapur. When the rains came on in June, and the camping season was over, I shared a ruin, which had been converted into a house, with a member of the Indian Civil Service named Walter Frewen Lord. He was a few years younger than myself. We became intimate friends, and we have kept up our friendship ever since. He was a singularly gifted and intellectual man. We used to have long talks on all sorts of subjects—the imperial nature of our rule in India, English and classical literature, systems of education, philosophy, theology, and I know not what else. He has since made a name by his books, notably the *Lost Possessions of England* and the *Lost Empires of the Modern World*. Lord and I generally spent our Sunday afternoons at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Reinold, frequently staying to dinner. Reinold was executive engineer, and was in charge of the entire scheme of restoring and preserving the Bijapur ruins. The Reinolds had a billiard table in their house, and this was a great resource on rainy days. They were very kind and charming people. Their house was a most beautiful specimen of Mahometan architecture. There was one room, if one can so speak of it, which comprised dining, drawing, and billiard room. The roof seemed to melt away into distance, and practically solved the problem of the possibility of a Gothic dome.

I cannot say that the scenery of the district was on the whole interesting. But in the south there was a very picturesque place called Badami. The neighbourhood was well wooded, and the trees afforded homes to numerous brilliant peacocks, the destruction of which was absolutely forbidden. There was an extremely pretty tank, or lakelet, overhung by trees, and a precipitous crag, which in very ancient times had been strongly fortified, was reflected in the clear water. Several incidents which I had quite forgotten occur to me as I write. When I joined at Bijapur there was a very popular Assistant Collector named McCorkell. He had only one eye, the other having been accidentally shot out by a man named Lawford. Lawford's idea of consolation when he met McCorkell some time after this unfortunate incident was to say, "Hullo, Corks, old chap, how funny you look with only one eye!" There was another Assistant Collector named Macarthy, who lived all alone at a place called Bagulkot. He was a most eccentric man. He used to spend the greater part of the day in reading French novels, or sleeping in a long chair. After dinner he would get to work, and have his native clerks in for the transaction of revenue and miscellaneous business, and try his magisterial cases till the early hours of the morning. Naturally the annoyance that was caused to all parties concerned by this turning of night into day was unspeakable. It is not surprising that Macarthy never completed his full term of service. At the very south of the district a bridge for the railway was being built over the Mullapurbha, which divides the Bijapur and Dharwar Districts. The engineer in charge was named Cochrane. He was very eccentric. In fact, the vicissitudes of Indian life seemed to produce a healthy crop of eccentrics. He resented my talking to his coolies. One evening I had walked across the temporary bridge of loose planks that led to the Dharwar side of the river.

Cochrane promptly had the planks removed. I did not take any notice of this piece of gratuitous incivility, but walked back through the water, which just came up to my waist. On one occasion a young civilian came to Bijapur for a week-end. He was talking about a very pretty girl at Poona, whom I happened to have known. She had been engaged twice, and each time the engagement was broken off. Our visitor expressed the opinion that she was not likely to have another chance. Within a few weeks I heard that he was engaged to her himself. A few days before I went to Bombay for my higher standard examination my old friend Ferris of Kolhapur turned up at Bijapur on his way to inspect some petty state that was under his jurisdiction. I was going as far as Sholapur, sixty miles, on a construction train, which, having brought a load of rails and ballast, was returning empty, and it suited Ferris to go with me. He had an enormous amount of baggage, both private and official, including a suite of tents, besides a large number of followers. Altogether his belongings practically filled up all the trucks that composed the train. About half-way to Sholapur, while Ferris and I were on the engine, I happened to look round, and saw his people waving frantically to catch our attention, and noticed that the luggage on several of the trucks was in a blaze. Sparks from the engine had caused the trouble. The train was stopped, and we all set to work to bundle a lot of the kit off the trucks on the ground and to throw sand on the remainder. A great deal of damage was done. I fear it was an expensive journey for Ferris. We arrived at Sholapur looking too disreputable for words after our exertions in extinguishing the fire.

The language spoken in the north of the district was Marathi, with which I was familiar. In the south it was Kanarese. I struggled for a while with this tongue, but I failed to grapple with it. The jargon belonged to what are known as the Dravidian languages, which include Tamil and Telagoo. There is nothing in common between these and the Aryan forms of speech. The number of languages in India is appalling. In the Bombay Presidency alone there are four—Marathi, Guzerathi, Sindi, and Kanarese, apart from Hindustani, which is only a sort of lingua franca, and is not the language of any district. As a general rule Hindustani is useless in the villages, except such as are near the large towns. My first acquaintance with locusts was in the Bijapur district. Individually a locust is a rather pretty insect, but collectively they are a frightful curse. They fly through the air in a vast crowd, making the sky quite dark. They settle on the trees and crops, and in a few hours strip every branch or stalk of every atom of vegetation. Government has attempted all sorts of remedies for these visitations, but no particular success has attended any of them. Providence, says the native cultivator, has sent the locusts, and only Providence can take them away. I met with one very curious superstition in this district. I noticed that at the places where railway bridges were being built over the rivers there was a strange reluctance on the part of the labourers, their wives and children, to remain near the works after sunset. I learnt that the reason for this was as follows. In ancient days when a bridge was commenced it was the custom to sacrifice a human being to the gods and bury the body under the foundations. Natives still believe that bridge-builders, even Europeans, may resort to a practice of this kind, hence their anxiety to put a safe distance between themselves and the works after dark. They also have an idea that if a labourer is accidentally killed, say by falling off the scaffolding, the desire of the gods for human sacrifice has been satisfied.

A very thorny question for the Government of India arose during this year. Except in the Presidency towns of Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay, European British subjects against whom any criminal charge was brought had always the right to be tried by a European magistrate or judge. Now a Hindoo judge in Bengal, named Gupte, a member of the Indian Civil Service, protested that he as a member of that service had as much right as an Englishman to try a European who had committed an offence in his jurisdiction. The Viceroy, Lord Ripon, took his view, and the Legal Member of Council, Mr. C. P. Ilbert, was instructed to prepare a Bill for the necessary alteration in the existing law. This Bill, known as the Ilbert Bill, excited the most tremendous controversy all over India. We were keenly excited about it at Bijapur. I, as every other European I ever met, was dead against the Bill. The end of it all was a "concordat," which enacted that a European British subject might always claim to be tried by a jury more than half the members of which must be his own countrymen. This afforded a safeguard against a real danger. To anyone who knew what was possible in a Native Magistrate's court it was intolerable that a white man—say a platelayer on a railway, probably devoid of more than a smattering of any Indian language—should be at the mercy of persons having a grudge against him who chose to involve him in a maliciously false accusation. I wish to make no general charge against Native Magistrates, but I have known of some taking down the depositions of witnesses in open court, and afterwards substituting quite different ones for them. And to bring a false case against anyone who has aggrieved him is the first thing that a native thinks of.

The unfortunate Ilbert Bill did an infinity of harm. Although the proposal was practically negatived, the evil that it did has lived after it. It raised a racial question which has since become more and more accentuated. It disturbed the existing relations between the rulers and the ruled, which had been on the whole very amicable. Under the administration of the same visionary statesman more harm was done by the introduction of so-called local self-government, which put into the hands of municipalities and district boards amongst other things two regarding which they knew little and cared less, namely, sanitation and elementary education. But it was to be a national education, therefore let sanitary and educational interests suffer. Another grievous mistake was committed in the official recognition accorded to the self-constituted National Congress. This assembly is supposed to represent the "people of India." As I have said, it does nothing of the kind. It only represents the Hindoo educated classes. It is always "agin the Government," its sentiments being expressed in various degrees of bitterness. The Mahometans decline to have anything to do with the Congress. Imagine a body purporting to represent the people of India which does not include the Mahometans! The proper course for Government would have been to ignore its existence as a representative body. Any individual men of light and leading, whether in the Congress or not, could always be invited by Government to give their opinions on matters of public interest.

After the rains, in November, I again proceeded to ride up and down my railway line. I shall describe camp life later on, when my camping was to some purpose.

Meanwhile I applied for and obtained six months' leave, and prepared to go to Tasmania and try my luck there. Just before Christmas I said good-bye to Bijapur and went to stay for a few days at Ahmednugger with my old friend Birch, of Darjeeling, who was now in charge of the Kolhapur Rajah. On Christmas Day a terrible catastrophe occurred. The Rajah was very violent, and, struggling with Private Green, pulled him over on top of him. In the fall the Rajah ruptured his spleen, and died in an hour or so. There was a post-mortem and a magisterial inquiry. The spleen was found to be twice its natural size, and Green was exonerated from all blame.

Tasmania did not come up to my expectations, and I determined to go home viâ America. This journey was immensely interesting. At home, after spending a few months at my father's house in

Yorkshire, I took a dairy farm in Somersetshire, having extended my period of absence on leave without pay. I had an awfully good time, hunting with the Taunton Vale; and I made the most perfect butter, which cost me half a crown a pound, while I sold it for one and fivepence halfpenny a pound. So I returned to India in March, 1885, minus all my savings.

CHAPTER VI

POLICE AND OTHER EXPERIENCES AT AHMEDNUGGER AND IN KHANDESH—COURAGE OF ENGLISH LADIES—THE WILD BHILS AS POLICEMEN—EMPIRE BUILDING

ON my return to India early in March, 1885, I was posted to Ahmednugger, which name, by the by, was generally abbreviated to Nugger, to act as D.S.P. in a three months' vacancy. During my absence I had gone up three places on the gradation list, and was now fifth in the order of Police Probationers. I knew enough about my work to be able to dispose correctly of what my office establishment or my subordinates chose to put before me, but I certainly did not know enough about it to take up anything that they did not choose to put up before me, or, so to speak, get behind the scenes. That was to come later. However, as it was clear to me that the Police was to be my vocation in life, I was very keen on doing my best. Never once did I get any instruction in my duties. There did not in those days exist any compilation of departmental rules and regulations for our guidance in the Bombay Presidency, though there had been for years in the other provinces of India. We had to pick out orders, precedents, and findings, whether of Government or the Commissioners, from dusty files of official papers the best way we could. It fell to my lot later on to have to compile these orders in a book termed *The Police Manual.* That was a fairly simple affair when I took it up. There was no Inspector-General of Police when I joined the department. One result of the subsequent appointment of such an officer has been the gradual piling up of departmental orders on every possible subject, which now form two bulky volumes. Some few of these are sensible and to the point; for instance, clear instructions as to holding proceedings when the D.S.P. has to punish any of his subordinates, the evidence against the man and his defence being duly recorded. Formerly a D.S.P. would fine a man a week's pay by a stroke of the pen upon a chief constable's report without recording any reason at all. Instructions for holding orderly-room and filling up the orderly-room register were also very much to the point. Orderly-room is a sort of court for the summary disposal of charges against constables and head-constables for sleeping on duty, insubordination, or similar offences not of a very heinous nature, also for dealing with applications for leave or petitions on miscellaneous subjects, and for enlisting recruits. I am constrained to admit that with these and other exceptions we should have been much better off without the mass of instructions contained in the awful *Police Manual* of to-day. At first we certainly wanted a compilation of simple rules, for too much was left to one's own devices. Later on we rushed into the other extreme, and hardly anything was left to a D.S.P.'s discretion. Some of the orders were simply ridiculous, and had to be cancelled by Government. For instance, it was laid down that the inspection of an outpost, the strength of which might be a head-constable and three constables, was to occupy two days. I suppose my inspections were as thorough as anyone's, but it was very exceptional if I could not complete the work in every detail in two or three hours. Considering the size of a district, perhaps as large as Yorkshire and Lancashire together, and the fact that it might contain twelve Police stations and sixty-five outposts, not to speak of the time occupied in travelling, to lay down a hard and fast rule that two days must be spent at an outpost was too utterly absurd. Of course, an order like this was dodged. Also at one time we had to send in a long report on the results of the inspections of outposts. This, too, was cancelled by Government.

I had a very enjoyable three months at Nugger. My office work did not take up much of my time, partly because I did not know enough about it, and partly because there being no *Police Manual*, the work was generally light as compared with the slavery which it developed into. I had some capital pig-sticking at a place called Belwundi, about forty miles off by rail, our horses being conveyed there in the train. Of course it was awfully hot, but what did that matter when you had a good horse under you, a good spear in your hand, and you were not suffering from anno domini? There was another place, the name of which I forget, about fifteen miles from Nugger, where we had some good runs after pig. We used to drive out in tongas. There was an excellent road, except for a mile and a half in the middle. The reason for this was that the route traversed a sort of island of territory, which formed part of His Highness the Nizam's dominions, or the Moghlai, as his kingdom was commonly designated, and roads in that territory did not exist. It was a little object-lesson to the ryots, or peasantry, on the advantages of British rule. These islands of territory are very common, not only all along the Nizam's frontier, but in connection with other native states, notably that of Baroda. Bits of foreign territory are encircled by British areas, and bits of ours are planted in the states. One effect of this very undesirable arrangement was to give a curious appearance to the district maps. Another was to greatly hinder the work of the police. A fugitive from justice would make for the nearest village belonging to a native state. Our police would follow him there and arrest him, but they could not take him away with them. The regulations compelled them to hand him over to the police of the native state concerned. Then began a prolonged correspondence regarding his extradition. After a protracted delay, during which the witnesses had had time to forget all about the case, he was handed over to us, unless, as not infrequently happened, he had effected his escape before. There was only extradition for certain offences, which of course included murder, robbery, and so on. The police of the native states had the same privilege in our territory that we had in theirs.

Nugger was a fairly large military station. I was ordered to go through a course of drill and equitation, which I had hitherto had no opportunity of doing since I joined the Police. Of course, I had ridden for years, but the course of equitation certainly did me good. I went through my training with a battery of field artillery. I was taught to ride without stirrups and without reins. One day I was told to go over some jumps. I did not anticipate any difficulty, but in this case pride went before a fall. I was on a great big battery Waler, or horse from New South Wales. The jumps were not particularly high, but my horse went at them as if he was going to jump over a house. I was entirely taken by surprise, and was sent flying. The sergeant-instructor asked why I had dismounted without orders! Some of the gunner recruits were very stupid, and I was decidedly pleased when the instructor roared out to one of them, "Private Jones, Mr. Cox rides more like a soldier than you do." I received a first-class certificate at the end of the course. An Assistant Collector had also been ordered to pass in equitation. He turned up in loose flannel trousers, and on being told that he should wear proper riding-kit he replied that he had received no orders to that effect. He was dismissed in three days with a certificate that "Mr. Alcock rode as well as he was ever likely to." It did not give me much trouble to master infantry drill, and after passing I used to frequently drill my police myself. Very few other D.S.P.'s took the trouble to do this.

There were a cheery, jolly set of people at Nugger, and I had a most lively time those three months. I was made an honorary member of the Native Infantry Mess, and used to dine there when there was nothing else on. I am afraid we had very late nights, with cards, billiards, and sing-songs, and it was hard work getting up at daybreak the next morning to go to the riding-school. I took part in some theatricals got up by Captain Holway of the Native Infantry. After the performance Holway and I gave a champagne supper to a number of people of the station. A third man who was to have joined in this backed out of it. The supper was on the stage. This was a piece of reckless extravagance. But I had enjoyed a great deal of hospitality, and I wanted to do something in return. It took me a long time to pay off my bill. There was, of course, tennis and badminton, and I also played cricket, not that I was much of a cricketer. One flaming day in the height of the hot weather we had a match that lasted from morn to eventide. There was many a thirst raised on that occasion.

D.S.P.'s were expected to personally investigate all serious crimes. I went to several cases, and how I managed to get all that I did in the way of work and amusement into those three months I can't imagine. One case that I went to occupied about four days. It was a dacoity, or gang-robbery, in which five or more criminals are concerned. The scene of this crime was about seventy miles from Nugger. I sent on a tonga by road overnight to a station twenty miles off. I took the early morning train, and then drove fifteen miles, and spent a few hours in the heat of the day in the police lock-up, there being no other accommodation available. It was luckily quite a new one, and had never been occupied. In the evening I drove on another fifteen miles, and put up at a district bungalow. I had some food with me, but I luckily found an engineer there who asked me to dine with him. The next morning I drove on another ten miles, and then had to leave the high-road. I had about ten miles to go over the roughest possible country, up hill and down dale. I was right up on the Ghauts, and the scenery was grand and romantic. The heat was something awful. Luckily there was a police post, where I had to dispense with the tonga, and I was able to borrow the horse of a sawar who was stationed there. The track for a great part of the way was the dry bed of a mountain torrent, in which rocks and boulders were scattered in profusion. The overhanging trees often compelled me to lean right down over my horse's neck, and in this position it was very difficult to pick my way in the twistings and turnings of the ravine. At last I reached the scene of the crime, and I found some police there engaged in investigating the case. The village was merely a collection of a few miserable grass huts. The property stolen was worth about three rupees, and the complainant was only slightly injured. There was not the faintest clue as to the offenders. My journey was entirely useless, and with more experience I should not have dreamt of going so far for such a rotten case, orders or no orders. One must exercise some discretion where there is a multiplicity of work to be done, and time is a precious commodity. I found a tank of nice clear water not far from the hamlet, and had a most refreshing swim in it. I slept for the night on some grass under a tree. I had no servant with me. In the morning a villager kindly brought me some hot milk in a brass lota and some hard-boiled eggs. He proceeded to shell the eggs with his very dirty fingers, and would not hear of my doing this for myself. I could not hurt his feelings, so I ate the eggs, and certainly they tasted all right.

At this place there towered above me a mountain known as Hurish Chundra Ghur, one of the highest peaks of the Western Ghauts. I was always fond of hill-climbing, and as I was on the spot I determined to get to the top. I was informed by the police who were investigating the dacoity that there was a tolerable path up the mountain, also that two mem-sahibs, English ladies, were living up there. They did not know their names. It sounded very strange, and my curiosity was certainly aroused. I struggled up the hill, the ascent taking me about two hours. The view at the summit was magnificent. To the east, over the Deccan, there were ranges and ranges of hills with fantastic mountain forms gleaming in the sunshine. To the west the eye passed over the Konkan, or low-lying country between the Ghauts and the sea, which seemed to gradually fade away in the purple summer heaven. The descent from the top of Hurish Chundra Ghur to the Konkan was absolutely perpendicular. You could throw a stone which fell straight down for over three thousand feet. I had a rope tied round me in case of accidents, and, thus fortified, ventured as near the edge as I dared to enjoy the very extraordinary view. I was rather glad to put a safe distance between myself and that terrific precipice. The temperature in the shade on the summit of the mountain was very pleasant. When I had cooled down a bit, after the tremendous exertion that was involved in the steep ascent, I inquired about the two mem-sahibs. I found that I had known them both when I had been in Nugger before with the Kolhapur Rajah. One was Mrs. Jopp, wife of an Assistant Collector, and the other was Mrs. Pottinger, wife of the executive engineer. They were spending the hot weather for the sake of the climate with their children on this isolated mountain peak. They were living in some very ancient Buddhist caves. After this, what is there that Englishwomen will not do? It was an unique experience to me in the investigation of dacoities to find English ladies in such a place. They gave me a first-rate breakfast, and I had a delightful talk with them for a couple of hours or so. They were very glad to hear all the news of the good people at Nugger. I didn't consider it exactly safe for ladies and children to be living in so wild and desolate a spot, with no protection but that of their servants, which would not have amounted to much in the case of an emergency, especially as there had been a dacoity of sorts not very far off; so I offered to send them a police guard to look after them. But they laughed at any idea of danger, and would not be persuaded to accept my offer. I was greatly indebted to them for one piece of information. They told me that from the place where I had left my tonga I could arrive at a railway station in the Nasik district, called Egatpuri, by a drive of only twelve miles. It would mean a very much longer railway journey back to Nugger, but that was of no importance. This suggestion obviated my difficulty about food, my small supply of which had run out. I reached Egatpuri after sunset the same evening, and got a dinner which was welcome, and a bath which was still more welcome, at the station.

The Nugger gymkhana, with tennis-courts, library, and so on, was inside the fort. The fort was over two miles in circumference, with a massive wall, deep moat, and glacis. The ramparts were kept in repair, and the entrance was guarded by British troops. Later on a large number of Boer prisoners enjoyed British hospitality within its walls. The Duke of Wellington, when Colonel Arthur Wellesley, took the fort in 1803, during the second Maratha War, from the troops of Scindia. The enemy believed it impossible that their mighty fortress could ever be taken, but within a few hours Wellesley had seized it and planted the British flag upon the battlements. On the glacis there is still to be seen the tree beneath which the British commander took his breakfast after the capture of the fort. The natives at the time said that it was no use trying to fight with people who went and occupied the enemy's strongest place of arms before breakfast, just as if it were a piece of amusement. When I revisited Nugger some years later I found that the gymkhana had been moved out of the fort to a more convenient place.

I was always running across eccentric people. At Nugger there was at one time a civilian named Palmer. He was a very religious man, and was also addicted to patent medicines of all descriptions. His bungalow was extraordinarily untidy; and the most miscellaneous articles were to be found in the most unexpected places. On one shelf there was a row of bottles, including Eno's Fruit Salt and Mother Siegel's Syrup, mixed up with the text, "Hold thou me up and I shall be safe." On a dinner-wagon there was Owbridge's Lung Tonic, flanked by a text having reference to a broken and a contrite heart. One Sunday I was invited to midday breakfast by Palmer. Before breakfast he read prayers. In the middle of the rather lengthy devotions there was heard the noise of some animal; and one promising member of Palmer's numerous olive branches suddenly jumped up and called out, "Bandicoot! Bandicoot!" Everyone instantly sprang to his feet and joined in the chase after the intruder, who after affording some excellent sport was finally run to earth in the servants' quarters. The company then reassembled for the completion of the interrupted prayers. It did not seem to strike them that anything funny or even unusual had occurred. Palmer was vehemently opposed to people playing tennis or badminton on Sundays. At first there were only a few people who broke the Sabbath in this way. They had been to church in the morning, and the games were played in the evening in a secluded part of the fort. However, Palmer took a serious view of the procedure; and he sent round a circular in very strong language, which included the expression, "The contagion will spread to other stations." This caused so much annoyance that any number of people took to playing on Sundays.

Another eccentric was a Collector named Winter, who came in the course of the hot weather. He suddenly became "converted." He told me how it had happened one day when he was riding. He felt overwhelmed with joyfulness, and came back singing hymns at the top of his voice. He demonstrated the reality of his conversion in a very singular way. He said that alcohol was nothing more or less than hell, and he took it into his head one afternoon to go to the licensed native liquor shop in the town, buy up all the liquor, and send it running down the street. There was a frantic rush on the part of all sorts and conditions of men to scoop up the streams of toddy with any lota or brass pot that came handy. I often met Winter afterwards in various districts. He issued a leaflet describing in most agonising terms the end of the world, which he prophesied would shortly take place. On one occasion I was with him in a native library when he actually told a number of Brahmin gentlemen that they were devil-worshippers! I wonder there wasn't a row about it. Winter often asked me to stay with him. I did so once, but never again. During my visit he found fault with everything that I did and everything that I said. He used to count the days to his pension. When the time came he went to Oxford as an undergraduate. He soon grew tired of that, and applied to be allowed to return to the service in India. Needless to say, Government was not taking any. Winter has long since passed away. There was another Assistant Collector who went off his head at Nugger. He believed that he was the Founder of the Christian religion. However, he got over this peculiarity and settled down into an ordinary member of society.

The Penjdeh scare had occurred just before I reached Nugger. I remember reading telegrams about it when my steamer called at Aden. For a couple of months there was a period of great excitement and nervous tension, for everyone expected that we should have war with Russia in Central Asia. There were tremendous preparations, troops mobilised and hurried to the front, and so on. I received most urgent orders to recruit a large number of camp-followers, and was told that this duty was to take precedence of all other work. Here my want of experience came in. I sent a dozen sawars (mounted constables) to the surrounding villages to get men, as this seemed the quickest way. But not a man could they get, although the pay offered was very liberal. I then did what I ought to have done at first, and I sent out circulars to the chief constables of the talookas with instructions to obtain the requisite number of able-bodied men. They did this in a few days. I learnt that it is advisable to act through officers in authority and possessing influence and experience, and that to employ subordinates without consulting their superiors doesn't pay. I sent in an application to be allowed to proceed to the front with the expected expedition in any capacity, commissariat or otherwise. I thought it would be a grand chance of possibly getting a commission in the army. But I was told that no civilians would be allowed with the troops. I was very sorry to say good-bye to Nugger when my three months were up and the D.S.P. who had been on leave returned, especially as I was for some time to occupy a less distinguished position as Assistant Superintendent in the district of Khandesh.

Khandesh is to the ordinary districts of India what Yorkshire is to the average English county. In the last few years it has been split into two separate districts, as it was altogether too unwieldy for administrative purposes. In fact, it underwent the same fate as Bengal did a few years ago with its famous partition. Other districts have from time to time been treated in the same way; for instance, in Sind a new district, called Larkana, was created by subtracting a large area from Karachi on the one side and Shikarpur on the other. No one objected to these arrangements, which were simply for more efficient administration and the benefit of all concerned. The partition of Bengal was for exactly the same reason. But unscrupulous agitators started the cry that the intention was to split into two the "great Bengali nation," on the principle of *divide et impera*. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ.* I was given charge of the western portion of the district, and of the police at Dhulia, the civil station of Khandesh. Strange to say, the headquarters of the Police were not at Dhulia, where the Collector, Judge, and other officers resided, but at a place called Dhurumgaum, about forty miles off, where the D.S.P. had to live in solitary grandeur. He occasionally came into Dhulia, and once I went to him for a few days at Dhurumgaum. His name was Digby Davies. He was a splendid sportsman, more than a hundred tigers having fallen to his rifle in the wild jungles of Khandesh. On one occasion he went on leave to Somaliland, where he got a fine bag of lion and rhinoceros. He and I were the best of friends, and have kept up our friendship with great pleasure to myself, though Digby and I had not an idea in common outside our work, and not very many in the work. Friendship is a curious and indefinable thing. *Primus inter pares* among my friends is, and has been for very many years, Charles Beatty, who joined the Police shortly after I did. His highest idea of enjoyment is horse-racing, which never interested me, and has often bored me to death. But this mattered nothing, and it is always a joy to me to meet him. To please him I became a member of the West of India Turf Club, in order to record my vote for something or other in which he was interested. I don't in the least know, nor did I know at the time, what the question was about. Another very great friend of mine in the Police is Jim Biddle. His ideas on every subject were as different from mine as could be imagined, but that makes no difference to friendship. I don't think he will mind if I put down here that I had to propose for him to his wife! He was in one place and she in another, and she was about to sail for England. He could not get leave to put his fortune to the touch, so I was requisitioned. It was a delicate mission. I can only say that nothing suceeds like success.

I was stationed at Dhulia for a little over two months. I did not enjoy my time there very much. The climate was very trying, hot and steamy to a degree. I had a wretched, tumble-down bungalow to live in. And I did not like being Assistant after having acted as D.S.P. After Nugger it was quite a small station, though compared with others which I knew later it represented the height of society. A very remarkable man was Mr. Propert, the Collector. He was always known as Rajah Propert. He was quite of the old school, wonderfully hospitable, and a tremendous autocrat. He did exceedingly little work himself, but he took very good care that everyone else did enough and to spare. His word was law. Everyone, European and native alike, was afraid of him. Although he spent very little time in office, he ran the district most efficiently. He was always accessible. I have heard him talk to a recalcitrant native until that gentleman did not know if he was standing on his head or his heels, and he left "the presence" a sadder and a wiser man. Or rather, perhaps, not really sadder. He realised that he had spoken to a man, and not an office automaton, with a lot of rules and regulations. The Oriental likes being governed, especially when the government is a personal one. A Government Resolution, G.R. as we called them, issuing from a secretariat at an unknown place called Bombay does not appeal to him, but an officer on the spot who knows everything, whom he fears, and therefore respects, has an immense influence. Some experiments were being made in Khandesh in the growing of cotton, and an Egyptian variety was to be introduced. Seed was issued to certain cultivators at Government expense. Of course, there was the usual Indian conservative dislike to innovations, and Rajah Propert found that some of the cultivators had discarded the new variety and sown indigenous cotton. The Rajah was furious. He had the fields re-ploughed and the new sort planted. I can't imagine a Collector doing this sort of thing nowadays. I look back with admiration on Propert as a district officer.

His hospitality was almost oppressive. He had dinner-parties every night. If he heard that any bachelor in the station was having a little party in his own bungalow, the Rajah would regard it as a personal insult and come round just before dinner in a regular state of mind. "What's the meaning of this ? " he would say. " Bring them all round to me. You won't save your grub, but you will save your liquor." He was a great performer on the banjo, and after dinner, if it was not raining, we used to sit in a circle on chairs out of doors, while he and a few others sang to their own banjo accompaniments, " There'll be razors a-flying in the air," and other ditties that were in popular favour at the time. Not everyone could play the banjo, but everyone was compelled to sing, whether he had music in his soul or not. A few years later I knew the Rajah when he was Commissioner at Poona. He was just as hospitable there, but in a big place like that he was not quite so prominent as at Dhulia. This, I venture to think, was an advantage. There were some very cheery people at Dhulia. A very promising young civilian named Hughes and a popular Forest Officer named Gibson were both destined later on to be killed by tigers.

My office work was very light, but I had a good deal to do in other ways, and I gained some very interesting experiences. A considerable proportion of the population of Khandesh consisted of Bhils, who were a wild aboriginal tribe. I don't know if it is necessary to explain what aboriginal means. The generally accepted theory is that most of the natives of India are descended from the great Aryan family whose home was originally somewhere in Central Asia, and branches of which were the ancestors respectively of Greeks, Romans, English, Hindoos, and others, a native of India being therefore familiarly spoken of as " our Aryan brother." Most of the Mahometans of India are descended from converted Hindoos. When the Aryans entered India through the Khyber Pass, and gradually spread over the land, they found the country inhabited by certain tribes whom we speak of as aboriginal, such as Bhils, Wudders, Kolis, and many others. These in ancient days were wild and savage tribes, and some even now are barely reclaimed from barbarism. They are scattered widely over the country, but all have some resemblance to each other in physical features, language, and habits. Though all of them are of a low type of humanity, some from contact with Hindooism have advanced to a small degree of civilisation, possess habitations and cultivate land. Others, of whom in a long series of generations the Hindoos could make absolutely nothing, the British Government has enrolled as soldiers and police, and, with judicious gifts of seeds and cattle, has induced them to settle down on land that has also been a free gift. Others, again, are still virtually in their original state of savagedom. They live in the depths of the forest, supporting themselves as best they can by the chase, or by the wild roots and berries of the jungle. Though some of these tribes worship Hindoo gods, they can hardly be classed as Hindoos, who regard them with loathing and contempt, their touch being held to defile. Hindoos have always insisted on those such as Mhárs and Chamárs (workers in leather) occupying a separate quarter apart from the rest of the town or village, like the Jews in Europe in the Middle Ages.

We occupied the district, or, as it was often called, the province of Khandesh soon after the battle of Kirkee, near Poona, in which, in November, 1817, our small army defeated the enormous forces of Baji Rao, the last Peshwa, or ruler of the Marathas. Khandesh was in a terrible state of anarchy, all the worst characteristics of the Bhils having been aroused by their treatment at the hands of their Hindoo rulers. The tribe had given some trouble in the north of Ahmednugger. Finding it impossible to reduce them by force, Baji Rao, on pretence of a settlement, induced a large number of Bhils to attend an interview at Kopergaum, where they were seized and thrown into wells. A similar atrocity was perpetrated at Dhurumgaum, in Khandesh. Hundreds were enticed into a building, the doors were closed, and fire set to it and its living contents. On the annexation of Khandesh we found no less than fifty Bhil leaders commanding bands, which numbered upwards of five thousand followers. These scoured the country and lived on the fruits of pillage and plunder. They were reduced to submission by kindness. A system was introduced which gently persuaded the forest tribes to enter upon a civilised life. Officers were selected with the title of Bhil Agents, who were to inspire these wild men with confidence in the Government, redress old grievances, and in every way ameliorate their condition. Lands were allotted rent-free, and liberal advances of money made for cultivation and the cost of livelihood until the settlers could maintain themselves. The experiment, in spite of some difficulties, was marvellously successful. Further, Captain, afterwards Sir James, Outram, famous afterwards as the sharer with Havelock in the relief of Lucknow, formed these predatory tribes into an irregular corps. In course of time the corps took charge of the Government treasuries and jails, and the regiments of the line were removed from Khandesh. I find that nowadays some people in England object to Imperialism, or to our having an empire at all, and look on our possession of India as a gross wrong to its inhabitants. May I point to this inestimable blessing, the reformation of the Bhils, as one of the innumerable replies that can be made to such outrageous assertions? What empire builders or empire holders have to contend with in England is gross ignorance. I remember with bitterness the fearful ignorance of our empire with which I started in life after a public school and university education. The days, weeks, months, years that were expended, thrown away, in mastering the details of the Peloponnesian War seem to me an unspeakably wicked waste of time; while as far as the masters at Marlborough or the dons at Cambridge were concerned, there might have been no such thing as a British Empire. What did they know of the Bhils and the regeneration of Khandesh? Nothing, and, if possible, they cared less. I am of opinion that patriotism ought to be taught in all our schools and universities. Boys should be brought up not only with a legitimate pride in the mighty empire which our fathers have bequeathed to us, but, still more, with the deepest sense of the vast responsibilities which devolve upon us for the conservation of that empire. At Marlborough Mr. F. Storr, the Sixth Form master, used to impress upon me that the days of patriotism had ceased, and that a millennium of cosmopolitanism had been inaugurated! Had he ever read Tennyson's "He is the best cosmopolite who loves his native country best"?

This is a long, but I think not unnecessary digression, for these Bhils were the people whom I had to deal with as police. On the whole they made very fair policemen. The Bhils were by natural instinct devoted to sport. They were indefatigable at tracking, stalking, and marking down tigers and other denizens of the jungle. They were good shots with a rifle, and they would even bring down a tiger with their bows and arrows. The excitement of tracking a man was to some extent identical with that of tracking a beast, and so they were reasonably efficient in the detection of crime. In such ways as guarding a treasury, or escorting Government treasure along the country tracks, they were perfectly trustworthy. But as a rule they were incorrigibly lazy and careless, and to make them the least smart or proud of their appearance in uniform was quite impossible. I used to ride down to the lines in the early morning to take parade, and instead of the men being drawn up in line and standing at attention to await my arrival, I used to see them tearing out of their houses as the last bugle sounded, and endeavouring to button up their uniform as they came along. I soon introduced an alteration in this sort of irregularity by dismissing in a quarter of an hour those who had turned up in good time, and detaining the late arrivals for an hour and a half. On one rainy day the *soobedar*, or senior native officer of the corps, an elderly Bhil, came to see me at my bungalow. He was in full uniform, wearing his sword, and also carrying an umbrella. His appearance was too ridiculous. I talked to him like a father, without appearing unnecessarily indignant. I did not see any more umbrellas in connection with uniform. I often took the men for route marching across country. This was much more congenial to them than company drill on the parade ground. There were always a lot of stragglers. The sight or sound of a wild animal in the jungle would instantly cause a number of these curious people to leave the ranks to investigate the matter. I allowed plenty of latitude in such things, only insisting on the men forming up and marching smartly when near the station. During my time at Khandesh there was very little crime, and no serious cases. About the beginning of August I received a telegram from Government directing me to act as D.S.P. of the Kolaba district. I was very glad to have a district of my own again. I had been interested in the Bhils, and got on with them all right, but not being a shikari, or sportsman, I was not so well qualified to be their guide, philosopher, and friend as others, notably Digby Davies, who was an ideal man for a Khandesh appointment.

CHAPTER VII

ALIBAG—THE POLICE AND THE MOHURRUM—CAMP LIFE—INSPECTIONS—WHO KILLED KRISHNA MOKASHI ?—CONFESSIONS

I WAS D.S.P. of the Kolaba district from August, 1885, to December, 1886. This was an altogether satisfactory time. It was in Kolaba that I thoroughly mastered my work. When I say this I do not mean to suggest that I had nothing more to learn. I hope that I went on learning something new in each appointment that I held. But I mean that I grasped the Police organisation of a district, and could make myself felt in every detail. My attention was not limited to what my people chose to let me see, but I specially directed it to what they were anxious that I should not see. I was, in the expressive language of the East, "behind the purdah," or curtain. I had the great advantage of finding my force of four hundred men in an excellent state of discipline and order, though I had to remedy some defects. My predecessor, Mr. Hartley Kennedy, was one of the best officers whom we had. He afterwards held in succession the posts of Inspector-General of Police, and Commissioner of Police for the city of Bombay. The Kolaba Police were as smart as could be on parade and in all the semi-military part of their duties. In these respects they differed totally from the Khandesh Bhil corps. When it came to investigation I sometimes wished for the Bhils. Not that it was of any use to think of transporting Bhils to a district outside their own. The Bhil is a home-sick creature. When we occupied Upper Burmah at the end of 1886, the experiment was tried of sending some Bhil trackers to follow up dacoits in that part of the world. The result was total failure, and the trackers, who had been invaluable in their own country, had to be bundled back with ignominy to Khandesh.

The district of Kolaba was on the coast south of Bombay, from which place it was separated by its magnificent harbour. Lying between the sea and the range of Western Ghauts, the scenery was most picturesque. The headquarters of the district were at the little town of Alibag, situated on the coast, twenty-one miles south of Bombay. Alibag possessed a beautiful sandy beach, which reminded me of Dawlish. There were endless varieties of shells. I had a bungalow close to the sea, and in the monsoon the great waves used to come booming up to my verandah. An island at high tide, but accessible at low tide, there stood a little to the south of Alibag a fine old fort, built of basalt, which, during the eighteenth century, had been the stronghold of pirates. The great Maratha patriot, Shiwaji, who threw off the Mahometan yoke in Western India in the seventeenth century, had created a formidable fleet. After Shiwaji's death Kanhoji Angria, the naval commander-in-chief, started business on his own account, and by a series of extensive and daring piracies made himself master of the sea from Bombay to Goa. The Angria family continued to enjoy this means of livelihood for several generations. Besides the fort at Alibag they had stations at various other places, including the island of Kenhery (Kandheri), half-way between Bombay and Alibag, and the rock-fortress of Gheria on the Rutnagiri coast. These hereditary pirates caused the East India Company for years and years to keep up a fleet for the protection of their trade at a cost of more than forty thousand pounds a year. In 1756 Robert Clive, afterwards Lord Clive, and Admiral Watson were ordered to take the fort of Gheria. The Council in Bombay enjoined upon Clive in the most emphatic way that he was to make no terms with the Angrias. Toolaji (the then head of the house of Angria) was, they wrote, on a footing with no prince in the known world, but a pirate in whom no confidence could be put, who not only robbed and burnt the ships of all nations, but even those of his own countrymen to whom he had given passes. He had destroyed innumerable small vessels of the Company, besides eleven rich ones, the names of which were given in the instructions. Clive and Watson bombarded and took the fort, and Toolaji Angria was imprisoned for life. Many years, however, passed before we cleared these seas of pirates. Now the pirate stronghold of Alibag is the repository of English lifeboats; and the island of Kenhery is celebrated for its lighthouse, which shows mariners the entrance to Bombay harbour. The regeneration of the Khandesh Bhils Imperialism may point to with legitimate pride as something attempted, something done in the cause of civilisation. The substitution of lifeboats and lighthouses for the piratical organisations on the coast may likewise be placed to our credit.

The territory now known as the Kolaba district did not come under our administration until 1840. Until then it was a native state under the descendants of the pirate Angrias. The last of these rulers, Raghoji Angria, died in 1838. The family had learnt nothing since Clive battered down the walls of Gheria, and the cruelty and oppression of Raghoji was such that his people remembered his rule as that of Angarak, or Mars, the planet of evil influence. A posthumous son was born to him, who died in 1840, and the line became extinct. The state was then annexed. In the island of Henery (Underi), between Kenhery and the mainland, there was found a loathsome dungeon, in which were confined twenty-four prisoners in the most abject misery. They were loaded with fetters, and covered with filth and disease. They had been imprisoned from three to twenty years. No term of imprisonment had been fixed, and no one knew what offences they were supposed to have committed. They were, of course, set free. I often come across people in England who think that we have no business in India, and that Indians can manage their affairs themselves better than we can do this for them. The twenty-four prisoners of Henery might have had something to say on the subject.

Alibag was a very small station. There were only six or seven Europeans, and for most of the time that I was there we had no ladies' society at all. The Collector throughout the time was Mr. A. Keyser, a very hospitable man, and a vigorous and able officer. He is now handicapper at Newmarket. Another member of the Civil Service was Mr. W. F. Sinclair, who was employed as forest settlement officer. It was his duty to determine what lands were or were not to be included in Government forest reserves. He was a very unusual man, and in many ways extraordinarily eccentric. He possessed a mass of information on every possible subject, and was one of the cleverest people whom I ever met. The natives had a tremendous admiration for him. I can't say that Europeans had. His flow of conversation was too much for them. Keyser said that all the donkeys in the district were going lame because Sinclair had talked their hind legs off. His costume was remarkable. He never wore a coat, and you could spot him a long way off by his flaming red flannel shirt. He would never allow a tablecloth on his dinner-table, and he never had sheets to his bed. His knives and forks were the funniest old-fashioned things, with rough horn handles. He was generous to a degree. He was a great big man, and wore a wild-looking beard. He took the Alibag lifeboats under his special charge. He used constantly to drill the crews, and he had a wonderful series of pictures hung up in the boathouse showing vessels in various stages of distress, and representations of the signals to be used in every possible circumstance. Of course, the men could not read or write, but with a few explanatory lectures they got to understand the pictures thoroughly. Sinclair longed for a ship in difficulty as ardently as did the Angria pirates, though for different reasons. His chance was to come.

When I had been about two months at Alibag, before the commencement of the camping season, the Mohurrum came on. Keyser, who knew the district well, told me that Alibag would be quiet enough, but that there was always a chance of a row at Roha, a place about twenty-five miles off, where ill-feeling between Mahometans and Hindoos often ran high. There was only a very rough and roundabout track to Roha by land, and I was advised to send my horse that way and go myself by boat. I took the coasting steamer that called at Alibag every day from Bombay on its way to Goa, and travelled by it to Rewadunda, the next port of call, a distance of eight or nine miles. Thence I went up a river in a country boat for the rest of the journey; but I had to wait several hours for the tide to suit. I filled up the interval very profitably by exploring the fascinating ruins of the ancient Portuguese settlement of Rewadunda. There was a fine wall along the sea, studded with bastions, on whose embrasures lay rusty cannon brought three centuries ago from Lisbon. Within the wall was a profusion of ruined churches, chapels, monasteries, and public and private residences, all open to the sky, clusters of palms and bamboos growing unhindered where priests had sung their masses and congregations had recited their paternosters. Later on I was to visit the far greater ruined Portuguese city of Bassein, in another district, so I need not dwell on the sights of Rewadunda. The journey up the river was extremely pretty. At Roha I found that there was a room on the upper story of the Mamlatdar's cutcherry in which Europeans could put up. It was awfully uncomfortable, but it is no use for a district officer in India to think of comfort. A Mamlatdar is the civil officer in charge of a talooka, or petty division of a district. He is a magistrate, usually with second-class powers, and also revenue and general administrator. The cutcherry is the building where he holds his court, and in which the Government treasury is contained. There may be coin and stamped paper to the value of forty or fifty thousand rupees in some of these treasuries, besides stores of the Government monopoly of opium. I had a whole day at Roha in which to make myself acquainted with local circumstances before the last night of the Mohurrum, in which there was every chance of a row, especially as a Hindoo ceremony was coming off at the same time. The image of a Hindoo local goddess had to be taken from her temple, carried round the town in a procession, and then restored to her fane. The representatives of each of the rival religions wanted their own procession to have the monopoly of a certain route at a certain time. This, of course, meant bloodshed, and could not be permitted. After going carefully into the rights of the case, and finding that neither party would yield an iota of its supposed claims, I ordered that the Hindoo procession, which was much the smaller affair of the two, should pass the disputed part of the route by a certain hour and leave it free for the Mahometans. I was in uniform on my horse all night. I had about twenty-five policemen to enforce my orders. I did not want to use more force than was necessary, so I kept five men with loaded carbines out of sight to constitute a reserve in case of emergency. The rest I directed to carry big sticks. The Hindoo procession reached the portion of the route where there was likely to be a row not much later than the time that I had appointed. It was fortunately a moonlight night. The Hindoo devotees did not present a particularly pleasing appearance. A dozen or so of half-naked priests were dancing round the palki, or palanquin, in which was carried their goddess, and the shouting of the crowd and the braying of conches was deafening. The bearers of the palanquin put it down on the ground, and the priests danced vigorously around it. They reminded me of David when he danced before the ark of the covenant "with all his might," girded at the commencement of his performance with a linen ephod, but in the height of his exertions uncovering himself in the eyes of the handmaids of his servants (2 Sam. vi. 15–21). There was evidently no intention of proceeding further. The object was to stay where they were until the Mahometans arrived and then enjoy a scrap. I gently reminded the chief priests that it was time to move on. A thousand reasons were at once advanced why they should stay where they were. It was difficult to make oneself heard for the noise that was going on. I pointed to the palanquin with my sword, and shouted to my men if the bearers did not instantly remove it to take the goddess away themselves. They formed up by the palanquin in readiness to carry out orders. This had the desired effect, and the Hindoo crowd cleared off and left the road free for the hereditary opponents of their faith. In due course the Mohurrum procession arrived, weeping and wailing for the martyred Hassan and Hussein, effigies of whose biers they were carrying, while mummers, and men painted to resemble tigers, kept leaping into the air and making a pretence of cutting themselves with knives. I fancied I could detect a certain disappointment in their realisation that there were no Hindoos to oppose them. There were a few Hindoos in the crowd who were harmlessly watching the *tamasha*, or display. Suddenly a burly Mahometan seized two of these and held them close to me, shouting out, "Sahib, these people are *bhoot purusts* (idolaters); it is shameful that they should be here."

There was no reason whatever why Hindoos or Christians or anyone else should not be there, so long as they behaved quietly. I told my friend that, whether idolaters or not, they were all children of the Rani-Sahib, the great Queen, and that they should stay where they were. However, he roared and shouted; so, seeing the prospect of a lively row, I had him handcuffed and removed to the Police lock-up. I did not press any charge against him, and he was set at liberty in the course of the next morning. So all went off quietly. There was nothing particular about all this. It is merely an illustration of the kind of work that district officers constantly had to do. Before I left Roha a young Hindoo pleader, quite a decent sort, called upon me. He said that he wished to compliment me on my arrangements, adding that "these things are easily managed with a little firmness." I thanked him for the tip.

In those days the armed police were provided with muzzle-loading smoothbores only. For some years past all have been given breech-loaders, and a certain percentage have rifles. Even these are cumbersome, old-fashioned weapons, served out from military stores where they had long since been labelled "obsolete." The old muzzle-loaders, or stuff-guns, as we denominated them, were a poor sort of weapon, and the time lost in ramming down the cartridge and fixing on the percussion cap was terrible. I can't say that I cared about that part of my duties which was known as *golibar*, or ball practice. Whether we had muzzle-loaders or breech-loaders, the shooting was generally very indifferent. The percentage of "meesses" to bull's-eyes was always discouraging. I used to give the men plenty of aiming and position drill, and explain how to handle and humour their carbines. I had been a marksman in the cadet corps at Marlborough, and understood all about this. But it was rather dispiriting. I have often stood on the range from daybreak to ten or eleven o'clock, and added up score after score in which "meesses" predominated. Certainly the weapons were bad. They had been cut down after coming out of the military stores, and their balance was all wrong. There were also frequent mis-fires, whether with the old percussion caps or the later breech-loading cartridges.

One extraordinary defect in the Kolaba Police came to my notice in my first few weeks. There had been a case of "grievous hurt" in a village fifteen miles distant from the police station of the Pen Talooka. Most of the persons concerned were Jews, of which nationality a considerable number, under the name of Beni Israel, or children of Israel, resided in the district. They were very much like the ordinary native in ways and appearance; but they used to furnish a fair amount of excellent recruits to the native army. Some were in the Police. I had one man, a *havaldar*, or sergeant, named Daniel Samuel, a tall, strong fellow, who liked to look on the wine that is red. The grievous-hurt case had occurred before I joined the district, but the investigation was not complete. The chief constable of Pen, a very inferior officer named Mahadu Bal Savant, sent in various diaries, and finally a report that there was not conclusive evidence against any particular accused. I was not satisfied with this. The case was not sufficiently serious to call for my proceeding to the scene of crime, which was thirty miles from Alibag by road ; so I ordered the chief constable to make further inquiries. A week or so later there came to me for report a petition to Keyser from the witnesses in the case, saying that they had been compelled by the Police to walk no less than ninety miles to give evidence. Three times had they been dragged from their village to Pen for their statements to be recorded. I made inquiries, and found that not only was this perfectly true, the chief constable never having troubled to go to the scene of crime at all, but that investigations were nearly always conducted on these lines throughout the district, the witnesses being summoned to the police station. The law was perfectly plain. Under Section 157 of the Criminal Procedure Code, either the officer in charge of a police station had to visit the scene of a crime himself, or to depute a subordinate. Of course, I soon put an end to this gross irregularity. I suppose the only reason why the people in this particular case made a complaint was that they were Jews, with some of the qualities of their race still existing in their character.

Other people put up with this sort of *zoolum*, or tyranny, without a remonstrance. On looking through the diaries a second time I found they were so written that, while it was not stated in so many words that the investigation had been carried on at the scene of crime, yet the effect conveyed was that the requirements of the law had been carried out. Another defect of the Kolaba Police was a curious kind of timidity. They were so afraid of censure from the magistrates if they prosecuted an accused unsuccessfully, that in cases where there was quite reasonably strong evidence against particular persons they preferred to report the case as undetected rather than risk a failure in court. There was a big riot case soon after I joined the district in which a lot of accused ought in the ordinary course of events to have been arrested at once. This was not a case which *per se* called for my presence ; but finding from the diaries that nothing was being done, I took a long and troublesome journey to the scene of crime, went into the evidence, and had twenty persons arrested. Of these, eighteen were convicted. I went to a few more cases in which the Police had not taken action and obtained similar results. Having thus built up an unassailable position, I let the Police know what I thought of their style of work. I had no more of that sort of nonsense. Of course, some cases broke down in court. In no civilised country in the world can every prosecution be expected to end in conviction. I have put down these various incidents, not as being very important in themselves, but as illustrating how in India everything depends on the European officer. His work is indeed the " White Man's Burden."

With November the camping season commenced. The Collector of a district usually went out for about four months; but all the rest of us, the D.S.P., the Assistant Collector, Executive Engineer, Forest Officer, and so on, were, as a rule, expected to tour until the end of the following May, when back we would come to the civil station for the monsoon. On the whole, I look back upon camp life in India with greater pleasure than on any other part of my service. Until I was married camping was, of course, very lonely, though sometimes one came across a brother officer, or arranged to do a few camps with him. But generally our duties were so diverse that we could not keep together long. Officers provided their own tents, Government allowing an advance of money for their purchase, the advance being repaid by small monthly deductions from one's pay. I generally stayed a week at a police station, as it was impossible to get through the work properly in less time. All the crime registers, records of criminals, accounts, and a lot of other books, most of which seemed totally unnecessary, had to be gone through. The work of every head-constable and constable for the last year had to be weighed in the balance, and a note made in his service sheet that he was smart, intelligent, and fit for promotion, or useless, idle, and to be passed over, and so on, as the case might be. Clothing, stores, buildings, and, in many districts, horses, had to be inspected and noted on. The most difficult thing was the registration of persons under Police supervision. These people had to be called in from their villages, the Police examined as to their knowledge of them, and then in each case the momentous question had to be considered whether the man should be retained on the register as being still a doubtful character, or removed from it as now earning an honest livelihood. The Native Police would never recommend a man's name being struck off, and consequently the number of people under surveillance was generally much too great for the Police to properly look after half of them. Lots of them had undoubtedly led a decent life for years. I used to strike off the names very freely, warning the person concerned that if his name were brought on the register again, it would never be removed. In doubtful cases I used to get some respectable person to give informal bail. For instance, the name of Ibrahim, son of Genu, who had undergone six months' imprisonment for theft a couple of years ago, was struck off with a note that Kazi Abdul Rahman vouched for his good behaviour. Native Police are utterly pig-headed on this subject. Once a thief always a thief is their motto; and they will never willingly give an ex-convict a chance. My inspectors and chief constables used to remonstrate with me for my liberal treatment of *budmashes* or bad characters, but I found it on the whole very successful. Those left on the list were persons about whose character there was no manner of doubt; and their number being reduced to reasonable limits, it became easy for the Police to look after them. Every policeman had to keep a patrol book and write therein, or get written for him if he were illiterate, what he did day by day. I once caught a constable, who, desirous of ten days' holiday, had written up his patrol book for that period in advance and was just preparing to start for his native place on French leave. He was a little previous in his calculations in more ways than one.

The afternoon before moving camp from one place to another there is always a good deal of bustle. Bullock carts are requisitioned, and all the tents except a small sleeping-tent are pulled down. The stores which have been unpacked for a week are replaced in their boxes, only just enough being left out for the Sahib's dinner. One's camp kit consists of everything needed for months at a time. Folding chairs, tables, bedstead, bookcase, bath tub, crockery, glass, linen, carpets, cooking-pots, and goodness knows what, all have to be carried about, together with supplies of soda-water, liquor, tinned meats, groceries, and other requirements. The Sahib has his dinner under a tree; and then, with a great deal of shouting, everything is placed on the carts except his bed and arrangements for his tea the next morning. Perhaps it is now half-past nine o'clock. The servants and followers could easily take their food and clear out in half an hour, and so arrive at the next camp in time to get a few hours' sleep before they have to pitch the tents. That is what I should have done in their place, and what I in vain tried to persuade them would be for their benefit. No; they preferred to dawdle about on one pretext or another till past midnight and then make a start. As it seemed to suit them and didn't hurt me, I thought it best after a while to leave them to their own devices. I once tried to get them to march by day instead of by night. But the Police orderlies and servants all came to me in a body to protest against this innovation. Everyone to his own tastes. In the morning I would ride to the next camp, perhaps twelve miles off, frequently going into villages within range of the line of route to inquire about the state of crime or other matters. It didn't do to arrive too soon at the new camp. When I did get there everything was as a rule perfectly ready for me, a cup of tea to begin with, then a hot bath, and then breakfast. All my office establishment accompanied me ; and the post brought me daily the regular routine correspondence from subordinates, crime reports, diaries, and so on, and references from the D.M., the Commissioner, and Inspector-General. All this had to be disposed of in addition to interviewing native gentlemen, mamlatdars, and officials of other departments, village headmen and petitioners, inspecting the Police and shops licensed for the sale of arms or of poisons. Altogether, if a policeman's life in India is not a happy one, it is not on account of not having enough to do.

One's regular tour was constantly interrupted by having to go off at a tangent or retrace one's steps in order to investigate a case. After Christmas I went by steamer to the extreme south of the district, taking all my camp and belongings with me. I intended to return to Alibag by slow marches. About seventy miles from Alibag I left the coasting steamer at a place called Bankot. It was a work of art embarking and disembarking from these steamers. At many places they could not go within a mile of the shore for want of depth of water. Sailing-boats used to come out to meet them; but the sailing-boats could not get to the shore. Little rowing-boats came out to do a bit of the journey, and finally the passenger was carried pick-a-back by a native through the surf.

From Bankot I went up a beautiful river to Dasgaum, about twenty miles, in a smaller steamer. After inspecting Dasgaum, which was only an outpost and not a police station, I moved on in a couple of days to Mahad, a very important place. The scenery throughout the district was picturesque. Here it was grand. The heights of the Mahableshwar range stood up boldly against the sky. The river flowed at one's feet; and the town could boast a succession of admirably built temples, and fine tanks with wonderful flights of steps. I had hardly time to get my books and papers arranged in my tents, when a letter marked *zaroor, zaroor* ("urgent, urgent"), came by post from the police station of Panwel, in the extreme north of the district. The report was so confused that it was impossible to make out what it was about, beyond the fact that there was an undetected murder case. That was sufficient. I had to go to it. I took an eighty-pound tent, my cook and another servant, and the minimum amount of kit that would do for a few days, and set off. I found that my best way was to go direct to Bombay, thence by rail to Thana, twenty-one miles, and then on by road about fourteen miles. When I got to Dasgaum, the native *na-khooda*, or captain, in charge of the river steamer said he could not sail that day as he had orders to clean the steamer. Considering the filthy condition of the *Roha*, as she was called, I did not see that a day or two's dirt more or less was of much consequence; and I pointed out that I was going on urgent Government work. The *na-khooda* was very obdurate. Finally the interchange of five rupees and a certificate from myself, for the satisfaction of the owners, that I had commandeered the craft in spite of the remonstrance of the officer in charge, induced him to proceed. This was in the evening. About three in the morning I and my party changed into the coasting steamer at Bankot with great difficulty, as the sea was very rough. It continued rough all the way to Bombay, which we reached about midday. The sights and sounds on that awful steamer, with about three hundred native passengers hopelessly seasick, was enough to upset any ordinary person. Somehow I survived. Keyser got in when we called at Alibag, and I was sorry for him. At Thana, after great difficulty, I got a more or less broken-down *reckla*, or light cart with trotting bullocks, to take me on. My kit followed slowly, and it was ten o'clock that night before I got some sort of scratch dinner.

It was a very complicated case that I had to investigate, and the fact that the murder had taken place some ten days before added to the difficulty. There was a precipitous range of hills which separated the Kolaba from the Thana district. On the summit of these hills a young boy engaged in tending goats had, to his horror, discovered the corpse, or rather skeleton, of a man, for jackals had done their work. At the same time a cultivator named Krishna Mokashi was missing. A brass bangle on the skeleton proved fairly conclusively that the remains were those of the missing cultivator. A division of his skull showed that he had met his death by violent means. He had had a dispute as to right of way with two other cultivators named Rama and Shunker Mokashi, who were distant cousins. It was also said that he had an intrigue with the wife of one Situl. Here were two possible motives for his death. My inspector, a Brahmin named Wassudev Kelker, a stupid old fool, and the chief constable of Panwel, a Maratha named Daji Narayan, whose intellectual qualities were much on a par with the inspector's, with a posse of subordinate police, had been on the scene for some days, but could make nothing of the case. How on earth was I to detect it ? I had not the faintest idea. However, I stayed at the place for nearly a week, continually talking to the villagers and endeavouring to get some information from them. For all I knew, the real facts might be common property. A native is always very reluctant in coming forward with information in criminal cases. He has no idea of public spirit. He has the strongest possible objection to being summoned to a distant session court to give evidence and there be badgered by cross-examining counsel. He also dreads the vengeance of the accused in case he is acquitted. I saw no golden road to detecting this case ; but I did not see the fun of having had my long journey for nothing, and I told the people that I had come to stay until the murderer was brought to book. After some days Situl came to me with a peculiar story. He admitted that he had suspected the deceased as regards his wife, and had kept a lookout on him. One night in the preceding week he heard some sounds outside his house and went out to see if Krishna were lurking near his premises. On stepping outside he stumbled over something, which, on bringing a lamp, he discovered to be the dead body of Krishna. Horror-struck at the discovery, and fearing that he would be accused of the crime, he carried the body with great difficulty to the place where it was subsequently found by the goat-herd boy, and said nothing about the circumstances to anyone. Somehow I was impressed with the truthfulness of this story; but my police at once said that Situl must be the murderer. Of course, he might have been. We could overlook no chances. His house was searched, and an axe which had obvious stains of blood upon it was found therein. His first explanation of this circumstance was the usual one when anything of an incriminating nature is found in a man's house, namely, that the Police had put it there. He afterwards admitted that the axe was his, and he accounted for the blood by saying that he had killed a goat with it. These conflicting statements made things look rather black for Situl. However, I would not allow him to be arrested, though I instructed the Police to shadow him, and I continued asking questions. Another two days passed in this exceedingly trying way, and then two men, who announced themselves as Rama and Shunker, came to me and said that they could keep silence no longer. They said that one evening they had found Krishna trespassing in their fields and had had a violent altercation with him about the right of way. Krishna had abused them in unmeasured terms and had threatened to bring a false case against them. At length, being utterly exasperated, Rama struck Krishna with a heavy stick, and Shunker followed this up with a blow on the head with his axe. They had no intention of killing him, but finding him apparently dead, they decided to leave the body outside the house of Situl, hoping that he would get the credit of the murder. They had hidden their bloodstained weapons in the jungle, and promised to produce them, which they did. I, of course, at once arrested them on their own statements.

I entirely believe that their statements were true. There were some slightly corroborative circumstances in support of them, but apart from their own statements there was not much to go on. Why did they confess? This question opens out an interminable field of controversy that for years has raged between the Police and the judiciary. Undoubtedly, the traditional idea of detection in the East is to get hold of the man who is suspected of the crime and torture him until he confesses. That the idea is not extinct I frankly admit; but the law awards such terribly heavy punishment for torture of any kind inflicted with a view to obtain a confession that the Native Police are in self-defence compelled to abstain from such practices, be their inclination what it may. The fact remains that a heinous case is seldom sent up for trial without a confession forming part of the evidence. While the accused is awaiting trial in jail he has time to think twice about the confession which he made, *ex hypothese,* owing to the sting of conscience when still under the influence of the excitement connected with the crime. Old jail-birds contrive to get into communication with him, and advise him to say that he is perfectly innocent, and that the Police induced him to confess by means of torture. He will then inflict some injury upon his person to prove his allegations against the minions of the law. The magistrates and judges and the public in general are only too ready to believe these charges against the Police. I have personally investigated so many hundreds of cases, and have had so many confessions made to me, that while admitting that an over-zealous police officer may occasionally be guilty of this hateful practice, I believe such offences to be extremely rare. The accusations of it are so endless, that were even a moiety of them true they would be capable of proof. I remember once, in an official report on the general subject, quoting verses 19 and 20 of the seventh chapter of the Book of Joshua, which are as follows :—

"And Joshua said unto Achan, My son, give, I pray thee, glory to the Lord God of Israel, and make confession unto him ; and tell me now what thou hast done ; hide it not from me.

"And Achan answered Joshua, and said, Indeed, I have sinned against the Lord God of Israel, and thus and thus have I done."

Achan was promptly stoned. Had he been committed to the sessions to take his trial in a couple of months, he would probably have thought it over and said that the servants of Joshua had tortured him to confess and had hidden the goodly Babylonian garment and the shekels of silver and the wedge of gold in his tent.

In all charges against the Native Police the D.S.P. is in a most delicate position. The very object of his existence is to purge the Police and put his foot down on all tyranny and corruption. I certainly never spared a man whom I considered guilty of such misdoings. But in India, where there is always an endless stream of accusations against the Police, whatever they do or whatever they omit to do, and the judiciary, the native press, and the public in general are lamentably prejudiced against them, if the Police, when charges are made against them, cannot look to their own D.S.P. for protection and support, they are between the devil and the deep sea, with the additional disadvantage of not knowing which is the devil and which the deep sea. One case in particular I may now refer to, although it was years later that it took place in the Dharwar district. I was in camp, and was aroused in the middle of the night by a man who was in a terrible state of excitement. He informed me that he had come to give himself up as he had just murdered his enemy. No one knew that the enemy had been killed. I was the first to be informed. And yet in the sessions court this man withdrew his confession and said that the Police had tortured him to make it. In this case my statement was sufficient to save the Police. It was no use as evidence against the accused, for no confession made to any police officer is admissible as evidence in an Indian court of law. When a man confesses to the Police he is at once hurried off to a magistrate to have his confession recorded. The magistrate has to notify that the confession was given voluntarily.

In the Krishna Mokashi case I took all the parties concerned to the court of the subdivisional magistrate, who happened to be in camp in Panwel, about twelve miles off. I walked to Panwel, no conveyance being available. The subdivisional magistrate was an Assistant Collector, who had magisterial and revenue charge of a subdivision consisting of several talookas. Sometimes the subdivisional magistrate is a Deputy Collector who has been promoted from among the mamlatdars and has now reached the summit of his ambition, while an Assistant Collector, belonging to the Indian Civil Service, is on the lowest rung of his ladder. The powers of each are identical. I prosecuted the case, and the two accused gave their confessions in the fullest detail. They were committed to the sessions. There they retracted their confessions and said that the Police had beaten them. The sessions court was at Thana, where cases were tried by a jury. Both accused were acquitted. When the case was completed in the magistrate's court I returned by steamer to my camp at Mahad. My time in this murder case was absolutely wasted.

CHAPTER VIII

THAT AWFUL ANNUAL REPORT—I WRITE A BOOK—THE ALIBAG LIFEBOATS—WHY DID BABAJI HANG HIMSELF ?—A TRYING JOURNEY—I GET SHIPWRECKED AND RESCUED—THE NATIVE POLICE

THE scenery round about Mahad was glorious. I wrote to Keyser for permission to leave my district and enjoy a week-end at Mahableshwar. I could not think of absenting myself from my charge for even a day without the sanction of the District Magistrate. There was a police outpost called Poladpur on the lower slopes of the Ghauts. Here I pitched my camp, and on a Saturday rode up fifteen miles by the splendid road known as the FitzGerald Ghaut to Wada, just in the Satara district, twelve miles below Mahableshwar. There I had a tonga to meet me, and I drove up the hill. This used to be the favourite route for visitors proceeding from Bombay to Mahableshwar; and Sir James Fergusson, when Governor of Bombay, generally travelled to the hill station via Bankot and Mahad. The views all the way up from Poladpur were most grand and romantic. Close to Wada was the hill fort of Pratápghur, at the foot of which the famous Shivaji, in 1659, treacherously murdered with his own hand Afzool Khan, the Mahometan general, who had been sent by the King of Bijapur to reduce him to submission. Within the Mahad Talooka is the precipitous hill fortress of Raiguhr, or the Royal Fort, known as the Gibraltar of the East.

It was on this, in those days, impregnable position that Shivaji located the headquarters of his administration. He created upon it a complete set of public buildings, some few of which are still intact. A cenotaph stands over the spot where his remains were cremated. In 1818, during the third Maratha war, in which we conquered the greater part of the Bombay Presidency from Baji Rao, the last of the Peshwas, General Prother, to the amazement of its defenders, who believed it impossible for their mighty fortress ever to fall, took the famous Raiguhr. After a rapid march in furious heat through Mahad, he got his guns in position on an almost inaccessible mountain-ridge opposite Raiguhr. The bombardment was opened with spirit, and the firing was so accurate that nearly every building in the fort was laid in ruins. At last the Peshwa's wife, who was present, induced the Arab commandant to surrender. Treasure to the value of fifty thousand pounds sterling was found in the fort. I had two police outposts beneath Raiguhr. One of these was called Chuttri (umbrella) Nizampur. It is said that Shivaji once ordered a man who had incurred his displeasure to be hurled down from the top of the precipitous ridge, a fall of some three thousand feet. The intended victim snatched up an umbrella and, using it as a parachute, descended in safety at the village of Nizampur, which was consequently termed Chuttri Nizampur. I rode to Nizampur, the track to which was extraordinarily rocky and difficult, inspected the police, slept under a tree, and the next morning ascended Raiguhr. It was a most fatiguing climb, but both from the point of view of scenery and of historical associations well worth the arduous exertion. I went down the other side, inspected another outpost, and so back to my camp at Mahad.

At Mahad I wrote my annual report on the working of the Police for the year 1885. The Indian Police returns are probably the most elaborate compilations relating to this kind of subject that are to be found in any part of the globe. In comparison with them the returns which have been thought sufficient in England are exceedingly meagre and scanty. In India the main division of the annual report is into cognisable and non-cognisable cases. For each of these classes of crime a full statement in tabular form is given for each district. The first, known as Statement A, Part I, is so elaborate and perplexing that to most people of average intelligence it conveys no meaning whatever. The preparation of this labyrinthine document, which looks more like twenty pages of *Bradshaw* rolled into one than anything else, is regarded by police officers as a more formidable task than the hunting of any number of dacoits; and it is generally calculated to leave behind it a headache for at least a fortnight. This wonderful form was divided up into 46 columns across, and 60 from top to bottom. To attempt to grapple with this monstrosity of tabulation, and to evolve some meaning out of the tangled skein of figures, the eye had to travel along the 46 serial lines one after another, crossing each of the 60 vertical columns; and at every new point arrived at on this hard and painful road the whole sheet had to be twisted round to make out the heading of the column, which stood sideways on the top. The explorer had to traverse a vast array of cases reported, cases investigated, cases pending, cases ending in acquittal or in conviction, or seemingly never ending at all; persons arrested and all the things that happen to them—21 columns for these—property stolen and recovered, all intermingled with decimal points, proportions, and percentages, and entries such as "number of cases in columns 4, 6, and 7 decided," which sent him back, troubled in mind and body, to see what those columns referred to. Mark Twain observed in his remarks on the "Awful German Language," that if you either stood on your head, or held your book up to a looking-glass, you could get an inkling of it very easily. Evidently some such process was needed to master Statement A, Part I. The one thing which this abomination of a statement ought to have shown was the actual number of crimes committed in the year. This it entirely failed to do. A large percentage of the complaints made to the police is always false, i.e. the alleged facts are non-existent, and the charges brought out of malice. If the total number of cases shown in the statement was, say, 2000, probably only about 1200 of these represented true cases, the remainder being false accusations. And yet the percentages, with their decimal points, were all worked out on the supposition that the whole lot of cases reported were true. By a complicated arithmetical process the false and true could, to some extent, be separated; but the statement did not show the result. There were further elaborate tables showing the strength, cost, distribution, and employment of the police; the equipment, discipline, and internal management of the force; the race, religion, and caste of the officers and men, cost of police buildings, and the number of punishments, dismissals, and resignations in the year. In writing the body of the report, all these things had to be criticised, reasons being given for fluctuations in crime, and so on. Many times up to now have the statements been altered; but not much for the better. They still remain, in my opinion, a blot upon British administration. They are totally unnecessary. The most opposite conclusions can be drawn from them. I once later on prepared a simple set of figures and drew up a sort of model report. The Inspector-General approved of it; but there the matter ended. The regulation tables were promulgated by the Government of India, and it was no use for the Government of Bombay to say a word.

There is a reason, an extraordinary reason, for the existence of these monstrous returns and the endless forms and registers kept up in every office in India. They were never designed by Englishmen. They are the work of Hindoos. When the great Maratha, Shivaji, sprung from an uneducated people, broke down the Moghul power in the west of India, and made himself ruler of a great confederacy, the astute and educated Brahmins planned how to deprive him and his successors of the fruits of their efforts. They devised a most intricate system for the collection of revenue and the registration thereof; and as no one but themselves could understand it, they made themselves indispensable to their ruler. In process of time the descendant of Shivaji found himself merely a *roi* *fainéant*, or a mayor of the palace, while the Peshwa, or Brahmin minister, ruled the empire. The same dodge has been tried on with us. As an old friend of mine in the police named Warden said, we conquered the Hindoos, but they have conquered us with their awful forms and returns. A clever Hindoo clerk persuades the head of his office that the work would be greatly simplified by the adoption of a new form which would check all irregularities, or by the addition of half a dozen up-and-down columns to some existing form; and the idea obtains sanction from some overworked official who has not the time to consider the question. The orders are published, and thousands of tons of the useless forms are printed. Then comes in the point of the whole thing. So much extra work is caused in every office that the head-clerk impresses it upon his Sahib that at least one extra hand is needed to carry it on. It is incidentally mentioned that the head-clerk's nephew, who has passed some higher standard or other, is a suitable man! Apart from forms, the unnecessary correspondence that goes on between all the offices is simply appalling, and is all directed to the same end. The office staff has been enormously increased everywhere in my time; but the work, the actual necessary work, is not done a bit better. Personally I have reduced correspondence in every office of which I have had charge. Native clerks love to keep correspondence "swimming," as they call it, and gradually pile up what they term a *prukurn* or voluminous file. They will draft a reference on some trivial subject to a chief constable and get the Sahib to sign it. It looks a harmless matter at first. The reply is not considered satisfactory and back it goes for further report. The further report shows that a former chief constable, who is now in another talooka, knows more about the subject than the present incumbent. Then the papers are sent to the former officer. He introduces a lot of extraneous matter and criticises his successor's action. By this time the snowball-like *prukurn* is growing nicely. It is then sent to the police inspector for his opinion. He goes off at a new tangent and says that the whole thing is due to the laxity of the patel, or village headman. Then the papers are sent to the subdivisional magistrate, whose subordinate the patel is. He sends it to the mamlatdar for inquiry. The mamlatdar forgets all about it for six months and then writes a long screed. Meanwhile all the other officials may have been transferred. I put an end to all this nonsense wherever I was; and one way and another stopped unnecessary references, and got all inquiries completed in the shortest time compatible with efficiency.

I continued my tour till the rains, getting to know the district, my own men, the people at large, and the criminal classes very intimately. This is the way to run an Indian district. The people are aware that the Sahib sees everything with his own eyes and does not rely too much on the reports of his subordinates; in short, that it is no use trying to humbug him. I was most keen on my work, and I enjoyed the life, though I was sometimes oppressed by the loneliness. Never being any use with a shot-gun, I missed what gave other men a great deal of pleasure. I occasionally fired off a number of cartridges, and still more occasionally a snipe or a partridge flew into the pellets. A polite native once said to me: "It is not that the Sahib shoots badly, but Providence is kind to the birds." I had a cook, a Goanese, named Alonzo da Briganza. The gentleman of this high-sounding designation was an excellent shot. I used to lend him my gun, and he supplied my table with snipe and quail and an occasional hare. I fancy I was breaking the law as expounded in the Arms Act; but the birds were a welcome addition to the spare provender which district life afforded. The supply of food was a serious difficulty in many places in camp. One could always get the *moorghi*, or chicken, of the country; and tough and tasteless it generally was. Sometimes mutton and fish were available. The trouble was the absence of vegetables. The only way was to have tinned peas or beans, unless I was within reasonable distance of Bombay, when a basket of fresh vegetables could be sent out by steamer. One way and another seven months' touring is enough at a time, and I was glad to return to Alibag at the end of May for five months' residence. There was always, of course, the chance of any day having to go out for a crime, rain or no rain.

My office work was not as a rule very heavy, and I had a good deal of leisure while in camp or at Alibag. I took to utilising my spare time in writing leading articles for the Bombay papers. This brought in a little money, which was very welcome. I forget what I drew in the way of acting allowance as D.S.P., but it was not much, and I was always hard up, especially as I left some debts in England which I was gradually paying off. I wrote about police and general administration, the condition of the people, village sanitation, Hindoo mythology, and other subjects, together with reviews of books, including one on the life of Bishop Colenso, which had been published by my father. Another addition to my scanty resources came by passing the higher standard examination in Hindustani. This was an entirely voluntary subject. I found that there was a reward of five hundred rupees for passing the test. So I read the *Bagh-o-behar*, or garden of spring, a sort of feeble *Arabian Nights*, written in the Urdu or Persian character, and the *Prem Sagar*, or ocean of love, in the Dewanagri or Sanskrit character, and bore off my five hundred rupees. It was reading the *Prem Sagar* that stimulated me to undertake researches into Hindoo mythology. I was, of course, familiar with that of ancient Greece and Rome, together with the interpretation of the myths as phrases employed in the childhood of the human race to describe the ordinary phenomena of nature, when a primitive people thought that the sun and the moon, the rivers and streams, the rain and the clouds, could see and feel and move in like manner as they could. The *Prem Sagar* is all about the god Krishna; and it fascinated me to find how the essential features of his history afforded a close parallel to Greek and Roman narratives, and still more how the origin of the curious legends could be discovered. Krishna, like Herakles, had to vanquish many foes; and from one of these, named Narak, he rescued sixteen thousand and one hundred maidens whom the giant had carried off. At one and the same time he espoused each of these damsels in a separate mansion, and each thought he had wedded herself alone. In other words, as the sun destroys the black giant of the night, thousands of dewdrops become visible, and the sun is reflected in each of them. There is an obvious resemblance to the Greek myth in which Kephalos, the sun, is wedded to Procris, the dew, and afterwards unwittingly kills her with his spear, as the midday rays of the sun destroys the dewdrops in the thicket.

Then it occurred to me to attempt something more ambitious than contributing to the papers. I had long since studied Indian history without any thought of writing about it. At Bijapur, Nugger, in Khandesh, and Kolaba this taste had been developed by my association with many places of historical interest. India is so vast a country that any one book dealing with the history of the whole sub-continent is bound to be terribly discursive. So I determined to write a book on that part of India which I had come to know well; and during the rains I completed a volume of four hundred pages, which I named *A Short History of the Bombay Presidency.* It was published early the next year and was very favourably reviewed. *The Saturday Review* said: "Mr. Edmund C. Cox shows a firm grasp of the material, and considerable skill in reducing it to a concise and clear form." *The Spectator* said: "It is gratifying to learn from one with such excellent opportunities for judging, that notwithstanding their poverty, helplessness, and excess of population, the masses in India were never better off than now at any previous stage of their history. The writer combines with the accuracy and culture he acquired at Cambridge the official experience and close acquaintance with the natives of India which he has gained while serving in the District Police, week after week (as he says) never seeing the face of a fellow countryman." *The Academy* said: "The narrative is throughout the work of one who has the gift of knowing how to use his own tongue, and whose judgment may be taken as sound and trustworthy." All this was very gratifying to my vanity; but I was out of pocket by more than seven hundred rupees over the publication of the book.

What pleased me best was a notice in the *Anglican Church Magazine.* I had not written my history with any particular intention of teaching a political lesson; but as I went on it was impossible to avoid letting one thing after another speak for itself as to the beneficent nature of our rule in India. This magazine went straight to this point. "The author," it said, "has left to his readers no room for questioning the character and effects of English ascendancy in Bombay, as well as elsewhere in India. This vast peninsula, he again and again insists, has practically known law and government only since it has been administered by these white men from the far West. The Moghul Empire may have been, and certainly was in some aspects magnificent; but it was the individual ruler, or despot, not the principle of law, which made itself felt in the more distant parts of his dominions; and the whole work of one sovereign might be undone almost at a stroke by his successor. This was the case pre-eminently with the illustrious Akbar. 'Not even under the far-reaching tolerance of this great emperor,' says Mr. Cox, 'was there anything like a national administration; nor did either the rulers or the ruled ever contemplate the existence of a government for the benefit of the people. . . . Not even under Akbar could the law hold in check the evildoers; nowhere was there any real security. On the grinding poverty, which from the very nature of things must always exist in India by the side of great wealth—poverty which we have at all events attempted to ameliorate—they bestowed no care whatever. We hear much nowadays of India for the Indian. Imagine for a moment, under Aurungzebe, the cry of India for the Hindoo.' Even for Englishmen the task of governing India is not an easy one; and there are some who, with Mr. John Bright, will have it that they ought not to govern it at all. Mr. Cox appeals to the evidence of present facts for the answer to such utterances. Under English rule the condition of the ryots (that is, of the main body of the people) 'has steadily improved, and is still improving'; and our author has scant forbearance for those who seek to fool them into discontent, and possibly into rebellion. 'There are plenty of designing people who are ready to tell him that never before was he so badly off, and that his misery is entirely due to a foreign Government.' The readers of Mr. Cox's volume will have before them ample means for testing the value and the honesty of these representations." There is the whole thing in a nutshell.

About the middle of July Sinclair got his chance of showing what stuff the men who manned the Alibag lifeboats were made of. He had devoted untiring energy to thoroughly training the crews, who were selected from the Kolis or hardy fishermen of the coast. He used to go out with them in all weathers; and behind the shelter of the sea-fort, where up to a hundred years ago the pirate race of Angria had made their haunts, a perpetual system of watch and ward and drill went on. There were two lifeboats, the *Bhawani* and the *Allen Shuttleworth*, the latter named after a gallant forest officer whose courage in former years at Alibag saved over a hundred lives from the waves. One morning, off a rocky shoal known as the Chaul Kadoo, a sailing-ship was seen to be in great difficulty. She was the *Flora*, a French vessel, laden with cocoanuts from the Seychelles. The weather being thick and hazy, the captain had mistaken the tower on the Chaul Kadoo for the lighthouse off Bombay Harbour. The *Flora* was in most serious danger, owing to the multitude of reefs that fringed the coast. A telegram was sent to Bombay for a steam-tug, but there was extraordinary delay in her arrival. Meanwhile Sinclair put out in the *Bhawani*. He returned himself in one of the ship's boats to make various arrangements. It fell to my lot to ride to Rewadunda and there stay, keeping up beacon fires all night as a signal to the ship's crew where, if possible, to make for if their anchors did not hold. All that day the *Bhawani* stood manfully by the ship to afford what assistance she could, in spite of the full force of the monsoon, and she held on as long as possible at night. There was no little fear of the *Flora* at any moment going to pieces on the rocks. When day dawned the people of Alibag assembled on the beach to see how matters had gone in the night. The ship still rode at anchor; but their eyes looked in vain for the *Bhawani*. Soon the apprehensions which they naturally felt for the lifeboat and her crew were terribly increased as the tide rolled in broken oars, cork jackets, and even wooden seats and fittings that the waves had wrenched out of the boat, and they knew that she must have come to grief. Suspense had almost given place to certainty, and the hope of seeing their sons and brothers once more safe on dry land had almost died out, when twelve brave Koli fishermen answered with alacrity to Sinclair's call for volunteers to man the second lifeboat. Without loss of time they ran down the *Allen Shuttleworth*, rigged and manned her, and were ready to go to sea. No reward was offered, nor did a single man among them say a word about reward until they got it several days afterwards. But to the intense relief of all present, before the *Allen Shuttleworth* started on her errand, a sail was seen, and was soon recognised as the lifeboat from Kenhery, slowly making for the shore. The reason for the slowness of her progress was apparent as she drew nearer, and it was seen that she had the battered hull of the *Bhawani* in tow. When the *Bhawani's* crew were recognised on board the Kenhery boat cheer on cheer rose for the gallant rescue. At midnight the *Bhawani* had been dashed by an unusually heavy sea against the ship that she was endeavouring to aid. She was completely overturned, and the men were struggling for life in the furious sea. All, fortunately, were saved and got on board the ship. The volunteers then proceeded with Sinclair in the *Allen Shuttleworth* to the aid of the *Flora*, and they were nearly thirty hours out of port, although their boat was very severely strained, and the pump had to be kept going continually. They only left their task when the long-expected steam-tug arrived from Bombay. I cannot record Sinclair's language regarding the amazing delay of the Bombay harbour authorities in sending the tug. The gallantry of the regular crew and of the volunteers was acknowledged in cordial terms by the Bombay Government. A fine new lifeboat was built to replace the *Bhawani*, and was named after H.R.H. the Duchess of Connaught.

Towards the end of the monsoon I had a delicate case to investigate. A Maratha named Babaji had been arrested by the police on a charge of housebreaking, and was confined for a night in the distant outpost of Loni, pending his journey to the nearest magistrate's court. In the course of the night Babaji succeeded in hanging himself. He had twisted his puggree into a thin roll and suspended it to a beam in the roof. The death of a prisoner in police custody was, of course, a most serious matter, and I at once proceeded to visit the scene of the tragedy. Loni was the only outpost in the district which I had never seen. It was so utterly out of the way, and also so unimportant, that I had preferred to inspect more than once places of greater consequence rather than waste my time in visiting this isolated spot. I had to go by sea. The coasting steamers did not ply during the monsoon, and I borrowed a large sailing-boat belonging to the Forest Department. She was a beast of a boat, and always sailed sideways, crab-fashion. I set off one Saturday morning, and by the evening reached the port of Junjira—a native state. In the entrance of the harbour lay an island fort, inhabited by Hubshis, or Abyssinians, a wild, fierce-looking people, descendants of the African soldiers who, under the Sidi, used to give us infinite trouble. The fort bristled with cannon, which I fancy the garrison would have been only too glad to use against any representative of the British Raj but for the awful retribution which they knew would follow. We anchored for the night in the harbour, and the next day pursued our course over an inland sea. Late in the afternoon we reached our port of destination, and I put up in a comfortless little shed which did duty for a customs house. I found that Loni was eight miles off. There was no road to it; only a rough track over rocks and stones. It was impossible to take any kit to Loni. The rain came down mercilessly. It was no good thinking of going any further that evening. The only way was to devote the whole of Monday to the unpleasant business. I had with me one servant, a Goanese butler, named Philip da Mello, a very inferior man. As I was sitting down to my apology of a dinner in the verandah of the shed, I suddenly saw this gentleman rushing along towards me pursued by a buffalo which had trespassed upon the premises. Philip was in a terrible fright. I jumped up, and the animal, never, I suppose, having seen a white man before, turned and fled. On the Monday morning I set off on foot for Loni. It took me three and a half hours to cover the eight miles. Where it was not rock and stone the track consisted of slippery mud. The rain never ceased. At Loni the police were in a great state of alarm at what had happened, for they did not know what they might not be charged with. Luckily, all the people who knew anything about the circumstances were in the village. I took down their statements, and wrote out my report for the D.M.'s benefit. The conclusion that I came to was as follows. Babaji had been a man of unblemished character. It did not, however, necessarily follow from this that he would not have taken it into his head to go in for a bit of housebreaking. Anyhow, the prima-facie evidence that he had committed the offence was very strong, and the police were entirely justified in arresting him. The magistrate might have disbelieved the evidence, but in cases where it is very definite it is advisable to send up the case for trial and let the magistrate come to what conclusion he likes. After going carefully into the matter, I considered that the accusation against Babaji was a gross concoction. But then I had been a magistrate in the past, besides being a policeman in the present. There was not the slightest reason to suppose that Babaji had been tortured in order to induce him to confess, or that he had been ill-treated in any way whatever. Why, then, did he hang himself? I could only suppose that he, a respectable man, was so overcome at the disgrace of being arrested and locked up that he decided to take his life. This may seem incredible to English people, but suicide is frequently resorted to in the East for lighter reasons than this. The police were to blame for one thing. There was an old standing order that the puggree of every person confined in a lock-up was to be taken away from him until his release; for suicides by hanging with the assistance of a puggree had been known before. But the Kolaba Police had had no personal experience of such a *contretemps*, and the precaution had been neglected. My report completed, I retraced my steps. By the time I got two-thirds of the way back to the miserable customs-house shed my boots came to pieces with the roughness of the track. I threw them away and struggled on, my feet torn and bleeding. An orderly who was with me suggested that he should carry me pick-a-back. As I was bigger than he was I could not with any decency accept his offer. But I could get no further without some footgear, and I was very worn out and miserable in the pelting rain. I was drenched to the skin. I sat down by the wayside and told the orderly to go on and send me my slippers. By the time these arrived it was quite dark, and I finally arrived at my destination a perfect wreck. The next day, Tuesday, we navigated the inland sea. In the course of the afternoon, as we got to the very unprotected harbour of Junjira, a tremendous storm came on, the waves dashed over the boat, and it was doubtful if she would not founder. Everything that I possessed, except my cooking-pots, etc., was floating about or reduced to pulp. The only thing to do was to shove the boat on to the shore and reach terra firma somehow through the surf. I got on to the land, cursing Babaji for all the trouble he had given me, and sat down on the beach in a very unenviable condition to await developments.

The developments were unexpectedly agreeable. I had no energy even to think of anything; but one of my men went up to the town to inform the native-state authorities that the Police Sahib from Alibag had done the state the honour of visiting it under rather peculiar circumstances. Within an hour Mr. Mirza Abas Ali Beg, the Vazir or Minister of the state, came to where I was sitting in my very awkward plight and rescued me from my distress. I had met this charming Mahometan gentleman once before, at Poona, when he was in some other capacity, and

I had no idea that he was at Junjira. He drove me to his house in a carriage and pair, rigged me out in some flowing Mussulman costume, and gave me an excellent dinner. I look back on the Mirza as my guardian angel. All the boatmen and my servants and orderlies were also treated with the greatest hospitality. I was too utterly fatigued for anything that night except bed. On Wednesday morning my host drove me round the town, which was well worth seeing, and then, after giving me breakfast, took me to the house of the Nawab, a very pleasant and enlightened young nobleman. The Nawab gave me a hearty welcome, and arranged to lend me a couple of ponies, one being sent on half-way, so that I might ride back to Alibag, about twenty-eight miles. I had had enough of the forest boat. We spent the morning playing billiards. What a change from the last few days! The Nawab was not much of a player, but I took care that he won. It would never have done for me to beat him. In the afternoon I rode twenty miles to a broad creek which separated the Junjira State from Rewadunda. On the Junjira side of the creek, though forming part of the Kolaba district, was a Christian village, the first that I had ever seen in India. The people were all Koli fishermen, but Roman Catholics by religion, their ancestors having been converted, probably by force, in the days of Portuguese rule. Their Christianity was of the most primitive description. It is customary in Hindoo villages to find on the walls of the houses crude designs representing Krishna and other gods. In this village scenes from the Old Testament took their place. I especially remember a picture of Elijah ascending to heaven in his fiery chariot. I was ferried across the creek, and completed my journey to Alibag in a bullock cart. Oh, how glad I was to find myself in my own house again.

Just before the touring season I received a very disagreeable shock. All this time, and for long afterwards, I was on the list of Police Probationers, and only had the luck to be acting as D.S.P. because a number of senior men were on leave. Now I received intimation that the vacancy would cease, and in December I was to go to Poona as Assistant. I was not attracted by the gaieties of Poona, and I was disgusted at having to leave a district that I had come to look upon as my own, and in which I was keenly interested. Meanwhile I went into camp to see as much of my charge as I could in the remainder of the time. It is a joy getting back to one's house at the end of May each year; but it is equally a joy getting out into camp at the beginning of November. Kolaba was quite a model district, and beyond the normal amount of ordinary crime, its administration caused very little anxiety. But just at this period there was a movement which gave some trouble. From time immemorial, while the people of India have not been a race of drunkards, many sections of them have had a taste for a certain amount of alcoholic liquor. A temperance agitation sprung up in Kolaba and some other districts, which, however laudable in itself, overstepped the bounds of constitutional methods. Not content with persuasion, the leaders of the movement went in for force, pickets being placed over the licensed liquor shops to prevent would-be purchasers from entering them. One way and another, Keyser and I and other officers managed to suppress this unwarrantable interference with the liberties of the subject without having recourse to prosecutions. Years later, in Poona and other places, a similar movement could not be stopped without a number of persons being fined or imprisoned by the courts.

At this period I advocated a series of reforms in the Police, most of which were adopted many years later when Lord Curzon instituted his "Police Commission" for inquiry into the working of the Police. But who was going to listen to a Police Probationer? Amongst other things I took strong exception to the barbarous survival of a custom dating from the early stages of our administration, when few English-knowing clerks or officials existed, of European officers corresponding with each other officially in the vernacular. This was supposed to be done by dictating the subject-matter to a clerk; but it too frequently degenerated into the clerk drafting a letter on his own account and getting his Sahib to sign it.

It seemed to me intolerable that officers of the rank of Commissioners, District Magistrates, Subdivisional Magistrates, and D.S.P.'s should send each other letters in Marathi. What constantly happened was that a lengthy vernacular report about a crime was read out to an Assistant Superintendent; his remarks were written in the vernacular and passed on to the D.S.P. That officer transmitted it to the Magistrate with a further expression of his opinion in the vernacular, possibly sending at the same time a vernacular order to his assistant to investigate the case personally. I used to reply to these communications in English. If this took a little more trouble at first, it saved an infinity of time in the end.

While the Kolaba Police were at least as well behaved as the police of any district which I have known, they were not immaculate. The rank and file, willingly and cheerfully as they did their work—the more I gave them the more they seemed to like it—generally made a practice of increasing their emoluments by undesirable and illicit methods. One reason which drove a constable, or sepoy as he preferred to call himself, to these courses was that while his pay was quite sufficient for his needs as a bachelor, he insisted at an early stage in his career on taking upon himself the cares of a family. Marriage means indebtedness, and it is obvious that an indebted man is not the free agent required for responsible duties. Constable Govind Balaji sends in a petition for leave to go to his village and get married. He always contrives to have all the details of the wedding arranged, the date fixed by the priests, who have consulted the stars regarding an auspicious moment for the union, and the money for the necessary expenses already laid out, before he sends in his application, to the end that his need for leave may appear the more urgent. He gets his leave, finds himself in the hands of the sowkar, or money-lender, for a couple of hundred rupees spent on the marriage ceremonies, and in a few years, with a wife and a rising family on his hands, his salary is insufficient to meet his ordinary expenses and pay the interest on his debt. He has to devise some method of increasing his resources; and buckshish, not to say blackmail, comes into play. Bapoo gives him rice free to have nothing said about that little peccadillo of which he was guilty the other day. Baghoo, whose name is on the bad-conduct register, contributes an occasional coin to be allowed to leave his village without permission from the proper authority. Then there is the collection of magisterial fines. An accused is sentenced to so much imprisonment and a fine. This sum is collected by the police, usually in small instalments. Constable Govind Balaji goes on his rounds, and gets eight annas from ex-convict Tookaram. He writes in his book that he collected four annas and pockets the balance. The majority of constables were in the hands of the sowkar. A reform was once introduced into the Madras army by which the sepoys were forbidden to marry until they had served a certain number of years. I proposed a similar rule for the Police, but it has never been introduced.

The great difficulty was to find suitable native officers for the higher grades. A chief constable, that is the officer in charge of a police station, has not only to supervise the drill and discipline of his men, to put them through musketry practice when the D.S.P. cannot be present, to see that they are always smart and clean and their kit in good order, and to satisfy himself that guard and sentry duty is efficiently performed by visiting guards at night; but also, besides this quasi-military duty, he is responsible for the good order of his talooka and for the repression and detection of crime. He has to see that warrants and summonses are promptly executed and served, and that criminal cases are properly placed before the courts; and he must himself prosecute in important cases. He has to submit a number of daily, monthly, and annual reports. In a word, his duties are of a wide and varied description, and it is evident that an officer holding such an important and responsible position should be a man of character, ability, and education. Surrounded with temptations to dishonesty, he must be, like Cæsar's wife, above suspicion. Generally speaking, the native officers failed by a long way to reach the desired standard of efficiency. One reason was that to become a chief constable a man had to enlist as a constable of the lowest grade and rise through the ranks. I advocated that, while an exceptional constable should have opportunities of rising, chief constables, and consequently inspectors, should be recruited separately, only educated men of good family and position being selected and placed on probation. After many years this is a *fait accompli.*

Two other most important reforms that I urged have also, after great delay, been accepted. A special detective department has been organised, having its headquarters at Poona. In India, above all countries, the *rôle* of a detective should spring up naturally. The Oriental astuteness, which more nearly resembles cunning than genius, is the very material out of which to mould a detective. But the ideal detective cannot be trained in the same school as the ordinary constable. He is not wanted to drill or shoot or go on guard duty. To employ him on such items of police work renders him unfit for detective agency. The other point which I strongly urged was the substitution of breech-loaders for the old "stuff-guns." The present weapon, though not free from defects, is an immense improvement on the muzzle-loader.

I said good-bye to the Kolaba district in December with great regret. Keyser wrote me a very nice letter, in which he assured me that he sincerely regretted my departure. "I am fully sensible," he continued, "of the efforts you have made to improve the Police administration, and of their success; and I thank you for the cordial assistance you have always given to me." The Commissioner, who was now Rajah Propert, in reviewing the work of the Kolaba Police for the year, did me the compliment of recording his remarks to Government that "Mr. Cox was an officer of exceptional talent and ability." This was very gratifying, but I remained a Police Probationer for another year and a half.

CHAPTER IX

TRANSFERRED TO POONA—THEFT OF THE DIAMONDS OF H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT—POONA AMUSEMENTS—POLICE EXPERIENCES ON THE RAILWAY—FRAUD OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS—WRECK OF THE MADRAS MAIL—I GET MARRIED AND AM TRANSFERRED TO UPPER SIND

I WAS stationed at Poona for four years and a half, during which time I took a seven months' trip home. It was an awful come-down, after running my own show as D.S.P. of Kolaba, to be merely Assistant Superintendent at Poona. I was placed in charge of the city and headquarters. I had hardly any office work; but I used to go rounds in the city by day and by night to see that the police did their work properly. There were, of course, cases to be investigated. One was a painful one. A woman named Radhabai was charged with killing her child by administering a dose of arsenic. There was a certain amount of evidence; and a jemadar, or senior head-constable, had recorded Radhabai's confession that she had poisoned her child. This was just before I took charge. The D.S.P. was out in camp, a long way off. I saw the woman in the lock-up, where she was awaiting trial, and in the usual way I asked her if she had any complaint to make. She instantly said that she had. She insisted that she was entirely innocent; that the charge had been made out of enmity; that the child had died of cholera, and that her confession had been extorted from her by Jemadar Huri Narayan. The jemadar naturally denied this, and swore that the confession had been voluntary. However, Radhabai had not been sent to a magistrate to have her statement recorded, and this looked suspicious. I had the child's intestines sent to the chemical analyser in Bombay, and he certified that there was no trace of arsenic. The symptoms of arsenical poisoning are very similar to those of cholera. The only conclusion possible was that death was due to cholera, and that the confession had been extorted. Proof of the extortion was not available; but I suspended Huri Narayan and reported the facts to the D.S.P., who dismissed the over-zealous jemadar from the force. About the same time there was a series of burglaries in the bungalows of European residents. The bad characters in the city and cantonments were carefully watched, but nothing came of this. At last a European inspector, named Collet, told me that he suspected some men of the battalion of the Dublin Fusiliers, which formed part of the garrison. We made a raid on the barracks, and a great deal of the stolen property was recovered. Various privates of the Dublins went to jail for this business. We found that they had all been convicted of similar offences in Ireland before they had enlisted.

Soon after I joined at Poona I had to make police arrangements for keeping order and clearing the roads of traffic on the occasion of the arrival of H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, who was coming from Rawalpindi, in the Punjab, to be Commander-in-Chief of the Bombay Army. No one was to be allowed inside the railway station without a ticket of admission. Just before the royal train arrived there came up to me my old friend Mahadew Wassoodew Burve, who had been the Vazir at Kolhapur in my time, and begged to be allowed to enter the station. He had no ticket, but he certainly would have been given one had he applied for it in time. I thought I might strain a point, and I told one of my men to smuggle him in somehow. He was very grateful. A day or two after this I went to write my name in the visitors' book of the Duke of Connaught, this being the official way of paying one's respects. I was about to drive back to my bungalow when Colonel Becher, the Equerry to his Royal Highness, seeing a police officer in uniform, came out and called me back. He said that he had just sent a letter, asking the senior police officer present in Poona to attend the Duke's residence on urgent business. The business was of a very serious nature. Three most valuable articles were missing from H.R.H. the Duchess of Connaught's jewel case. One was a diamond tiara, one a diamond spray, and the third a pendant. The obvious conclusion was that they had been stolen, and the question arose when and by whom? There were no signs of injury to the jewel case or of any tampering with the lock; while the attendants who had charge of the case were believed to be above suspicion. I asked to be allowed to see exactly where the missing articles had been kept in the case, and I inquired when they had last been worn. The jewel case had three trays in it, and each of the ornaments that had disappeared had its recognised place on a different tray. Why should a thief who had the whole collection at his disposal have limited his attentions to one item on each tray? This in itself was curious. But what followed was very suggestive. The three articles had been taken out of the box a week or so before at Rawalpindi on the occasion of a farewell ball given in honour of their Royal Highnesses. The Duchess had, after all, not worn them, but had selected some other jewels in their place. The attendants insisted that they had put the missing articles back in the case at once. Now it seemed to me beyond the bounds of all possibility that three ornaments, each from a different tray, should have been taken out to be worn on the night of the ball and replaced in the case, and that on a subsequent occasion, whether in the train or at Poona, the box should have been dishonestly opened by some person who knew nothing about the circumstances of the Rawalpindi ball and the same three individual articles, out of a very large collection, picked out. The logical conclusion was that the ornaments had never been replaced in the case, and that they had either been carelessly left on the dressing-table and thence stolen, or that the attendants in charge had possessed themselves of them. The latter supposition did not seem to me very likely; but no possibility could be overlooked. So with the usual formalities, Inspector Collet, who had turned up, and I went through the very unpleasant process of searching the boxes of the two lady's maids. Nothing was found. It remained practically certain that the theft had taken place at Rawalpindi during the ball. The thief might have been a sweeper, or other native servant, or not impossibly a British soldier of the band, which was playing a short distance from the dressing-room window. It was by no means unlikely that the lady's maids might both have left the dressing-room to have a look at the dancing from some coign of vantage. I was most anxious to be allowed to go to Rawalpindi and work the matter out. But permission was refused. A letter was written to the Police Authorities at Rawalpindi, but they would not accept the theory that the theft had been committed within their jurisdiction. So the matter ended. It was, in my opinion, a disgraceful slur on the Police department that nothing more was done.

A few weeks later I was transferred from the charge of Assistant Superintendent to be Personal Assistant to the Inspector-General of Police, whose headquarters were at Poona. There was no pecuniary advantage in this. However, it seemed a sort of distinction, and I thought, quite wrongly, that my selection for the post might lead to some advancement. The Inspector-General, or I.G. as we called him, was Colonel Wise, an officer for whom I entertained great regard. He had just returned from a short trip home. The application to Government for my services as Personal Assistant had been made by his *locum tenens,* a Colonel Wilson. I was amused at the terms of the letter to Government. This document said: "It is understood that Mr. Cox was at Cambridge, and is presumably of some education." I was more amused when I got to know the author of this production. The first thing that Colonel Wise had to do on his return to duty was to cancel a grotesque circular of Colonel Wilson's. It was always a duty of the Police, a very disagreeable duty, which they did with the greatest reluctance, to destroy stray dogs by administering a dose of strychnine applied to a piece of meat. The unfortunate dogs, after swallowing the poison, used to go and hide themselves in the jungle and there await their fate. Consequently there was frequently no certainty that the desired result had been attained. Colonel Wilson's circular directed the constables concerned to produce in each instance the tail of the dog that had been killed. To either a Hindoo or Mahometan constable the cutting off of the tail of a dead dog would be an unspeakable indignity. It is amazing how an officer of long service could have been guilty of such a piece of folly.

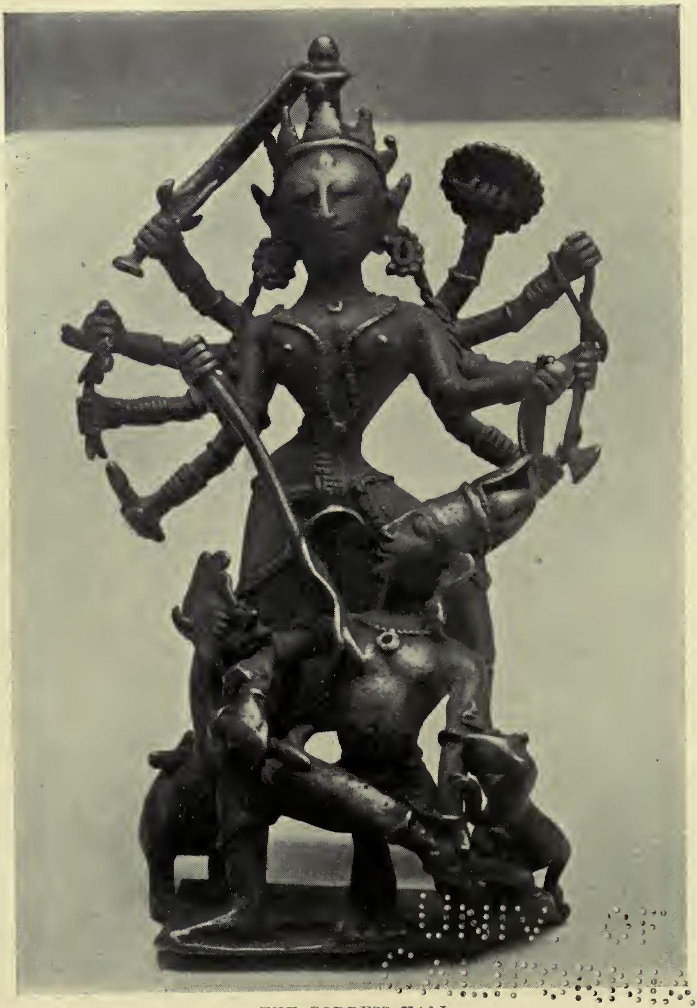
I can't say I liked my appointment of Personal Assistant, or P.A.; but it had some advantages. First and foremost, it enabled me to get some reforms introduced into Police administration. For instance, in each district in which I had served, the D.S.P. or Assistant kept some sort of English notebook of crimes, which was, or was supposed to be, written up daily. These notebooks, I can hardly call them registers, were very sketchy, and no particular form was laid down. I got a simple printed form of crime register introduced for all districts which showed concisely what was done with regard to each case up to its final disposal, whether it was sent up for trial, or a final report submitted that it was either false or impossible of detection. This put things on a business-like footing. The other advantage was that I was not compelled to get up at daybreak for parade or inspection. When duty called I always rose at some awful hour. But I never liked it. After a night spent in struggling with the heat and with the insect pests of the East, it was cruel to have to turn out just when it became possible to enjoy a decent sleep. I preferred, as a matter of choice, to sleep till a reasonable hour and stay longer out in the sun to make up for it. But the early hour for parade was a sort of superstition which could not be assailed, or a law of the Medes and Persians which altereth not. As P.A., it was my duty to open all the official post that came in, the diaries, reports, and returns from every district, and the appeals from policemen who had been punished by their D.S.P. Much of this required no action, and I had the papers filed. When orders appeared to me to be required I wrote a *précis* of the case, and sent it up to the I.G., with a draft for his approval. He nearly always accepted what I wrote. It came to this, that I did the work and he drew the pay.

The I.G. had to travel about a good deal to inspect the headquarters of each district, while I kept the office going at Poona. His inspection was a very simple matter in those days. Later on it became a portentous infliction. I don't know that the alteration did much good. The trouble that it caused in replying to hundreds of interrogatories, mostly on trivial subjects, was out of all proportion to the advantage obtained. The heaviest work that fell to my lot as P.A. was the compilation of the annual administration report for the Police of the whole Presidency. This was a really crushing task. It took about two months each year. It was, however, a satisfaction to me to put my best work into it. I also compiled a

Police Manual from all standing orders that I could lay my hands on.

In the course of 1887 I published another book, entitled *Tales of Ancient India.* It was a description of the beliefs about the most important Hindoo gods. Amongst these are the Trimurti, or Trinity, of Brahma, Vishnoo, and Siva, the creator, preserver, and destroyer, together with Indra, the god of the rain; Surya, the sun; Agni, the god of fire; Ushas, the dawn-goddess; Rama, the friend of the dead; Krishna, a rather later but very favourite god, and some others. This little volume, like my former venture, was very favourably reviewed; but again I lost money over the publication, and it was a long time before I wrote another book. I was very pleased at the acceptance by the *Asiatic Quarterly Review* of an article on the Police of the Bombay Presidency, describing the general organisation of the force.

My chief recollections of my time at Poona consist of society and amusements. If one has to live somewhere east of Suez, there is no place to be compared with Poona, take it all the year round. The scenery is beautiful. About fifteen miles off the range of Western Ghauts stands out in bold and picturesque outline against the sky. The heat is, as a rule, too great for only about three months out of the twelve, namely, from the middle of March to the end of May, and for about a fortnight in October after the rains have ceased. The cold weather is fresh and enjoyable. In the monsoon the average rainfall does not exceed thirty inches; and while occasionally it may come down for several days in succession, generally speaking there were just enough showers to make the air



THE GODDESS KALI.

delightfully cool, with intervals of bright but not excessive sunshine. Except that for shooting and pig-sticking it was necessary to go some distance by train, Poona provided every kind of amusement that could be thought of. There was polo, cricket, tennis, badminton, golf, hockey, billiards, at one time pigeon-shooting, racing, hunting, dancing, and what most appealed to me, rowing on the river. A weir, known as the "Bund," kept the river full all the year round. Below the Bund, except in the monsoon, there was only a stream trickling down the rocky bed. The views as one rowed up the river were delightful. The boat club owned about thirty boats, all built in England, including a couple of eights and some small sailing-yachts. The boat-house was close to the Bund, and there was a three-mile course up to a charming club-house, with pretty gardens and lawns, which went by the classic name of Rosherville. Energetic people, after a rest and refreshment at Rosherville, used to row back. Others had their carriages sent round to meet them and returned by road. I often took a place in the eight, and I am the proud possessor of two mugs won in four-oar races during a regatta. In the cold weather the seat of government was at Bombay, and in the hot weather on the hills at Mahableshwar. In the rains Poona was the metropolis of Western India. There was a palatial Government House known as Ganesh Khind, five miles out of Poona. The monsoon months, from the beginning of June to the end of September, constituted the season. There was no end to the social functions and gaieties of every description, dinners, balls, smaller dances, picnics, including moonlight picnics at Rosherville, theatricals, concerts, and other diversions. It was all very delightful—and cost a powerful lot of money. In the rains all the civil officers who had been scattered about in camp in the cold and the hot weather were at Poona. The military garrison consisted of two British regiments, a native cavalry regiment, four native infantry regiments, together with several batteries of Royal Artillery three or four miles off at Kirkee. All these were most sociable and hospitable. Government House was constantly open to the residents of Poona; and their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Connaught at Magdala House entertained right royally. Altogether there were worse places to live at than Poona. I have had my share of bad places in India, but I have had on and off a good many years of Poona to make up for them.

In April, 1888, at the age of thirty-two, and after ten and a half years in Government service, I received a step of promotion. I passed out of the grade of Police Probationers and was gazetted second grade Assistant Superintendent of Police. It seemed to me that the stars must be falling from their courses for such an amazing event to happen. On the strength of this unprecedented occurrence I took three months' leave home in June of the above year, and not feeling inclined to return at once, I extended it on medical certificate until the following February. I attribute my keeping my health so well in all my years of India to taking as much leave home as I could possibly get. I also kept in touch with many old friends, and with English life in general. The season of 1889 was particularly enjoyable. I took to writing weekly letters to the *Bombay Gazette* on the "Poona Season," and these caused a considerable amount of amusement. On the last day of the year the event of my life occurred, and I became engaged to be married to the daughter of Colonel G. W. Borradaile, R.A., C.B.

For about eight months of the year 1890, in addition to being P.A. I had to do the work of Superintendent of Police of the Great Indian Peninsula Railway. Neither of these jobs by itself was particularly heavy, but the two together were more than one man could profitably undertake. However, I obtained some interesting experience on the railway. The frauds of every description that went on were endless; and so far as time and opportunity permitted, I was able to unearth some of these. There was generally a shortage of rolling stock, and the platforms of up-country stations were piled up with grain and cotton waiting accommodation in a goods train for Bombay. Naturally this did not suit the merchants, whose goods were not improved by rain and by the depredations of railway thieves. Hence there was a brisk competition for the favour of the native station-masters, who made many times the amount of their pay. There was never a goods wagon loaded up and attached to a train without a fee of one rupee to the station-master; and often, in the busy season, five rupees would be paid for a truck. Telegraph signallers at different stations would arrange to transmit messages without keeping any record of them, the money paid for the telegrams being shared between the operators. If a passenger's luggage weighed five maunds and the charge should have been for a long journey ten rupees, the luggage clerk would register the weight as two maunds only if the passenger gave him three rupees. Thus both the clerk and the passenger gained at the expense of the company. Of course, there was the risk of the station-master at the other end having the luggage weighed again; but if he did he could probably be squared for a rupee. For a long time consignments sent by goods train, as well as passengers' luggage in the guards' brakes, were constantly tampered with. A box containing two dozen bottles of champagne would look all right to outward appearance, and turn the scales correctly on arrival; but on opening the case the consignee would find half a dozen bottles short, and stones put in to make up the weight. The guard might have been changed three or four times on a long journey, and it was very difficult to locate the theft. At last we found that there was a regular conspiracy for pilfering, and that the members called themselves "The Golden Gang." I am sorry to say that a number of the guards concerned were Europeans. The gang was, of course, broken up, very severe sentences being passed on various of the confederates.

Then consignments of what purported to be silver bullion entrusted to the railway had a way on arrival of turning out to be lead. Occasionally the transfer was effected during the journey. More often it was lead that was handed over to the company for conveyance as silver, in order to bring in a false claim for damages.

On the occurrence of a fair or other large gathering, there were often more passengers desirous of travelling than could be accommodated in the trains. This was a great opportunity for the station staff, who could always give preference to those ready to pay double the regulation fare. Another form of swindling turned on the fact that most natives are quite illiterate. A man would hang about a station, see a family arrive by bullock cart, and offer to purchase tickets for them at a reduced rate, saying that the coaching clerk always charged too much. Perhaps the party wished to travel to a station sixty miles off. Our kind volunteer took tickets for the next station, pocketed the difference, and disappeared. The unfortunate passengers' state of mind can be imagined when, at the end of their journey, they had to pay over again. Then another favourite trick was to get hold of the bags of wheat, which are carried in open trucks on the goods trains. These trains travel very slowly, especially up an incline. An experienced hand has no difficulty in getting on to a truck when the train is in motion, and in throwing down the bags of grain for his friends to remove. Thefts in the passenger compartments, of whatever class, were of the commonest occurrence. The climate generally makes it necessary to have the windows open all night. A passenger will hang up his coat, with his watch and his money in the pockets, and go to sleep. In the morning the coat is there, but the pockets are empty. Again, when passengers leave their compartments to dine at a station, or in a dining-car attached to some trains, their dressing-bag or despatch box is highly likely to disappear. There is a caste of natives called Bhamptas who are most skilful railway thieves, especially of articles belonging to third-class passengers. A Bhampta will get into a compartment in the course of the night at some station, having duly purchased a ticket, and when he sees that his fellow-travellers are fast asleep, with a tiny, sharp knife, which for reasons unknown he carries in his mouth, he slits open bags and bundles and throws the contents out of the window. He marks the spot by the telegraph poles At the next station he alights, walks back along the line, and gathers up his spoil.

On the Indian railways, whenever any consignment is accepted by the station officials for transmission whether it be a truck-load of grain or a four-anna parcel, a receipt on a printed form is given to the consignor ; and without the production of this receipt at the other end the consignment will not be delivered to the person expecting it. In the case of smal parcels this system causes an infinity of trouble, especially to Europeans, who grumble and growl and ask why the simple *modus operandi* in force at home cannot be extended to India. The answer is simple At home, as a general rule, you expect honesty In India, as a general rule, you expect dishonesty and have to make arrangements beforehand to defeat it. The arrangements are not always successful Native merchants have come to look upon the railway receipts for goods as a sort of valuable security upon which payment may be made or advances allowed In this there is an opening for fraud. I had one very ingenious case to investigate. A Hindoo named Mugganlal, a Bombay merchant, whose affairs were in a bad way, succeeded in stealing a railway receipt from a station on the Southern Mahratta Railway He filled up the form as for a hundred and seventy-five bales of cotton, the value of which was twelve thousand rupees ; the name of the consignors was entered as Lalji Shivlal & Co., of Hoobli. He sent this to the Bombay firm of Runchordass & Co., which he knew had dealings with Lalji Shivlal. In his covering letter he said that he, Mr. Shivlal, of the firm of Lalji Shivlal, was proceeding to Sholapur, where he required money for the purchase of cotton of a special staple, and requested that a hoondi, or native cheque, for six thousand rupees on account might be sent to him at that place by registered letter. Messrs. Runchordass & Co. suspected nothing wrong, and on the security of the railway receipt, sent the hoondi as desired to Shivlal at Sholapur. Mugganlal went to the Sholapur post office, asked if there were a registered letter for Shivlal, who he represented that he was, took delivery of the letter, cashed the hoondi for a trifling discount with a local banker, and disappeared. We laid hands on him after a time, and he received board and lodging at Government expense for a considerable period. It was fortunate during this period that there was not much going on in the I.G.'s office. Poor Colonel Wise had passed away. He went home very ill, and died in the Suez Canal, regretted by a large number of friends. Several officers successively had more or less temporary charge of the appointment, and the one who was officiating while I had the railway work in addition to my own was not at all enterprising. So I was able to devote considerable time to the railway so long as I was not absent from Poona for more than two or three days at a stretch. On one occasion I had to go to my old home at Ahmednugger, a dacoity having been committed at a railway station near there. I came in for a very jolly dance at the new club, which had taken the place of the former one in the fort. The dacoity was not a very serious one. Several persons were arrested and convicted. I had to go to the scene of several railway accidents. One of these might have been disastrous. The night mail from Madras was a few miles from Sholapur when a tremendous storm came on, and the driver very wisely slowed down in case of any untoward occurrence happening. His apprehensions were justified. A large cistern of water for the use of trains employed in repairing the line had been standing on an erection of sleepers by the side of the permanent way. The whole thing was blown over on to the track by the force of the hurricane. The train ran into the obstruction, was overturned, and rolled down the embankment. Owing to the slow rate of speed at which it had been travelling there was no loss of life, a few people only sustaining minor injuries. The engine and carriages lying upside down at the foot of the embankment presented an extraordinary appearance. The railway authorities were severely censured for neglecting to have the pile of sleepers which supported the cistern properly secured.

All this year I was busy paying off debts in order to be married. I owed nearly two thousand rupees when I became engaged. I must record one charming incident. The Duke of Connaught was leaving India for good, and I, with other officers, was present on the platform to see him off. His Royal Highness came up to me and said, "Good-bye, Cox, I wish you many years of happy married life." On the 1st of January, 1891, exactly a year after our engagement, my fiancée and I were married. It was quite a brilliant ceremony. I drove to the church in a landau, drawn by a fine pair of white horses. My best man was an old friend, Mr. W. Porteous, of the Civil Service, who had travelled with me to Australia and Tasmania six years before, and whose friendship has been most cordially maintained through succeeding years. The carriage was preceded by two mounted European constables and followed by two sawars or mounted native constables, and two native constables stood behind us on the carriage. I was in full uniform. My wife looked beautiful in her wedding dress. I thought it delightful being married, and felt very proud as my wife and I drove from the church to her father's house, where about a hundred guests were present for speeches and wine. I had taken six weeks' leave, and we went off to the hill station of Matheran, about halfway between Poona and Bombay. Matheran is something like Mahableshwar on a smaller scale, but the views are perhaps even more picturesque. One evening darkness came on as we were walking through the forest glades. We had no idea which way to go. After trying various directions we came to a signpost, which we thought would give us a clue. I struck a match and spelt out "Furious riding on the hill strictly prohibited." This did not assist matters materially. We spent most of our honeymoon at Matheran, but paid short visits to my old haunts at Alibag and Bijapur, at each of which places we had a tremendous welcome from the police. At Matheran we practically had the whole place to ourselves. The hill is supposed to swarm with honeymooning couples, but this appeared to be a supposition only. In this respect at all events Matheran seemed a delusion and a snare. But at last we found a typical pair. They had apparently been having a little quarrel, or perhaps only a misunderstanding. Edwin was at some distance from Angelina, regarding her moodily, while she pensively surveyed the scenery. Both seemed as if they would like to make it up, but each was too proud to take the initiative. We watched them attentively. At last Edwin evidently came to the conclusion that things had gone far enough. He edged gently towards his better half, while Angelina had her eye upon him, though she coyly pretended to be looking the other way. It was really as good as a play Finally Edwin stood quite close to Angelina and put his hand on her shoulder. Then her pride gave way and she turned round, and they gave each other such a hug that it was most touching to see them. Suddenly something startled them, and with a bound they were up on the top of a tree, chattering profusely. They were the finest pair of Matheran apes that we had seen on the hill. Anything more human could not have been imagined. We no longer doubted the truth of Darwin's theory. Our honeymoon was a delightful time, and I did not at all relish getting back to work when my leave was up.

I had come to look on myself as a fixture at Poona and we had devoted no end of time to making our bungalow look nice. All of a sudden came a bolt from the blue. On the 13th of May a Government Resolution reached me announcing the transfer of several police officers, and I found myself gazetted to act as D.S.P. of Shikarpur in Upper Sind. Shikarpur had the not undeserved reputation of being the most infernal place in all India. However, as far as I was concerned, there was nothing to do but obey orders. The only question was whether my wife should accompany me, at all events during the hot weather, to such an intolerable place. However, she settled that question for herself, most pluckily insisting on going with me. I had to complete the annual report before I handed over. On the 7th of June we set off. One thing appealed to me in this unexpected transfer. I was heartily sick of devilling for another man, and I much preferred having a district of my own as D.S.P.

Poona was, on the whole, a place for making acquaintances rather than friends. But to this day I enjoy the delightful friendship of Dr. and Mrs. Theodore Cooke, of the Poona College of Science. Dr. Cooke, since his retirement, has written books on Indian botany, which have obtained the highest reputation. Other valued friends are Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Burke. He rose to be Chairman of the Bombay Port Trust.

CHAPTER X

SHIKARPUR, A TERRIBLE PLACE — THE MURDER OF JUNNAT — SHAHNAWAZ AND QUEEN VICTORIA — MURDER AND SUICIDE IN THE POLICE LINES — MURDER IN THE JAIL — I DETECT A RAILWAY-THEFT CASE — I RIDE INTO BELUCHISTAN AND CAPTURE A BAND OF ROBBERS

ON and off I served in Sind for ten years, so I got to know it very well. Sind is nearly as big as England, excluding Wales. India is a land of extremes. The country is either parched with drought or flooded with rain. If the temperature is not too high, it is generally too low. As for society, it varies between the almost excessive gaiety of the Poona season and the practical absence of any society at all, as at Alibag and many other small stations, let alone camp life. Sind went to the extreme of extremes in every possible point. The heat was unspeakable for nearly eight months of the year. For about three months the cold was bitter. It chilled one through and through. In the camping season we had a stove with a roaring wood fire in our tents morning and evening. If a pail of water was left outside at night it was thickly frozen in the morning. I have seen our tents fringed with big icicles. Sind is irrigated by numberless canals from the mighty Indus. There was seldom any rain. When it did rain, it came down in torrents, and any amount of destruction was caused. For much of our time at Shikarpur my wife and I were the only Europeans in the place. The judge was a native, and the civil surgeon was a native. The Collector and other officers lived at Sukkur, a large city on the River Indus. It has since become the headquarters of the district for all officers. But at the great horse-show in the winter as many as thirty people would sit down to dinner together at Shikarpur. Much of Sind was sandy desert; where there was cultivation the crops were magnificent. Most of the province was as flat as a billiard-table. The hills, where there were any, were extraordinarily rugged and steep. There were also the extremes of wealth and poverty.

We had a nightmare of a voyage from Bombay to Karachi, a distance of over six hundred miles; and then we underwent a railway journey of over three hundred miles through heat and dust such as I had never before experienced. We arrived at our new home in the early morning, and I wondered how anyone could live and work in such stifling and sickening heat. Our house, which belonged to Government, was a detestable one. It was awful luck being sent to such a hole a few months after being married; and it was a cruel place for a young wife. Apart from the heat, the insect life, especially the sand-flies, was enough to render life intolerable. My wife endured all the miseries of Shikarpur nobly. We were there for nearly two years, and she only left the district twice during that time, when we went to Quetta on ten days' leave in September of each year.

Shikarpur was an enormous and unwieldy district, with an area of some eleven thousand square miles. I had a force of thirteen hundred police, of whom a hundred and fifty were mounted. I had no less than five inspectors and twenty-three chief constables. The railway police, for so much of the line as ran through my district, were under my charge. The population was about a million, and crime was very heavy. Murders were so common, that what with the awful heat and the vast distances, I could only go to a limited number of these cases. Some murders were about land. More were about women. Sind was chiefly a Mahometan country. The ladies of this community were of a flirtatious turn of mind when they got the chance; and the aggrieved husband, as a matter of course, smashed in the head of his wife and her lover if he detected a *liaison*. Cattle theft was rife all over Sind. There were certain tribes, such as the Jagiranis and Boordis, to whom this recreation was the breath of life. Burglary was common, and every now and then there was a wave of dacoities. The police force was about fifty below the sanctioned strength when I joined. In a few months I got it up to full strength, and also had a squad of *oomedwars*, or candidates, learning their drill and other duties without pay until there were vacancies for them. The police were very slack, and in a bad way generally, my predecessor having been in very poor health. The uniform of the men was ragged and filthy. Parade was all anyhow, and discipline the same. I set to work to remedy these defects, with much greater success than I anticipated. The force had been practically run by my head-moonshi, as the head-clerk for vernacular work was denominated. He was an elderly man named Mengraj. All promotions were bought and sold by him, and he was worth no end of money. I soon got rid of this gentleman. I used to hold orderly room at the lines under a great tree, the heat inside the police buildings being like that of an oven. Hardly any leave had been given to the police for a long time, on the grounds that the force was below strength and that men could not be spared. I at once granted leave freely; and this was one reason why recruits were tempted to come forward. One day at orderly room I had given a lot of leave, and to further applicants I said that they should have it as soon as the first recipients of the privilege returned to duty. One of these applicants, named Ghulam Mahomed, made a great fuss at not being allowed leave at once. He shouted out, "Listen to the *zoolum* (tyranny) of the Sahib!" This was intolerable. I might have fined or reduced the man for this gross breach of discipline. But I did not think that a punishment of this kind would meet the occasion. Something more drastic, not to say dramatic, was required. Everyone present was eager to see what the Sahib would do. I instantly got up, walked to where Ghulam Mahomed was standing, and let him have it full between the eyes with my fist. He rolled one way and his puggree another. I heard no more about the *zoolum* of the Sahib. If this had been reported to the Commissioner in Sind I should have got into a nice row. But I was dealing with an unruly people, of Pathan and Beluch descent; and I am convinced that what I did was more effective than anything else could have been. I was handicapped in my work at first by not knowing the Sindi language. Thirty-five is rather old to start learning a new tongue. But I set to work, and passed in a few months. I lived to be president of the examination board for Sindi.

Directly I took over charge I had to investigate an unpleasant case. The city magistrate, named Sahijram, came and told me that there was considerable excitement in the city, owing to the rumour that a Mahometan durzi, or tailor, named Ibrahim, who had recently died, had been poisoned at the instigation of Ali Khan, a police inspector of the neighbouring district of Jacobabad. The reason given for this rumoured murder was that Ali Khan had been carrying on an intrigue with Fatima, the wife of Ibrahim. The death of the durzi, by the way, was shown in the register of deaths as due to fever. The charge being against so high an officer as a police inspector was an especially serious one. The difficulty was that no one would come forward to make any definite statement. However, it was essential to clear the matter up as soon as possible. The only way was to have the corpse exhumed and the intestines sent to the chemical analyser. I rode out to the Mahometan cemetery, about two miles off, before daylight one morning, taking a medical officer with me to pack the intestines. I had the body dug up. The dreadful effluvium made me feel perfectly ill. The chemical analyser could detect no poison. I believe that some designing person who had a grudge against Ali Khan invented the whole story just to get him into trouble. I saw Fatima, the widow of the durzi. She was a lady so singularly wanting in personal attractions that I credited Ali Khan, who was a handsome, well-set-up man, with better taste than would have been manifested in an admiration of so unlovely a divinity. Sind was the most terrible place for slander. If you listened to the people you would conclude that the vast mass of the population were the most desperate of scoundrels. Practically everyone's character was torn into tatters. Hardly anyone escaped. One of the few exceptions was a head-constable named Khirajmul, who was employed as a clerk in my office. His pay was twenty-five rupees a month. He used to live on about eight, giving away all the rest in charity. He had no family of his own. By a consensus of opinion he was a most exemplary character.

Another case which occurred just before I joined had to be investigated. A woman named Junnat, the wife of a man called Rubban, had died under somewhat suspicious circumstances at the village of Mukker, twelve miles off from Shikarpur. The case had been inquired into by Inspector Khan Mahomed, a fairly trustworthy, but rather stupid man. Upon the strength of his inquiries a final report had been submitted to the District Magistrate that death was due to fever, and not to any foul play. The D.M. was not satisfied with this report, and he deputed the mukhtyarkar, as a mamlatdar is termed in Sind, to make further inquiries. This officer went to the place, and reported that the death of Junnat was due to violence caused by her husband, and he wrote a long tirade against the police. So I went into the case. I first looked up the statement of the hospital assistant, a young Poona Brahmin named Vinayak, who had performed a post-mortem on the deceased. His certificate, though it was not very clear, certainly suggested that death was due to injuries. There was a road to Mukker on which it was possible to drive. So I set off one morning in a hired carriage and pair, accompanied by my wife. We took our breakfast with us. We arrived in due course at our destination, and spent the day in a cow-shed, no better accommodation being available. The heat was something unspeakable. We were shown into the cow-shed by a most polite and civil man, who got us a string bed to sit upon and brought us milk and some fruit, and generally made us welcome. When we had settled down a bit I intimated that I wanted to see one Rubban, the husband of the late Junnat. "*Ma Rubban ahe, Hoozoor*" ("I am Rubban, your Excellency"), was the reply! For some hours I examined witness after witness. The circumstances of the death were obscure, as the most contradictory statements were made to me. So much, however, was certain, that Junnat, though she had been having slight fever on and off, had not been seriously ill, and she had been drawing water from the village well the evening before her death; further, that she was a regular shrew, and Rubban had on more than one occasion lost his temper and beaten her, and that on the same evening that she was seen drawing water there had been an exceptionally bitter quarrel between the husband and wife. Several neighbours said they had heard the sound of blows in the house, and at least one stated that he had looked in and seen Rubban striking the deceased. In the morning it was known that Junnat was dead. If death was due to violence, there was no doubt that Rubban was the guilty party. It was not exactly a strong case, but after all that had happened, the only way was to have the circumstances threshed out in court. So I put the handcuffs on Rubban, our genial host, and took him back with us to Shikarpur. I prosecuted the case in the court of the District Magistrate at Sukkur. Cross-examined by Govindbux, the pleader for the defence, a very smart man, Vinayak, the hospital assistant, broke down altogether. He had to admit that his post-mortem examination had been conducted in the most perfunctory way. The other witnesses, too, cut rather sorry figures under the rigorous cross-examination of Govindbux. The accused was acquitted, and the court recorded its opinion that there was no proof that death was not due to natural causes. This, at all events, had the effect of whitewashing Inspector Khan Mahomed.

My headquarters chief constable, the officer in charge of drill, clothing, and so on, was a very efficient man, named Shahnawaz. I appointed him soon after I went to Shikarpur, the former officer, Imambuksh, a feeble specimen, going on pension. Shahnawaz improved the drill immensely. He had served as jemadar, or native lieutenant, in an infantry regiment. On the occasion of Queen Victoria's jubilee he had been to England, and with other officers was presented to Her Majesty. The Queen asked him if he had any representation to make. To the horror of all present, he replied that his neighbour at Shikarpur, a Hindoo, Khyaram Pohomul by name, had built a cesspool close to his house, and the smell was very offensive! Orders were instantly sent out to have Khyaram Pohomul's cesspool removed. Shahnawaz was never tired of proclaiming his success in this matter, and he spoke with glowing admiration of the Queen's justice. His predecessor, Imambuksh, had a curious history. In our war with China years ago he had served in that country. There he married a Chinese wife. He had a son named Jooma Khan, in physique a fine specimen of an up-country Mahometan, but with Chinese features. The general effect was very strange. I made Jooma Khan a sawar, and a very smart chap he turned out. In the hot weather in Sind the only place where it was possible to sleep at night was on the flat roof of the house, the sky alone above us. Some people used to have water poured on their beds to reduce the intolerable heat. Sometimes, twice even in one night, we were driven down into the fiery oven of a house by sand-storms. What a place to live in! One Sunday, a little before sunrise, a message was brought to me from Shahnawaz that an armed constable had shot himself in the lines, and the Sahib should come to make inquiries. I was awfully annoyed at being awakened in the only part of the night when a refreshing sleep could be enjoyed, and on a Sunday, too, just because a man had committed suicide. So I sent back word that I would come later, and went to sleep again. However, in a quarter of an hour another message came to say that before suiciding himself the constable had murdered one of his comrades. That, of course, necessitated my presence instantly. So I climbed down the stairs from the roof, got into uniform, and rode to the lines. The two dead constables had once been the best of friends, but latterly both had been in love with the same lady, and they were consequently on very bad terms with each other. This was apparently the cause of the tragedy. To avoid a repetition of this *contretemps*, I gave orders that all the carbines were to be placed under lock and key in a store-room immediately after each parade.

One day there was a brutal murder in the Shikarpur jail. Strange to say, the jail was rather an attractive place to my wife and myself in the hot weather. There were some beautiful shady trees in the courtyards, and somehow it used to seem a trifle less hot in these precincts than anywhere else. There was a Hindoo called Kissandass, who was head-clerk to the superintendent of the jail. Kissandass was a most obliging little man, and a most efficient officer. He practically ran the jail. One of the prisoners was a Pathan from Quetta. He had murdered a man up there, and had been sentenced to death; but his sentence, on appeal, had been reduced to a long term of imprisonment by reason of his advanced age. This man contrived to secrete an iron bar with the intention of using it to kill the Inspector-General of Prisons, who had come to visit the jail. He failed to find an opportunity of carrying out this plan, and in default of his intended victim he thought he might as well go for Kissandass. The unfortunate head-clerk was wearing a light cap instead of the usual puggree, and the Pathan brought down his bar full on Kissandass' unprotected head. Kissandass lived for several weeks, and at one time we hoped that he would recover. I was present at the Pathan's execution. At that time it was the duty of the D.S.P. to attend when a condemned prisoner was hanged. On one occasion, when I was engaged in this very unpleasant duty, the rope broke, and the man, to his surprise, found himself standing unhurt below the scaffold. The executioner ordered him to walk up the steps again, which he did without a word of remonstrance. A fresh rope was applied, and this time the sentence was carried out. I was very indignant at the death of Kissandass. It was an outrageous thing that the Pathan was not hanged at Quetta for the previous murder that he had committed. There is far too much leniency in this and other matters shown by the authorities in India. Are we as a race growing too soft ? Leniency when stern measures are required always leads to more trouble in the end.

The law of evidence in India, or rather the quality of evidence required by judges, leads again and again to failures of justice. The maxim *falsus in uno, falsus in omnibus* is not applicable to India. Most of the witnesses are ignorant and illiterate. They are not accustomed to express themselves very accurately. They are bound to colour what they have to say by some excrescences, which in their opinion will help matters on. Probably three months have passed since the crime for which the prisoner is being tried in a sessions court was committed. A smart cross-examining pleader can easily make the witnesses contradict themselves on details and side issues. And yet, when the moral proof is as plain as may be, on account of inconsistencies on points which are not of vital importance, murderers and dacoits are let loose upon society, although the judge, in his heart of hearts (as more than one has admitted to me) is morally certain that they are guilty. How disheartening this is to the Police can be imagined. There was one judge in Sind who acquitted in almost every case. He was transferred from Sind, and the budmashes and criminals made offerings at the shrine of the holy pir, or saint, in order that he might be sent back. Whether it was cause or effect or not, their prayer was answered. Of course, false cases are sent up for trial, but it is not so very difficult to determine if a case is concocted or not. By all means let the accused be acquitted if he is innocent; but he should not be acquitted when it is perfectly clear that he is guilty just because some of the witnesses have muddled up things, or even deliberately asserted that which is not. You must go by the common sense of the thing, and not by legal hair-splitting. A member of the late ruling family of Sind, Mir Hussan Ali, a charming old gentleman, was very sarcastic on the subject of evidence. He told me that he once woke up at night to find a thief in his room. He said to the thief, "Why are you here alone? Where is the witness?"

The camping season was very delightful in Sind so long as one was well. But the unhealthiness was something dreadful. Such a thing as everyone in camp being all well at one and the same time I cannot recall. Oneself, servants, orderlies, office hands used to take it in turns to go down with the awful scourge of malarial fever as soon as the cold weather came on, and the water in the innumerable canals dried up. There is no use in dwelling on this subject. It is enough to say that I look back with horror on all that we had to endure, year after year, from fever, ague, influenza, and kindred diseases. The touring season only lasted five months in Sind, for the heat rendered it impossible to stay in the districts in April and May. Of course, for emergent work an officer had to go out at any time. Putting aside fever and such-like, the cold weather was quite exhilarating. I was not much interested in the shooting, but in almost all parts of Sind there was small game in profusion. Uninteresting as was a considerable portion of the plains of Sind, much was, nevertheless, to be met with to gratify the eye and excite curiosity. As the traveller crosses the great Lansdowne Bridge over the Indus between Sukkur and Rohri, the view of those cities strikes him as representing the very embodiment of typical Eastern scenery. An artist would sigh for the inspiration of a Turner to enable him to do justice to the rich colouring and wonderful perspective when the river is illumined by the rays of the setting sun. The long chain of mountains that forms the boundary between Sind and Beluchistan, though bare of vegetation, throws up for hundreds of miles peak after peak in striking and diversified forms. Within this range is to be found, here and there, a mountain glen through which a torrent of transparent water dashes down over rocks and pebbles, almost reminding one of Scotland. In many ways Sind had special characteristics of its own. Society was of a patriarchal type, and resembled what India in general must have been a hundred years ago. The district officer in Sind was a far greater power in the land than he was anywhere else. The Sahib was very much a Burra Sahib, and his hookum, or order, was law. On leaving one camp for another the zemindars, or landholders, of the neighbourhood would, as a matter of course, accompany him on horseback for several miles of his journey, and at a similar distance before reaching his next camp he would be met by the gentry resident at or near that place, who escorted him to his destination. Many of the zemindars had enormous estates. They were generally of dignified appearance and courtly manners. They were very proud of their position, and looked to speak with the Englishman as man to man. Their morals were by no means above suspicion, and I detected ever so many cases of villainy among them. But I got on extremely well with them, and I prefer to remember their good qualities. They were wonderfully hospitable, and their servants turned out excellent curries and pillaos. They were delighted to put everything at one's disposal—their houses, their horses, their camels, their carriages, and oranges and peaches from their gardens. They were ready to turn out at a moment's notice and ride miles with me to assist in bringing offenders to justice. In Sind everyone used to ride. The thieves generally, the beggars not infrequently, used to go about on horseback. Some people rode horses, others preferred camels. I can't say that I liked camel-riding; but it was easier on an emergency to get a camel than a horse, and I suppose I covered thousands of miles by that means of progression. Once a camel turned head over heels when I was on him, and nicely bruised I was. Camels were the universal beast of burden; and my kit used to travel from camp to camp on a bobbing line of camels in place of the orthodox bail-ghari, or bullock cart, of the Deccan. The roads in Sind were too awful for words, and not fit for wheeled traffic. A very bad trait of the people of Sind was their utter indifference to the sufferings of animals. Innumerable gross cases of cruelty came to my notice. The donkeys were the worst sufferers. I took an infinity of trouble to remedy the abominable evil. I fear that the result of my efforts was evanescent.

It is seldom that a European police officer in India blossoms into a detective. He has to administer, direct, weigh evidence, and so on. One case I had the luck to detect myself. There had been a succession of thefts from running trains. Somehow the thief, or thieves, would manage to open the locked door of a goods van and hurl out bales of cotton or other valuables. Once we were in camp at a place called Punno-Akil, where there was a very charming garden, in the north of the district. One morning I saw a party of police walking along the railway line, some on the permanent way, others below the embankment, a chief constable named Mahboob Ali sitting in a dignified attitude on a trolly. I asked what was up. It appeared that in the course of the night a wooden box containing silk worth over a thousand rupees had been thrown out of a train, and the police were looking for some clue which might put them on the track of the missing property. I at once joined the party, and suggested to Mahboob Ali that he might with advantage leave his trolly and walk along the foot of the embankment with me. We proceeded a long way without getting any enlightenment. At last we came to a place where the line was carried over a viaduct. In the season of the inundation of the Indus, which is caused by the melting of the snow in Cashmere during the hot weather, a stream of water used to flow beneath the viaduct. Now it was quite dry. The ground below the viaduct was paved with large flat stones, to prevent the floods scouring out the foundations of the piers. I saw something as we walked across these stones, but said nothing. On reaching the other side I asked if the police had not noticed anything. No, nothing had struck them as noteworthy. I took them back and pointed out one of the paving-stones in the centre of which was a large star, evidently formed by the corner of a heavy square package falling on it. I called the police sons of asses for failing to notice this. They were not in the least put out, but asked how it could be expected that such humble slaves as themselves should have the wisdom with which God had endowed the Sahib ? The next thing to do was to get a tracker. After a little delay, one of these curious people was obtained. The Sindi trackers are famous. Where an ordinary person can see nothing they will tell you if the man whose tracks they are following is young or old, if he was walking or running, and if he was carrying a weight or not. They will follow stolen cattle for a hundred miles. The Sindis used to tell me that with the spread of education the art of tracking was dying out. Anyhow, I saw wonderful things done. There was a tracker in the police named Mehrab Khan. He was a mounted head-constable. He did not even take the trouble to get off his horse to examine tracks, but rode along unconcernedly, never making a mistake. I had various trackers in the police. They were all ragged and disreputable in appearance. If they were told to do some drill or keep themselves clean, they would at once resign. So I overlooked their want of smartness. In this case the tracker said that three men had walked together from the place where I saw the crack in the pavement, carrying a heavy weight. The ground was parched; and I could see no sign of any tracks at all. On we went for a mile or so through some pretty thick jungle, and in about an hour we found a small glade in the thickets where the ground had obviously just been dug up. We had no tools with us, but these were procured from a small village about half a mile off. We were all very excited by now. The tools arrived and we got to work, and there was the box of silk, not even opened. The next thing to do was to discover the delinquents. We summoned all the able-bodied men of the neighbouring hamlets. Each was told in turn to walk for a few yards. The tracker examined their footprints, and picked out three men who he said were those who had carried the box. The three at once confessed, and said that a goods clerk at Sukkur had told them about the box of silk. This was probably true, but could not be proved. The three men, when their trial came on, said that they were innocent, and that they had confessed because the police beat them. This was hardly good enough in face of the tracker's testimony, and they all went to jail.

Further north than Punno-Akil was Mirpur, quite a large place. When we were camped there I had to leave my wife for about a week to run down a gang of desperate criminals. There was no other white person of any description at Mirpur. Later on I often had to leave my wife in the same way, sometimes in the most out-of-the-way spots. But I don't think she ever felt any sense of insecurity. It is impossible for anyone who has not been to India to realise what this sort of thing means for an English lady. What called me away on this particular occasion was a daring gang-robbery, about seventy miles south of Mirpur. For a long time past I had been interested in the goings-on of a band of desperadoes named Thuddoo Boordi, Waloo Machi, Khooshal Amerani, Mira Gopang, and Mehra Gopang. These gentlemen had committed a series of depredations, and rendered the roads more or less unsafe in the central portion of the district. After each offence they disappeared with the speed of lightning through the narrow strip of territory known as the Jacobabad district, into the independent country of Beluchistan. None of their offences had hitherto been individually heinous enough to demand my presence; but now a really serious robbery in which four of them were concerned was reported to me. Things had gone far enough, and I determined to leave nothing undone to bring the lot of them to book. I went one morning to Ruttodehro by rail, and there, incidentally, investigated the circumstances of a murder case in which the accused had been arrested. Then I rode on about twelve miles and put up for the night, in the usual discomfort. Next morning I pressed on, and in the course of the afternoon I came upon a cavalcade of police and zemindars, who were gathered together in the hope of getting hold of Thuddoo and his confederates. How well I remember all these people. I can see them before me now. Of the police there were Inspector Ali Khan of the Jacobabad district, with my Inspector Khan Mahomed; chief constables Karimbux, a particularly plucky man, and Sayndad Khan, a very zealous, sometimes too zealous officer; head-constables Noor Mahomed and Karimbux; and a number of sawars, of my district. Among the zemindars the following belonged to Shikarpur: Ghoolam Khader Druckan, a fine-looking man, with a long grizzly beard; Allahbux Pathan, from Gurhi Yasin; Jan Mahomed and Alam Khan Joonejo, from Sijawal; and from across the border, men who owned land both in British districts and in the Khan's territory, as they called Beluchistan, there were Lushker Khan Jamali, a most influential man; his son, Yar Mahomed, a daring young fellow; and Ghoolam Ali Booradi, a very prominent personage.

All the above meant well; but there was another, Gawher Khan Jamali, who, I knew, was as treacherous as could be, and would circumvent me if he could manage to do so in some underhand way. It was quite inspiriting to find myself in command of such an imposing body of mounted men. There must have been about a hundred, for each of the zemindars had a number of followers. The numerical strength struck me as altogether unnecessarily great for the work to be done. However, they knew more about it than I did. The first man to greet me as I rode up was the silly old fool Inspector Khan Mahomed. "There is not much chance of detecting this case, Sahib," was his encouraging salutation. I told him he had better go home and nurse his babies. Then zemindar Ghoolam Khader Druckan, whom I had known well for a good long time, came up and put a different complexion on affairs in general. He had an excellent bit of news. Some of his men had had the luck to capture Waloo Machi, one of the gang, the least important of the lot, but still a prize worth having. I was more than pleased. I praised him in the hearing of everyone for his zeal and promised him a sword in recognition of his good work. This, of course, encouraged the rest. It was, however, impressed upon me that it was no easy thing to get hold of malefactors in the Khan's territory, and that human life in that country was not regarded with quite as much sanctity as in British territory. I said that I had come, at great inconvenience, to work, and not to talk about difficulties, and that I was going on at once. This appeared to be to the taste of Yar Mahomed, the son of Lushker Khan. He at once volunteered to lead the way into Beluchistan, and swore that he would get me the robbers somehow or other. After this no one could well hang back; and we all rode on till evening, when I was told that we were now out of British territory and under the jurisdiction of the Khan of Kelat, which place is the capital of Beluchistan. Here we spent the night somehow. I slept the sleep of the just. I was informed afterwards that there had been a sentry all night over the ramshackle hovel in which I was billeted; but I knew nothing about it at the time.

The next few days we spent in riding about the country; and at the expense of great fatigue and discomfort, but without any particular difficulty, we laid hold of Thuddoo Boordi, the leader of the gang, Mira Gopang, and Mehra Gopang. A nice set of scoundrels they looked. But Thuddoo's lieutenant, Khooshal Amerani, I had not got; and I was determined not to go back without him, though various zemindars began to plaintively suggest that it was time for them to return to their estates. However, I encouraged them to hold fast by promising to inform the Commissioner in Sind of the excellent services that they had rendered. One evening after I had had some food of sorts and, utterly wearied with the day's exertions, was about to turn in for the night, I perceived a figure standing at the door of my hut. It turned out to be young Yar Mahomed. He began to talk in a highly mysterious way, and it was a long time before he got to the point. It was not very easy to understand him either, for he knew no Hindustani, and not much Sindi, his own language being Pushtoo. However, I gathered in course of time that Khooshal Amerani had taken refuge in a mud fort about twenty miles off, which belonged to Khooshal's brother, Saduk Khan, a petty chieftain, who had a number of armed men at his disposal.

Here was a lively prospect of an adventure. My men, of course, were armed, and I proposed starting at once for the fort with all my followers. But Yar Mahomed would not hear of this. He said that no British Police must show themselves, for their mere presence would stir up animosity. He said that he, with three of the trans-frontier zemindars, would go to the fort, and that, by his own personal influence, he would bring back Khooshal. This proposal was not altogether to my liking, for I wanted to see more of the fun. Finally we agreed to a compromise. I, with chief constable Karimbux, who was not to be in uniform, as our escort, was to ride with Yar Mahomed to within a short distance of the fort. I was to wear a puggree instead of a helmet, so as not to attract attention. Karimbux and I were to remain behind some trees where we should not be observed, but whence we could see something of what was going on. Yar Mahomed was to conduct negotiations. We started at three o'clock in the morning, riding slowly so that our horses might be fresh for the return journey. We had a spare horse for Khooshal. At dawn of day we saw the fort before us. I and my escort reluctantly took up our position as arranged. The foliage of the trees was not thick, and I could just get a glimpse of the proceedings. Until Yar Mahomed and his companions drew close to the fort gate there was no sign of life within. All of a sudden an alarm was raised, and there appeared on the walls a line of wild Beluchis armed with muskets and swords. Yar Mahomed held up his hand in an authoritative attitude, and in a short time the men on the rampart lowered their arms, the gate swung open, and Yar Mahomed and his friends disappeared within. I waited impatiently for their reappearance. The Oriental is never in a hurry, and there must always be a free allowance of time for oratory. At length the gate reopened and five riders emerged. Yes, my allies had got Khooshal with them on the spare horse. They evidently considered it advisable to get him away as soon as possible, and they came up to the trees, behind which I was awaiting them, at a smart canter. Karimbux and I joined them, and I was just giving Yar Mahomed *shahbash* for his successful enterprise, when we were aware of three men galloping after us from the fort. Had the garrison thought better of their decision to give up the refugee? It looked like it; for the three, one of whom was no less a person than

Saduk Khan himself, the owner of the fort, clearly meant mischief. Saduk Khan was a powerful man and well mounted, and waving his sword above his head, he dashed at Yar Mahomed. Yar Mahomed did not seem a bit perturbed, and he neatly warded off the stroke with his own weapon. Meanwhile Karimbux, the chief constable, had seen his opportunity. I never knew exactly how he did it; but hurling himself on Saduk Khan, he somehow threw him off his horse, not without getting a nasty sabre cut on the forehead in the process. Saduk Khan's two followers dismounted to assist their chief. I had got my bird, and I did not want any unnecessary bloodshed. So I gave the order to gallop, and gallop we did, leaving our opponents to think matters over at leisure.

This chapter is growing too long, and so I am afraid is this book. Considering the hundreds of camps we were at in various districts, the hundreds of cases that I investigated, the interesting people whom I met, and the multifarious experiences that I encountered in all those years, I could easily write many more pages, not to say volumes, than I could ever expect anyone to read. So I must put a brake on my pen. I will conclude this chapter with a brief description of our first Christmas in Sind. We were at a place called Larkana, a large town to the south of the Shikarpur district. Larkana is now a separate district, formed of part of Shikarpur and part of Karachi. Our tents were pitched in a neatly arranged camping-ground. The police had planted rows of plantains to mark out paths from one tent to another, and put up pretty flags and devices where the paths met. Our servants tied strings covered with flowers from one tent to another, and we procured some vegetation from the jungle to adorn the interior. Living as we did for so many months each year in tents, we always made our canvas dwellings as much like a home as possible, with curtains, hangings, books, photographs, knick-knacks, and other items of civilisation. For Christmas we got out more things than usual from our boxes, and our tents looked quite fascinating. In succeeding years we often made up a party for Christmas; but this year we were alone, and very delightful it was. The very next day after Christmas I heard of a murder case to which I had to go. A policeman can never count on a holiday. My wife insisted on accompanying me. The scene of crime was about twenty miles off, at a place called Thariri Hashim. We travelled on camels, taking as little in the way of impedimenta as possible. I inspected an outpost on the way, and we arrived at our destination in the evening. An old man, named Rasool Bux, engaged in watching crops at night, had been brutally murdered by one Mahomed Ali, on account of some absolutely trivial dispute. The evidence, though morally convincing, was not enough for a sessions court, and the police had hesitated to take action. However, as the accused was a Beluchi who had only been a year or so in British territory, I had him arrested and tried, under the Sind Frontier Tribes Act, by a council of elders, who were empowered to pass sentence of imprisonment; and Mahomed Ali went to jail. My wife and I passed the night in a wretched little shed belonging to the Public Works Department and the next day returned to our Christmas camp at Larkana. At this time I received the following letter from Mr., now Sir, Evan James, the Commissioner in Sind :—

"My dear Cox,

"I want to write you a line to congratulate you on the very smart appearance of your police ; and smartness in uniform means with you smartness in work also. I took Sir James Browne and a large party to Shikarpur on Saturday, and was very pleased to see the excellence of the turnout, sawars, foot police, and all.

"Yours sincerely,

"H. E. M. James."

CHAPTER XI

RIOTS IN BOMBAY—EXPERIENCES AT HYDERABAD—A DISHONEST POLICE INSPECTOR—DACOITIES AND MONEY-LENDERS—SALE OF WOMEN—DESPERADOES OF THE MUKHI DHUND—MOTIRAM AND HIS BOGUS PATHANS—A THIEF IN MY BUNGALOW—TOMMY ATKINS — AN EXPLOSION — ZEMINDARS — BIPIN CHUNDRA PAL—A BALLOON ASCENT—TERRIBLE ACCIDENT—AMUSEMENTS IN THE HOT WEATHER

IN the hot weather of 1893 my wife and I, with our little son, who was not quite a year old, went home on a three months' trip. Oh, the joy of Piccadilly and Pall Mall, and of the lovely English country lanes and fields, after the horrors of Shikarpur! Alas, it was over all too soon. On our return voyage when the steamer called at Aden, the telegrams told us that furious riots between Hindoos and Mahometans were going on in Bombay, and that a great many lives had been lost. I felt sure that on arrival at Bombay I should be placed on special duty in that city in connection with the emergency; and I only wished that I had been in time to take part in the serious operations. My surmise was correct, and immediately on arrival I found myself placed under the orders of Mr. F. H. Vincent, the Commissioner of Police, who was an old and dear friend. Vincent, who was of German nationality, had had an extraordinary history, and was a most able officer. For his success in dealing with these riots he was made a Companion of the Indian Empire. The rioting was all over when I reached Bombay, but alarums and excursions were still going on. It was very strange on riding through the native city to find guards of British troops, who had been railed down from Poona, standing with loaded rifles and fixed bayonets at the corners of the principal streets. Tommy Atkins had a very good time on this occasion. The troops in the city had to be provided with house accommodation, and rich natives were only too anxious to secure protection from the rioters for themselves and their families by entertaining a party of soldiers in their houses. They vied with each other in extending hospitality to the military; and they did their best with good food and the best of champagne to welcome their temporary guests. The police had done exceedingly well, but they had been altogether outnumbered. Whenever they took strong action the conflicting parties of Hindoos and Mahometans joined forces for the time being to go for the police, and then they went at each other again, hammer and tongs. I believe there was much more loss of life than was ever reported. The trouble was all about what we used to call the cow-row. Hindoos look on the cow as a goddess and think it the most fearful sacrilege to kill kine. On the other hand, a Mahometan is fond of beef. Cow-rows were common all over India at that time. To prohibit the killing of cattle was, of course, out of the question, but Government issued a lot of rules about the isolation of slaughter-houses, and a nice lot of trouble we police had to enforce the regulations. Mahometans objected to any limitation of their sphere of action in this particular, especially when in some of their religious ceremonies it was part of the show to kill a cow in public. However, if Indian policemen had not one difficulty or another to deal with day by day their vocation would be gone. I did a lot of riding about with Vincent. It was interesting to see the shops gradually being reopened and confidence restored. Vincent did one very plucky thing. Before matters had really settled down, and when there was still anxiety lest riots should recur, he took his wife with him for a ride through the quarters that had been most disturbed. This was meant as a signal that tranquillity again reigned. It was my duty to write a long report on the riots. After this I was on special secretariat duty at Poona till close on Christmas, when we returned to Sind, this time to Hyderabad.

Hyderabad was altogether superior to Shikarpur. There was a good deal of society, for it was a military station with a battery of artillery, a native infantry regiment, and a detachment of British infantry. The climate, too, was an immense improvement. True, it was awfully hot in the daytime, and the furious wind laden with dust and sand was very trying; but the nights were as a rule wonderfully cool. It was a great thing being able to get a refreshing sleep. With an interval of a year at home in 1895–6 we were at Hyderabad for five years and a half. The district was a curiously shaped one, it being two hundred and twenty-five miles from north to south, and not exceeding fifty from east to west. There was when we went there only one little strip of railway running across the district, and it was difficult to get about rapidly in case of emergency. Crime was very heavy, and the work endless; and I used commonly to be wearied out at the end of the day. Almost immediately after arriving at Hyderabad a rather alarming case occurred. We were just finishing dinner when an orderly rushed in to say that a sepoy of the Beluch regiment had *biger-gaya*, or gone bad, which meant that he was running amuck and loosing off his rifle in the town. I at once rushed to the scene of his operations, but found that he had been arrested and taken to his regimental orderly-room. He had fired a number of cartridges, but all the harm he did was to slightly hurt one woman in the arm. I went to the orderly-room, where the officers of the regiment had hurried over from their mess. Colonel O'Moore Creagh, V.C., now Commander-in-Chief in India, was engaged in angrily haranguing the delinquent, and told him that he was a disgrace to the regiment for being only a third-class shot! We went into camp very soon, after I had a little time to get to know my headquarters and city police. The armed police at headquarters were the smartest that I have seen anywhere. They were numerically strong, and I had sometimes as many as three companies on parade. They were quite as smart as the sepoys of any regiment. I often used to take them out into the jungle for sham fights. My headquarters chief constable was a very remarkable man, named Ibrahim Khan. He was of diminutive stature, but of tremendous force of character, and a splendid officer. His fault was that he would lose his temper, and abuse the men in unmeasured terms if there was any mistake in drill, or if a man's accoutrements had one degree of polish less than they ought to have. I had on several occasions to drop on him heavily for this failing. He used to be very penitent, and promised not to offend again. He always kept his promise—till next time. The inspector in charge of the city was named Narayan Sing, a Poona Maratha who had settled in Sind. Of all the police officers whom I ever met in India, I disliked and distrusted this man the most. I was forced to keep him in the city, as his health prevented him from riding, and I could not put him on district work. He was abominably clever; far cleverer, in an objectionable sort of cleverness, than I was. I could never catch him out with his tricks, though I often had reason to believe that he was an out-and-out scoundrel. He was always trying to let me in by setting some trap or other into which he hoped I would fall, for instance, by suggesting the issue of some order which was sure to result in trouble or annoyance. I admit that at first, having no reason to suspect him, I was once or twice taken in by this gentleman; but I soon smelt a rat, and was exceedingly cautious in my dealings with him. I never took his word after the first go off regarding any of his subordinates or the people of the city. There was little doubt that he largely supplemented his pay by illicit means. One method was to exact considerable sums every month from keepers of gambling-houses, on condition that they were not to be prosecuted under the Gambling Act. Just before I finally left the Hyderabad district I reported confidentially to the Commissioner that I had good reasons for believing that he had actually assisted a dacoit named Lootuf to escape justice. I could not absolutely prove this; and higher authority considered that he should not be brought to book for so serious a charge unless the circumstances were substantiated by complete evidence. To do this was impossible. Narayan Sing is the only native police officer out of the hundreds whom I knew in all those years who to my knowledge ever bested me. He was a regular snake, with the subtilty of the proverbial serpent.

There was an enormous amount of crime in the district. Thefts and housebreakings were exceedingly common; robberies with violence occurred pretty frequently; the yearly list of murders and culpable homicides (the Indian Penal Code term for manslaughter) was startling, and every now and then there was a dacoity. On the whole, one crime was exceedingly like another, and the details were rather sordid than interesting. In many cases I remember more vividly the awful difficulty and discomfort involved in getting to the scene of an offence than the actual circumstances of the case. I once rode a hundred miles to get to a dacoity, and to ride thirty or forty was a matter of constant occurrence. It was the most difficult thing in the world to get evidence in dacoity cases. The dacoits often disguised their faces, and tied rags or bits of sheepskin over their feet so that their footprints might not be recognised. Natives only have a very dim light in their houses at night, and so, with the best intentions in the world, it was very difficult for the injured persons to be sure of the identity of their assailants. When asked whom they suspected they would generally name some enemies of theirs (natives always have a tremendous stock of dooshmans, or enemies), although there might not have been the slightest grounds for supposing that these particular enemies had anything to do with the matter. What the police had to do was to try to follow up the footprints in spite of attempts to frustrate this mode of detection by bandaging the feet, to inquire about the recent movements of bad characters within a reasonable radius, and to look out for the disposal of the stolen property. As regards the latter, gold or silver ornaments were frequently at once melted down, and so became incapable of identification; or they were buried for months, until such time as the hue and cry had blown over. If, however, the evidence on all these points was satisfactory there was some chance (I cannot say more) of securing a conviction in the sessions court. One not unnaturally felt a sense of annoyance when the witnesses either persistently swore that they had identified as the dacoits persons who, it was obvious, were perfectly innocent, or when they asserted that they recognised no one, and even went so far as to deny that the stolen ornaments which we recovered for them were theirs, for fear of incurring the vengeance of the dacoits or their friends. At the same time, I must admit that to have a dacoity perpetrated in one's house at dead of night must be a very disturbing experience. The usual *modus operandi* of these ruffians, who were often ten or more in number, was to make their presence known by uttering shouts, exploding hand-grenades, firing guns, and, where these were available, scattering showers of stones. Their primary object was to acquire property; but they had no hesitation in wounding or murdering anyone who attempted to resist them. As a rule, the robbers were able to carry out their purpose with little or no opposition. I really believe that even in an English village the tactics resorted to by the dacoits would cause consternation. In India I think that the terror associated with a nocturnal visit from dacoits met with less sympathy than might be expected, because it was generally a money-lender whose house was raided; and even the man who has never borrowed a rupee in his life has a vague prejudice against usurers. A sowkar who is reputed to spend his life in despoiling the widow and fatherless not unnaturally fails to attract compassion if he is roughly required to part with a moiety of his ill-gotten gains. In spite of this attitude towards him the Indian money-lender has something to be said on his behalf. He is indispensable to Indian society. If he is not exactly an angel, neither is he necessarily always a Shylock. The local banker and capitalist, he is looked upon by the average ryot, or cultivator, with mixed feelings. If somewhat inclined to drive a hard bargain, he is always ready to make advances on reasonable security for the purchase of seed or cattle, or for marriage ceremonies. True, for the first two of these purposes Government will make advances which are known as takavi; but Government has hard and fast rules as to the collection of capital and interest at stated seasons. The sowkar allows much more latitude. He is in no hurry for the cultivator to get out of his books. But peasants who get recklessly into debt, and throw away their landed interests with as little consideration as that with which Esau was ready to dispose of his birthright for a mess of pottage, in order to squander hundreds of unearned rupees on a daughter's marriage, will turn round later on and say that they have been ruined by the Bunya, and plan revenge upon him by midnight attacks. There are certainly two sides of the shield as regards the Indian money-lender. As I have said, the detection of dacoities is the most difficult thing in the world. Occasionally the police have a stroke of luck through a split of the confederates regarding the distribution of the spoil, and some discontented spirit gives the show away. But the general reluctance to give evidence was the great hindrance to our work. Perhaps the reluctance was not unnatural. The witnesses would in the first place be taken hither and thither by the police to attend searches in which their property might be found. They would then be summoned before the magistrate to give evidence, and subsequently before the sessions court, where they would be badgered and brow-beaten by counsel for the defence. All this at the greatest possible inconvenience and loss of time and money, with the full knowledge also that the probable result will be the acquittal of the accused. I have known natives who have been the subject of a dacoity flatly deny that any dacoity had been committed, just to save themselves the trouble involved in pressing the case. It is not likely, they think, that they will be molested again. The dacoits will devote their attention to fresh fields and pastures new. Better, they conclude, to bear their loss and let other villages take their chance. I used to find preventive measures the most efficacious. By keeping police constantly on the patrol, and by sending up persons suspected of dacoity before the magistrates to be bound over for good behaviour, I generally managed to keep my district fairly quiet. This method, of course, like everything else in India, bristled with difficulties. A zemindar would have a row with his hari, or tenant, about rent; and he would then suggest to me that this hari was a man of such desperate character that he ought to be run in as a budmash, the generic term for malefactors. One required as many eyes as Argus to see through all the tricks and dodges that were always being tried on in India, and as many arms as Briareus to get hold of the tricksters and dodgers.

One little game which I had to combat was the sale of women from the Punjab to the landholders in Sind, who either could not manage to obtain wives in their own country, or who had a taste for something of a foreign flavour. I found that there existed a professional matrimonial agency for the importation into Sind of ladies who were represented as being of high-caste Hindoo or respectable Mahometan family. In point of fact, these frail beauties were generally of low extraction, and they were in the swim with the promoters of this confidence trick. But a fool has to buy his own experience; and because his neighbour Nussir-ud-din had been cheated in a similar transaction, it would not occur to Zain-ul Abdin that his own aspirations for connubial bliss might lead to his discomfort. Hundreds of rupees were often paid to the agent, and the marriage ceremony was completed with due formality. The wife would make herself the idol of her husband by her fascinating ways and sympathetic nature. She would win his confidence, be trusted implicitly with all his worldly goods, and one fine day disappear with the valuables of the establishment. She would have a good old time in her home in the Punjab, and then return with her agent to Sind to be sold to another victim. I had no particular pity for the simpletons who allowed themselves to be cheated in this way; but it was illegal to sell women, and there was also the offence of obtaining money on false pretences. So I worked up cases against a number of the delinquents, and they went to jail. I am afraid, however, that the trade continued to flourish merrily.

During my first hot weather in Hyderabad I had a great deal of trouble from miscreants who generally resided beyond my borders. The district to the east of Hyderabad, known as Thur and Parker, an enormous area, extended to Jodhpur and Rajputana. This country was in great portion a desert; but adjoining my charge it possessed a long, narrow strip of extremely rich land. In this was situated a dense and very picturesque forest called the Mukhi Dhund. This forest was a sort of Alsatia. The most notorious criminals could find safe refuge in its secret recesses. The people of the neighbouring settlements were in sympathy with these Robin Hoods, and kept them supplied with food and necessaries. So long as the gentlemen who resided in the forest limited their attentions to the Thur and Parker district the matter did not concern me, though I was always ready to give what assistance I could to my brother officer who was responsible for that part of the empire. Towards the end of April there was a succession of desperate outrages round about the Mukhi Dhund; and I directed my men to keep a keen look-out for any signs of interference with my charge. For a time I was left alone; but in the merry month of May, when the temperature was something frightful, and the whole air consisted of rolling clouds of dust and sand, I received reports of armed men in twos and threes riding about Shahdadpur and Tando Adam, in my district. I at once prepared to take the field with a large body of police, horse and foot. Before setting off I went to talk the matter over with Woodburn, my D.M., a very efficient and most popular officer. In the most sporting way he said that he would come with me, and we spent several weeks together in the extreme of discomfort. There was also with us a young Assistant Collector, named Mountford, a very promising member of the Civil Service. We went twenty miles by rail, and then rode about thirty miles on camels to the site of an ancient ruined city called Brahmanabad, which was a convenient base of operations. We put up in the vacant hut of a fakir or religious mendicant. At times one did really touch Eastern luxury! We soon had a crowd of police and zemindars around us. For a couple of days we were engaged in examining witnesses and taking down statements. I soon got the names of the twelve chief persons who resided in the Mukhi Dhund. The chief was one Butchoo, who was known as the badshah, or king, and his second-in-command was Isa, whom his followers designated the naib-diwan, or prime minister. I lived to see both these worthies hanged; but that was not till more than two years had elapsed. The whole lot were religious fanatics called "Hoors." To these miscreants human life was of no consequence whatsoever. We soon learnt that various members of the band had been harboured in villages of our district; and we rode about day after day visiting these places and putting the fear of God and of the British Raj into the sympathisers with the movement. We made a number of arrests, and placed punitive police on the villages, the cost of the police being met by the villagers; and we talked till we were weary, and listened to lies and to the falsest of false oaths on the holy Koran. Then came an unlooked-for surprise. In the midst of all this, Butchoo and Isa, with unparalleled insolence, led a band into our district, and committed two dacoities within a few miles of us. They were off like lightning, and their footprints were traced to their forest. I sent into Hyderabad for more police, nearly denuding headquarters, where the men left behind had to do double duty. For the foot police who came out I borrowed camels and ponies from zemindars, and had the roads and villages patrolled by armed men. We made more arrests of sympathisers, and encouraged loyal people by gifts of swords, puggrees, and even grants of land. After a few days my district was reduced to tranquillity, and the *pax Britannica* remained undisturbed. Then we decided to move into Thur and Parker and join forces with Steele, who was in command there. We stayed about a week with him, and joined him in various forays in the Mukhi Dhund. But not a soul did we catch, though on more than one occasion we were close upon the bandits. It took two years to bring all these dare-devils to book, and success was not obtained till Government sent a lot of troops and the whole forest was surrounded and scoured by the military. But I had no more trouble in my district. A great deal more was done in subduing these malefactors than was ever placed on record. They were a perfect curse to the country, and it was no use to be squeamish about methods in running them to earth. Woodburn, Mountford, and I were out nearly three weeks over this show. The hardships were unspeakable. We were always filthy. But, nevertheless, we had quite a merry time, and used to consider which theatres we would do first in London when we got the chance. I remember expressing my intention to visit the Gaiety before any other place of amusement, and renew my acquaintance with Edmund Payne. This intention I punctually carried out; and when I was enjoying the *Shop Girl* I thought of Butchoo and Isa and the Mukhi Dhund.

I always felt indignant when I had to turn out for a case on a Sunday; but I don't know how often this happened. One Sunday there was a murder case in Hyderabad city. A Hindoo named Motiram, a wretched-looking man, who lived with his wife in an equally wretched hut, rushed out from his hovel screaming at the top of his voice that a Pathan had entered his tenement, murdered his wife, and attempted to murder him. Motiram was bleeding profusely from a wound in the abdomen, and his wife's throat was cut practically from ear to ear. I went to the scene as soon as the case was reported to me. I at once sent Motiram to the civil hospital for treatment, and for a report on the nature of his wounds. The medical officer certified that the injuries were merely superficial. Meanwhile I learnt from examining the neighbours that no Pathan had been seen near there that day, and that no one had been observed entering Motiram's house. On the other hand, various people had heard the voices of the husband and wife in vociferous altercation, and cries from the woman of "Don't kill me, don't kill me!" The obvious conclusion was that Motiram had murdered his wife, and then inflicted a trivial wound on his own person to bolster up his cock-and-bull story about a Pathan. Assuming this hypothesis to be correct, the sessions court would certainly insist on the production of the weapon used by Motiram. We searched inside and outside the house for a couple of hours, but no weapon was to be found. There was a big pile of wood in the hut, and we moved every stick of this, but to no purpose. What on earth had the creature done with the weapon? At last I went away to get a belated Sunday breakfast. Within an hour Inspector Narayan Sing came to me with a razor covered with blood, which he said he had found among the pieces of wood on searching a second time. I verily believe he put it there himself in order to make the evidence complete. This I could neither prove nor disprove. The razor satisfied the sessions court, and Motiram was convicted. I asked the neighbours who had heard the quarrel and the woman's screams why they had not gone inside the hut to see what was happening. It was not their business, they said. That was all—not their business.

It was rather a cool thing to burgle the house of the head of the Police, but this happened while I was D.S.P. of Hyderabad. It was the hot weather, and all the doors and windows were wide open. Some time in the middle of the night my wife was awakened by a noise which she at first attributed to a pariah dog having strolled in. But looking around, she saw a dark column standing upright about two yards from her bed, and she gradually realised that it was a man who was holding in his hands a tin despatch box which contained her letters and papers. She called out "*Chor, chor!*" (thief, thief), and this awoke me. The intruder made a bolt of it, and as he went out of the door the light of the lamp fell on his back and she saw that he was oiled all over to make it difficult for anyone to seize hold of him. We rushed out in pursuit on to the *maidan*, or stony plain, on which our bungalow was situated, calling for all the orderlies and servants to assist us. They hurried up, wondering what on earth was the matter. We procured lanterns and scoured that *maidan* for ever so long, but found no one. At last we gave it up and retired to bed again, after sending word to all police patrols to be on the alert. Later on we were again aroused. This time it was to tell us that the thief had been caught by a mounted patrol in the compound of the chaplain's house, with various items of the padre's property in his possession. A few things of ours were also with him, including a telescopic tumbler which I used to carry about when I was after dacoits or other criminals. In the morning we found that, while we had been searching for our friend on the *maidan*, he had all the time been concealed behind the gate of our house, where there was a sort of little niche in the compound wall! The ground was sandy, and there were the marks of his feet. My wife's despatch box was discovered at the foot of a hill a few hundred yards below our house. It had been broken open and the letters, which were luckily tied up in packets, or the wind would have carried them to the four quarters of the earth, were thrown about on the ground. The man was a Hindoo from the Punjab, who had only come to Hyderabad for the first time the preceding day. He had no reason to suppose that my house was the residence of the head of the Police. Of course, he went to jail.

Another night I was aroused on account of a very unpleasant occurrence. A soldier from the battery of Royal Artillery had come to say that there had been a row in the barracks, and that one of the men had been killed. I got into uniform, went to the barracks, which were not far off, and took down the statements. There had been a lot of drinking and quarrelling after a sing-song, and one soldier had brutally kicked another and ruptured his spleen. The case was simple enough. I prosecuted the accused in the court of the District Magistrate, who sentenced the man to six months' imprisonment on a charge of "grievous hurt," there having been no intention of causing death. Not a single officer of the battery put in an appearance that night while I was investigating the case. I have seen a great deal of Tommy Atkins in India, and I am glad to say that in the great majority of cases he is an exemplary character. But this was a very slack battery. The men used to get drunk in the bazaar. One of the city head-constables, named Futteh Chund, was quite smart in dealing with soldiers who were the worse for liquor. He would get a hired carriage and pair, go up to them in the most polite way, and with gentle and engaging manners ask them to come for a drive with him, as he would show them where really good liquor and other attractions were to be found. The men would jump at the idea and assist each other into the carriage. Futteh Chund would then drive them off as hard as he could to their barracks and hand them over to the senior non-commissioned officer on duty.

One morning, just as I had returned to my bungalow from parade, orderly-room, and so on, I saw a great column of smoke ascending from the city. Off I rode at once to see what had happened. A terrible explosion had occurred through a cooly smoking a *bhidi*, or native cigarette, in the premises of a shopkeeper who had a license for the sale of gunpowder. Four or five people were killed outright, and the smell of burnt human flesh was sickening. I could not get it out of my nostrils for days. The house was on fire, and blazing fiercely, though the police fire-engine was already hard at work squirting a diminutive stream of water on to the flames. My men were busy pulling down walls, and otherwise trying to subdue the fire. I have been to many a fire, and the police have always acted splendidly. On this occasion I was standing on the flat mud roof of the next house directing operations, when a constable named Mahomed Ali Shah came and told me that there were some sacks full of gunpowder in a small go-down or store-room which formed a sort of separate story by itself on the top of the burning house. The go-down was approached by a tiny staircase. Mahomed Ali Shah did not wait for orders, but darted up the staircase, which was enveloped in smoke, and hauled out bag after bag. I placed other men below to take hold of the bags and pass them down to a place of safety as the plucky constable handed them out; and I directed the hose upon the go-down. I promoted Mahomed Ali Shah to the rank of head-constable upon the spot. When the fire was fairly subdued, I thought that I might leave. I was blackened with smoke and drenched with water. I rode home, changed into clean white uniform, and went to prosecute a dacoity case in the sessions court.

Once, in the month of August, I received information that there had been a dacoity about fourteen miles off from Hyderabad the preceding night. I was awfully angry and indignant at such a liberty being taken so close to my headquarters. I ordered my horse and at once rode off without taking kit or servant or anything beyond a small flask of whisky. It was frightfully hot, and I was glad half-way to get a drink of muddy water from a small canal, which was hardly rendered less nauseous by the admixture of the contents of my flask. I found that the dacoity was detected and four of the men arrested. But I was delayed with taking down statements and working up the evidence and could not return that night. Besides, my horse was a bit played out. A very nice young Hindoo zemindar put me up for the night and gave me quite a decent dinner. I had to eat it with my fingers. My host's name was Watoomul Pohomul. I saw a good deal of him afterwards. I had some excellent friends among the zemindars of the Hyderabad district. There was a first-rate man named Ghoolam Rusool, who lived at Jatoi in the north of the district. I stayed in his house several times. He had a great estate, with beautiful gardens and orange orchards. He was very keen on horse-breeding. He had perfect manners, and was a model landlord. He was made an honorary magistrate. He died some years ago. I am glad to say that his son, Imam Khan, promises to follow in his father's footsteps. At Matiari, about seventeen miles from Hyderabad, there were three brothers who were great friends of mine, named Syud Jindal Shah, Syud Hussan Ali Shah, and Syud Imam Ali Shah. They were well-to-do, but nevertheless always in debt. The youngest, Imam Ali Shah, had a great affection for my little son Michael, who reciprocated the feeling. My son was quite a well-known character in Sind. He spoke the language like a native. After he had been put to school in England I used to have endless inquiries about him. An old police inspector named Mungharam once said to me: "Sahib, it was wonderful to hear Michael Baba talk Sindi. You should have heard him abuse me!"

Latterly a Bengali named Baboo Bipin Chundra Pal has attained considerable notoriety as one of the leading seditionists of India. My wife and I met him in a very different connection at Hyderabad. He was a preacher of the Brahmo-Samaj, or theistical church of India. We went to hear him give several sermons or addresses. His eloquence, passionate fervour, and, at the same time, his calm, convincing logic, impressed us enormously. He seemed the ideal of an inspired missionary. How was it possible that it could be the same man who has since taken a peculiarly disgraceful part in sedition? The pity 'tis, 'tis true.

My wife and I were once witnesses of a terrible

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

TULHAR, IN SIND.

accident. There was a horse-show on at a place called Tulhar, in the south of the district, and we and a number of other people were encamped there. A Mr. and Mrs. Van Tassell had arranged to have a balloon ascent. Mrs. Van Tassell was to go up in the balloon and descend in a parachute. This had been done successfully in other places in Sind. The zemindars were very partial to an exhibition of this kind, and they subscribed liberally to the expenses. The balloon was inflated with hot air. It was being held down by about a dozen men, who were to let go when the signal was given by firing a gun. A furnace for heating the air in the balloon had been prepared in a hole in the ground, which had been excavated for the purpose. In connection with the furnace there was a brick chimney, with which there was an underground communication. Everything was ready. Mrs. Van Tassell was seated on a trapeze suspended from the balloon. The signal was given and the balloon released. At that moment a breeze suddenly sprang up, and the balloon, instead of immediately rising, moved in an oblique direction. We all saw what was about to happen, but no action was possible to prevent the impending catastrophe. Poor Mrs. Van Tassell was carried right against the chimney, which tumbled down by the force of her collision with it. The unfortunate woman gave a heartrending scream and looked deadly pale, and then was carried straight up into the air. It was the most pitiable and pathetic thing. There was no doubt that she had sustained some terrible injury, and there she was, ascending higher and higher. Would she be able to free the parachute from the balloon and effect her descent ?

The suspense was simply appalling. At last we saw the balloon, which may by that time have been half a mile above us, cease to rise. The parachute, to our intense relief, separated from the balloon and gradually came down. We hurried off with a string bed and some restoratives in the direction where the parachute seemed likely to descend. The wind carried it some distance away, and when we arrived at the spot, there was Mrs. Van Tassell on the ground, surrounded by such a crowd of natives that she was almost deprived of air. I instantly dispersed the crowd. Then somehow my wife and I got the poor woman on to the bed, and she was carried away to the place where she and her husband were putting up. She was in dreadful agony. The Civil Surgeon of Hyderabad was our guest in camp, but happened to have gone to inspect a dispensary fifteen miles off. I sent a sawar full speed after him with a letter to say what had happened; but he could not get back for some hours. When he arrived he found that Mrs. Van Tassell had sustained a fracture of the thigh. It is hard to imagine a more dreadful circumstance than to be carried willy-nilly into the air in such an appalling condition. The operation was most successful; but I don't think Mrs. Van Tassell ever essayed another balloon flight. Colonel Hume-Henderson, the Civil Surgeon, and Mrs. Henderson were and are our most intimate and valued friends.

In spite of all its disadvantages in the way of climate, sickness, and isolation, there was something fascinating and captivating about Sind. There was a sense of empire there which I had not experienced elsewhere. I have never known any place where personal influence went for so much. One had a sense of being a real power in the land. The administration was very satisfactory, notwithstanding that there was more corruption to deal with on the part of native officials of all departments than I have met with anywhere else. What would have passed for dishonesty in the Deccan would have been flagrant honesty in Sind. In the face of this, it may seem paradoxical to say that the administration was satisfactory. But there is not much logic in India, and precious little in Sind. One reason why things were efficiently done was that most of the civil officers belonged to the Sind Commission—a sort of separate Civil Service for the province. The members of the Commission served all their life in Sind, and so obtained a most intimate knowledge of the country and the people. Perhaps to them Sind represented the "predominant partner" among the various constituent portions of the British Empire, the United Kingdom looming nebulously in the hazy distance! Most unfortunately, the Sind Commission is nearly extinct, and appointments are filled by officers of the Indian Civil Service, who come to Sind to-day and go to-morrow. What Sind, above all places, wants is personal government and continuity of appointment. Some of the members of the old Commission were military officers. Others had drifted into the service in the same way that I had. Of these, Mr. R. Giles rose to be Commissioner in Sind, and I have not met in any service more thorough and efficient administrators than my friends Steele and Mules, who were for years Collectors and District Magistrates. I do not for a moment mean to imply that members of the Indian Civil Service were, or are, *per se* less able than officers of the Sind Commission. But for a man to be sent to Sind for a year or two against his will, and to count the days for his return to the Deccan, is not the way to get a good ruler for Sind. When in July, 1899, I left Sind for the presidency, it was not at my own request.

On society at Hyderabad I look back with somewhat mingled feelings. It is best to think of the brighter part of it; and there were many people whom it was a real pleasure to know. On and off, though by no means continuously, we had a great deal of amusement. There was a racecourse, and once a year, in the Hyderabad "week," there was a big race-meeting. The week was a great institution, when any amount of people came from Karachi and other stations, and we had, besides the races, balls, cricket, tennis and golf, picnics, and all sorts of tamashas. Apart from the week, we used to have riding parties, drinks being sent out to places a few miles off, small race-meetings and gymkhanas, with Lloyd-Lindsay and other mounted competitions, theatricals, concerts, dances, musical at-homes after dinner, and mounted paper-chases. These latter afforded excellent recreation. All these things would go on just as if there were no such thing in existence as a thermometer registering a hundred degrees odd in the shade! Dinner-parties were, of course, of constant occurrence.

CHAPTER XII

THE PLAGUE AND ITS TERRORS—THE DHARWAR DISTRICT—ROTTEN POLICE AND TERRIBLE CRIMINALITY—MY WRATH AT INSPECTOR KRISHNAJI—I GET THE BETTER OF THE DACOITS—SOME PAINFUL EXPERIENCES—I SHOOT A TIGER—THE AWFUL DISCOMFORTS IN INVESTIGATING CRIMES—DEATH OF QUEEN VICTORIA—DISTRESS OF THE NATIVES

MY transfer from Sind in July, 1899, came as a bolt from the blue. We had been on short leave to Simla, and two days before leaving the hills I received orders to go to Poona on special duty. Had I in the least anticipated such a thing we should not have undertaken the expensive journey to Simla. There would have been no need to do so. After two or three months at Poona I was moved on to Dharwar, three hundred miles south, as D.S.P. of that district. These journeys financially ruined me. It being the monsoon time, and the sea very rough, I could not take my three horses by steamer. They had to be marched about two hundred miles across country to Deesa, and thence railed. All that Government allowed me was double first-class fare by rail and single fare by steamer, while I had to pay out of my own pocket for my wife by sea, my two children, various servants, my horses, dog-cart, tents, and all my worldly goods by steamer and rail. I suppose my various transfers to and from Sind cost me some thousands of rupees. It being the season at Poona, I had to pay nearly as much for a house for two or three months as I should have had to for a whole year. It came to this, that when we moved on to Dharwar, I had to get an advance from Government to defray the expenses of my journey. This was my financial position after twenty-two years in Government service. But worse was to come.

We had a miserable time at Poona. I had seen something of that frightful scourge, bubonic plague, at Hyderabad. But it was nothing to Poona. The whole place was in a piteous state. All day long an endless procession of dead bodies on their way to the burning ghauts went past the gate of our compound, and the cries of "*Rama! Rama!*" (the god who escorts the departed to another world) which issued from the bearers, were too pathetic for words. The city seemed a place of the dead. People had taken refuge from the pestilence that walketh by noonday in temporary huts and tents set up in all directions outside the stricken area. Shops were closed, servants had fled, and all business was disorganised. A feeble attempt was made by Europeans to keep up the amusements of the Poona season, but there was no real heart in anything. Plague hospitals met one's eye everywhere. Immense efforts were made by Government to cope with the situation. The intentions of the authorities were entirely beneficent; but excepting inoculation, about which opinions are conflicting, I fear that to natives the remedies seemed worse than the disease. They were desperately severe, and at the same time singularly inefficacious. I am not surprised at the bitter discontent which they aroused. I don't believe that they would have been tolerated in England. Plague camps were erected at a large number of railway stations, and whole train-loads of people were bundled out and kept in the camps for a week before they were allowed to proceed on their journey, in order to see if they developed the dire disease. There was stringent house-to-house visitation, and if any person was suspected of having plague the whole family was forcibly removed to a plague camp. The terrible hardship of this upon both Hindoos and Mahometans can be better imagined than described when one thinks of the almost sacred seclusion in which the females of the household are accustomed to dwell. One of the most grievous mistakes which we ever made in India was the employment of British soldiers in the Poona city on the unenviable task of searching the houses of Brahmins and other high-caste people for cases of plague. If they found one, besides the removal of the people, there was the wholesale destruction of curtains and hangings which might contain the germs of the disease. The cherished possessions of the women were flung out of the windows into the streets, to be carted away and burnt. The behaviour of the soldiers in these trying circumstances was most exemplary. But if an Englishman's house is regarded as his castle, the Indian's dwelling is as sacred as a nunnery and a shrine combined. This invasion by white soldiers seemed nothing short of desecration. If it was the will of God that they should all die of plague, said the people, then let them die without these added horrors.

But it did not seem right to the authorities to let the people die. To preserve life and stay the spread of the disease were the principles to be observed. It is easy to be wise after the event. All that can be said is that such measures would never again be adopted in a like emergency.

When we reached Dharwar things were, if possible, worse. My predecessor's wife was barely convalescent from plague. He could not move her; so he took a month's leave, and stayed on in his house, which was consequently not available for us. Moreover, it had already been promised to some natives. The few houses usually occupied by Europeans which happened to have fallen vacant were crammed full of natives who had fled from the plague-stricken city. What were we to do? Most fortunately, an old friend, Mr. Anderson, Chief Engineer of the Southern Mahratta Railway, proved a guardian angel and took us all under his hospitable roof for a week. "All" consisted of my wife, myself, our two children, and an English nurse. Anderson did this at great inconvenience to himself. It was one of those things that one remembers for a lifetime. At the end of this visit a resident, who was going away for a month, placed his house at our disposal. After that there was no house to be had at all, and we went into camp for the touring season without any house behind us to fall back upon in case of need. This saved house-rent, which was some advantage. The Police of the Dharwar district were in a deplorable state. Even in ordinary circumstances they were notoriously a rotten lot. The people of the district were of very inferior type. Not a man of them ever thought of joining the native army. They were a soft, feeble race, well-to-do, and enervated by good living, for the soil was rich and fertile. The climate, though it had great advantages, had this drawback, that there was no cold weather, and it needs that desideratum to breed a man. Given a low temperature for a portion of the year, it does not matter how hot it is for the rest of the time, witness the splendid men of Upper Sind. Consequent on their climate and conditions, the members of the Dharwar Police were as slack as they could be. What a change from Hyderabad! But the circumstances were far from ordinary. Owing to plague, and the evils concomitant therewith, police work had become so irksome that for a long time recruits had ceased to present themselves, and the force was about fifty below strength. Apart from this, another fifty had been taken away for employment on special plague duty—guarding camps, hospitals, railway stations, and so on. This was an iniquitous arrangement, and should never have been allowed. Fancy, at a time when police were most urgently required, depriving the force of fifty men for extraneous duties! Never were police more needed for their legitimate functions. The district was seething and reeking with crime. My very first business was to get back the men from plague duty. I was told that I could have them if I could replace them by anyone else. This I soon did. I got hold of pensioners and others who answered the purpose all right, and whom I supplied with some partially worn uniform from the police stores to represent authority. There was no need of educated and drilled men for plague duty. Any man of decent character answered the purpose. I left three or four head-constables for general supervision over the new hands. I also set about recruiting as hard as I could. It did not do to be too particular as to qualifications. Anything was better than nothing. Applicants soon began to put in an appearance, and within a few months the force was complete, with a few unpaid "candidates" over. The new men were at least as good as the old lot. There was a limited number of mounted police, eleven in all, for the whole district. In this time of emergency I found these men employed in the useful occupation of drilling at headquarters! Now a mounted policeman in India is equal to about half a dozen men on foot. He inspires great awe amongst the population at large. I straightway got hold of a map of the district, with which, of course, I was totally unacquainted, and sent out all the mounted men, even giving up my own orderly, to the places which I was informed were the most criminal. I also wrote in urgently to the Inspector-General of Police, asking for assistance by the deputation of police from other districts. This could not be done; but Government authorised me for a few months to enlist as extra police thirty men of good physique and decent character, whether otherwise qualified or not, to strengthen the regular force. I soon got the men, issued regulation belts, boots, and puggrees (other articles of uniform were not available), armed them with heavy sticks, and sent them to patrol the worst areas, under the direction of the chief constables of the talookas, with a stiffening of regular police. Very good work they did.

Almost from the first I had good luck in the Dharwar district. But it was a terrible business getting things into order. Talk of cleansing the proverbial Augean stable! There had been nearly eighty dacoities in the district that year before I took charge in the latter part of October. The Police had become utterly disheartened and callous. It was sufficient for them to report each new dacoity without taking any action at all. Plague was raging throughout the district, and people had evacuated towns and villages to live in reed huts. This was a splendid opportunity for thieves and robbers. Everywhere in India there is a fringe of the population on the borderland of respectability and disreputability. For these nondescripts the temptation afforded by people, many of them in possession of considerable valuables, living in such an unprotected state, was too great to be resisted. The bolder spirits went for the temporary camps. The inhabitants of the district were a set of utter cowards and never attempted to resist. The dacoits, too, were cowards and would not act in less numbers than twenty-five or thirty at a time. Minor thieves ransacked the deserted houses, many of them being stricken with plague in the process. In my first ten days of this paradise of thieves no less than fifteen dacoities, several of them serious ones, attended with loss of life, were reported. Not only was the district new to me, but I hardly knew a word of the language, which was Kanarese. As the Scotch minister said when preaching on the text which narrated how Samson caught three hundred foxes and tied them together by their tails, "the subject breestled wi' deeficulties."

One day, within a week of my arrival, I received red letter envelopes, dauries, or expresses, as they called them, containing reports of five serious dacoities at places not far apart from each other near Hangal, in the south of the district. I hastened off, with a view, if I could achieve nothing else, to acquire some personal knowledge of the country, people, Police, and criminals. I went by the evening train to a place called Haveri, about sixty miles from Dharwar. I took my bicycle with me. This was a new means to me of getting about; for since bicycles came in I had been in Sind, where the roads were hopeless for biking. I took a servant and some provisions. I slept at the Haveri station. The next morning, very early, I was informed that the police inspector of that part of the district had arrived. His name was Krishnaji. He was a Brahmin, and a strong, fine-looking man, bigger and taller than I was. I had a talk with him, and at first he impressed me favourably, though I was aware that he had been doing very little of late. But I made allowance for all the circumstances, especially as it was impossible to avoid realising that the police for some time past had had a chief who did nothing except continually curse his men. I asked Krishnaji how he was going on to Hangal, which was twenty-two miles by road. He replied that he had his horse with him and he was going to ride. I inquired how long it would take him to get to Hangal. He said that he would have to rest in the middle of the day, and hoped to arrive in the evening. This was too intolerable; but I restrained my indignation and told him that, whatever sort of horse he had, I expected him to be there by midday. I then set off on my machine, leaving my kit to follow in a bullock cart.

The road was very hilly, and I had to cross a broad, unbridged river a few miles out from Haveri. The apparatus for crossing was a kind of enormous coracle composed of skins affixed to a wooden framework. Bullock carts could be conveyed in this curious ferry. Of course, the coracle was the other side of the river when I reached the place, and there was endless delay in achieving this bit of navigation. I reached Hangal at about eleven o'clock, and found a district bungalow in which the only piece of furniture was a broken chair. This was better than nothing. I got hold of a constable whom I sent to the mamlatdar with a message that I should like to see him. All the responsible police officers were away for the dacoities. After an hour and a half the mamlatdar saw fit to pay his respects to me. There was no indecent haste in the Dharwar district. I learnt that the five dacoities had all taken place within a comparatively close area about five miles from Hangal, and that it was impossible to proceed on a bicycle. After another long delay the mamlatdar procured me a funny little pony and a man to show me the way. Meanwhile, I was distinctly hungry. I had nothing with me, and there was no chance of my kit turning up till the evening. The constable whom I had met with came to the rescue, and gave me a few plantains and some coarse rice that he had cooked for his own dinner. I was glad to be able to promote him a little later on. I waited till two o'clock for the inspector; but as there were no signs of his august presence, I went on without him. I visited two of the scenes of crime, one of which was named Belwutti, without achieving any particular result; and then I went to a third at a village called Maharajpet. Here I found the chief constable of the talooka, a really smart Mahometan from Poona, whose name was Abdul Rashid Khan, a very different stamp of officer from the indigenous product of Dharwar. He was surrounded by a crowd of people, and was busily engaged in taking down statements. To my immense satisfaction, I found that he had obtained the most valuable information regarding the case. I stayed on till dark, going through the evidence. One of the dacoits, being aggrieved at not receiving what he considered a fair share of the spoil, had split on his friends and given the whole show away. A number of his confederates were present, and to my surprise calmly stated that it was all true. A moiety of the property was produced. We formally arrested about ten men that day. I should have liked to stay at Maharajpet for the night and see the job through; but even a policeman must have some creature comforts. Dharwar was not like Sind, where there were big landholders who could put one up in a rough-and-ready sort of a way. Here there was only the three-acres-and-a-cow man. So I rode back on the diminutive pony to Hangal, where I found my servant with a dinner and bed ready for me. I had forgotten all about Inspector Krishnaji; but after I had had my dinner I was informed that he had arrived and was desirous of seeing me. I ordered him to be admitted, and asked him very politely what had delayed him, at the same time informing him that I had visited the scenes of three of the dacoities. He informed me in the most matter-of-fact way that he had halted at a roadside village to have a meal cooked for him and to take a rest. Then my wrath blazed out. I did not know before the extent of language that I had at my command. After enduring my bombardment for a considerable time he gradually edged backwards towards the door, and finally disappeared. He never forgot this experience, and afterwards did excellent work for me. There was no more halting half a day by the roadside for rest and food. The next morning I went back to Maharajpet and continued operations. By evening we had made no less than twenty-eight arrests and recovered most of the property. The same miscreants had committed the five dacoities. The accused were all convicted in the sessions court, and the aggregate of the terms of transportation and imprisonment to which they were sentenced came to four hundred years. One of the ringleaders, a Mahometan named Fakirapa, had for a long time past given out that he was king of Hangal. I had various talks with this gentleman in jail later on. He was always asking to be released, urging that he would bring to justice any number of malefactors if he were set free. But I thought that one Fakirapa in jail was worth many in the jungle.

This Maharajpet dacoity was a splendid piece of luck, and had great deterrent effect on the criminals, besides encouraging the depressed police. Then came another bit of good fortune. I had been inquiring about other leaders besides the king of Hangal. I learnt that, with one exception, there were no particular leaders, dacoity being, so to speak, in the air. But there was one man named Bussapa, who was very much to the fore. He had been arrested for dacoity a couple of years previously by the Police of Kanara, my neighbouring district, but had escaped before he was brought to trial. Since that time he had been the instigator of many crimes of violence. I wrote in to Government, asking for a reward of a thousand rupees to be offered for his capture. Considering how thousands and thousands of rupees had been poured out like water in plague measures, I did not think my demand exorbitant. It seemed to me that the dacoities were a blot on British administration, and ought to be fought as plague was being fought. Certainly I was allowed to enlist some extra men, but beyond this I could not get much interest shown in the matter. Plague seemed to knock everything else on the head. I was mildly snubbed for my excessive demand, and a reward of two hundred rupees was offered for Bussapa. This enterprising gentleman, who had amassed some thousands of rupees, and whose arrest would have been cheap at one thousand, was almost immediately captured in a way that was the reverse of melodramatic. Going by night with two friends to join a party of dacoits he felt thirsty, and the three entered an enclosure of palm trees to get a drink of raw toddy juice. The plantation was a particularly valuable one, and the owner had installed a couple of up-country Hindoostanees to protect it. These men, observing trespassers, promptly went for them, and captured Bussapa and another, little knowing what a haul they had made. Bussapa joined the king of Hangal in jail. I went to several more dacoities in my first month, and fortune was on my side. The Police became emboldened, and the fear of God was put into the budmashes. Never did I have more arduous work than in my first month at Dharwar, and never did I enjoy greater success. Crime soon returned to its normal condition. Its normal condition was heavy enough, goodness knows. The district was always a criminal one. This was only natural, considering that the people at large had lots of things worth stealing and very little courage to protect their goods and chattels. Apart from crime, it was an awful business to get my office and the administration of the Police into order. My clerks put before me bundles and bundles of vernacular papers for disposal. Everything was in hopeless arrears. There were reports against constables for sleeping on duty eight and ten months before, and everything else in the same condition of things. I skimmed through all these correspondences, selected a few that were really important, disposed of these, and had the rest filed. Then I was able to start fair, and if a constable was guilty of any misdemeanour, he did not have to wait eight months for his punishment.

Apart from criminality and the slackness of the Police, Dharwar was a charming district. The climate was far above the average. The heat was never great, and the temperature in the rains was delightful—almost too chilly at times. The drawback was that there was no cold weather. We spent two Christmases in the district, and each was unpleasantly hot, except at night. The scenery of the western half of the district was beautiful. There were picturesque hills, dense forests, and very pretty tanks, as in Anglo-Indian phraseology we designate lakelets, or even lakes. I had never seen such pleasing landscapes in India, except on the Himalayas or the range of Western Ghauts. Many of our camps were in fascinating places, and our rides from one to another were very enjoyable. At the south of the district was a great river called the Tungaboodhra, which separated the Bombay from the Madras Presidency. I often had a swim in this stream. Many of the names of places were jawbreaking. Our first camp was at a village which rejoiced in the name of Kunvi-Honapur.

Before we left Dharwar for camp we were all inoculated for plague, even our little daughter, who was less than a year old, and all our servants. The value of inoculation is disputed. I should say that a certain amount of good results have been proved. But as the effect is only supposed to last for six months, and plague has now been going on for more than twelve years, the amount of times that anyone would have to undergo the process is rather excessive. Once was enough for me. We all got fever, and were generally knocked up by the effects of the operation. I preferred in future to trust in Providence and risk the plague. As if plague were not enough, cholera and smallpox were raging in many parts of the district. There was a place in the south called Rani-Bennur, where we had a ghastly experience. Arriving there one morning in the course of our tour, we found our tents pitched under some excellent trees on the brow of a picturesque hill. Close to this apparently most desirable spot was a Mahometan cemetery. We asked the local chief constable, named Roodra-Gauda, if the burial-ground were now in use or not. He replied that it had not been used for years. However, the next morning we saw some men digging a hole quite near to our camp, and as we went out to inquire what this was for, the corpse of a man who had died of smallpox was brought for interment. We were horror-stricken. We instantly had our tents struck and our camp moved to the next place which I had to visit. I am afraid my inspection of the Ranibennur police station was very sketchy. There were no untoward results from this *contretemps*, but for some days we were very anxious. Other people were not so fortunate. There was a Captain Stewart engaged on plague duty in the district. Travelling with him were Mrs. Stewart and two children. We met the Stewarts at several places. On one of their moves they arrived at a camp after dark in the evening, and spent the night in their tent. In the morning they noticed that the ground where their tent was pitched had been recently disturbed. After much cross-examination, they elicited the fact that a number of people who had died of plague had been buried under the place which had been so thoughtfully selected for their camp. They departed in hot haste, but it was too late, for their dear little boy contracted diphtheria and died in a few days. These two cases are typical of the folly of natives. You can never count on their exercising common sense, or doing anything right, even if they have done it hundreds of times before. I prefer to remember their good points. But their bad points used to be absolutely maddening, and their extraordinary foolishness the worst. It is much easier to deal with a knave than with a fool. Even their everlasting lies would not have been so bad if they had not been so senseless and palpable. It constituted an insult to one's intelligence to be told the silly, futile lies that one had to listen to day by day. The Persian proverb says, "Never tell a lie when the truth will serve your purpose equally well." But in India, when the simple truth would serve the purpose admirably, out comes the usual string of lies.

I was never much of a shikari, or sportsman, though I had been keen on pig-sticking in my younger days. Often, especially in Sind, natives had asked if they might not show me some sport. I told them that my shikar was robbers and murderers, and that, so long as I got a good bag of these, I wanted nothing more. A shot-gun was no use to me. But I could shoot with a rifle; and I can say that I did not live all those years in India without killing a tiger. One morning, when on tour in the Dharwar district, we arrived at a place called Dhoondshi, to find a crowd of natives congregated near our tents. They were a deputation from a village about three miles off, and their mission was to tell me that a panther was killing and eating the goats in their village, and would the Sahib come and shoot it? They added that the panther was not exactly in the best of health. I do not know if this detail was intended as an additional inducement to me to tackle the enemy of the village goats. Of course, I said that I would go, and about four o'clock in the afternoon I set off. I may as well tell the story in all its mad and naked truth. My wife insisted on accompanying me. Not only that, but our son Michael, aged about seven and a half, refused to be left behind. I cordially admit that it is easier to rule a district than to rule a family. When we got to the neighbourhood of the village we were shown some very rough ground covered with leafless thorn bushes, and here the panther was said to have his habitation. There was not much doubt as to the correctness of this information, for the object of my intentions lifted up his voice, yea, and that a mighty voice. He roared as ferociously as Bottom undertook to do when he said, "I will roar, that it will do any man's heart good to hear me; I will roar, that I will make the duke say: 'Let him roar again, let him roar again.'"

The first thing to do was to shove Michael up a tree with strict injunctions to sit tight. The next was to try to get a view through the thorns of the gentleman who was roaring so valiantly. I may here note that I was armed with a single-shot Winchester, sighted up to three hundred yards. My wife carried a Quakenbush. What she hoped to achieve with this formidable weapon I don't know. Luckily she did not try any rash experiments with it. We had not long to wait for a sight of the panther. Pacing up and down in an exceedingly bad temper, there was visible, through a place where the thorns were fairly thin, not a panther, but a beautiful half-grown tiger, apparently in vigorous health, with as fine stripes as one could wish to see. The thorns would have constituted no obstacle had he desired to go for us. We were standing only about forty paces from him. Perhaps the sight of an English lady disconcerted his majesty. He moved up and down for a time as if he were doing sentry-go, keeping up a magnificent series of roars, and then he halted and looked up and down as though considering what he had better do. Here was my opportunity. I had an excellent view. My first shot bowled him over, but I gave him another to make sure. We carried him home in great triumph, escorted by a long procession of villagers, who all wanted buckshish. This was the 27th of February, 1900. On that day we heard of the relief of Ladysmith. It was also my birthday. For all these reasons I felt myself justified in giving my office staff a holiday the next day. On another occasion I got a splendid cheetul, or spotted deer.

At the end of this tour we got a house of sorts, which had been occupied by natives. Then came the experience which is so common in India. Michael had to be sent home for his education, and my wife took the two children to England. I was, of course, obliged to borrow the money for this expensive business. When the family went away I shared my bungalow with a young Assistant who was learning his work. I had to be most economical, a process which was by no means congenial to me. But needs must when one's family is at the other end of the world and is represented by the wrong end of the cheque-book. However, this is everyone's experience, sooner or later. In the beginning of the cold weather my wife came out again with our little daughter, and we went into camp for the usual tour. Dharwar was a very pleasant station. It was charmingly pretty. The compounds of the bungalows were so large as to be like parks. They were covered with waving grass and studded with graceful trees. The site of the station was undulating, and some of the houses commanded beautiful views. The roads were all bordered with aloe trees. Dharwar was the headquarters of the Southern Mahratta Railway, and so there was a large number of residents. There was a particularly nice club, with tennis and badminton courts, billiards and library. Everyone was most friendly, and I have the pleasantest recollections of Dharwar. We used to have cricket matches on the police parade-ground, which was the best I have known. I was very hard worked with office, drill, recruiting, musketry, and so on; and I was constantly called away for crime. Murders went on merrily; but in 1900 there were only twenty-five dacoities, as compared with ninety-nine the preceding year. Of these, only three were at all serious. In the five months of 1901 that I was at Dharwar there were only two or three. One dacoity is exceedingly like another, and there would not be much use in describing any of them. The murder cases were of a very sordid and uninteresting nature. I remember the awful discomforts involved in visiting the scenes of crime more vividly than the crimes themselves. The heat and dust of Sind had been bad enough; but it was almost worse being out for several days at a time in drenching rain, and only being able to change from one set of clothes that was wringing wet to another that was much in the same condition. There was a place called Bussapur which I was at for a dacoity for three or four days. I put up in a hovel in the middle of the village. Whenever I stepped outside I was ankle-deep in mud. In the intervals between being called away to investigate crimes I had a very cheery time at Dharwar. There were the usual dinner-parties, with an occasional concert; and once we rose to having a "week," when a number of people came in from Belgaum for cricket and other diversions, including a capital dance in the badminton shed. Among many pleasant friends were

Mr. Warden, a brother officer in charge of the Railway Police, and Mrs. Warden.

One phase of villainy with which I had to contend was in connection with plague. To a certain class of people this dire disease came as a providential arrangement for the filling of their pockets. Hospital assistants, Police, and other officials who had anything to do with plague camps, disinfection of houses, examination of railway passengers, and other arrangements reaped a splendid harvest. Perhaps a rich merchant was direfully anxious to move on, whether on account of business, or for the sake of escorting his family to a place of safety. What was easier for a subordinate medical officer than to take his temperature, examine his pulse, and say that he was obviously sickening for plague? But a *douceur* of five rupees had a marvellous effect in procuring a clean bill of health; and sums of even a hundred rupees would change hands in these transactions. In house-to-house visitation it was a simple matter to say that any of the inmates had the symptoms of plague, and to refrain from reporting the matter on receiving an insult conveyed in coin of the realm. If a death occurred from ordinary fever this could be set down to plague, with the consequences of having the house evacuated and disinfected and the whole family bundled off to a plague camp. But a few rupees saved a lot of trouble. Police constables could not make so much; but it was easy to get four annas from a man in a plague camp who wanted temporarily to return to his house for some reason or another. The ingenuity of the Oriental in turning everything to his pecuniary advantage is singularly pronounced.

We were more than once in camp at a pretty place called Karujgi, on the banks of a river. Our tents were in the shade of a beautiful mango tope. There was a Brahmin family, whose surname was Jogleker, at this place whom we knew very well. Since leaving Dharwar I have exchanged many letters with Vishvanath Jogleker. It was when we were in this camp that the news of Queen Victoria's death reached us. It was extraordinary and pathetic to observe the sorrow displayed by all the natives. They mourned as though they were children who had lost their mother. They had been accustomed so long to live under the rule of Queen Victoria that they could hardly believe that her reign had come to an end. Vishvanath Jogleker and I called together a meeting of the people of Karujgi, and I talked to them about the greatness and goodness of the Queen whom we had lost. What I said had to be interpreted into Kanarese. I was so struck with the emotions visible on all sides that I could not help trying to reproduce them in the following verses :—

THE GREAT WHITE QUEEN

"We need no trappings, no plumes that nod;
The crape in our soul is worn;
For the Great White Queen who has gone to her God,
Who has trodden the road that her sires have trod,
Hearts, not garments are torn.

"From plain and mountain, river and shore,
From Delhi to Mandalay,
From Agra, Amritsar, and Lahore,
To Tuticorin and Travancore,
We mourn and lament to-day.

"Ibrahim, Rama, and Yusufzai,
Krishna and Mohidin,
Tara, Fatima, Lukshmibai,
Christian, Jain, and Parsee cry,
For the death of the Great White Queen.

"In Church and Musjid and Hindu Shrine
The warring creeds are still;
One inward faith, one outward sign,
The hearts of the worshippers intertwine,
As they bow to the heavenly will.

"For West is East, and East is West,
They who were twain are one;
In the love of the Great Queen gone to her rest,
The Queen whom her myriad subjects blest,
The will of the Queen be done.

"Friend of us all, or dark or light,
By few of us ever seen;
Whether our skin be dusky or white,
'Tis our thought by day, our dream by night,
Victoria, Mother, Queen!

"Brothers in arms and brothers in name,—
The name of the Great White Queen;
England's glory, India's fame,
Ever together, ever the same,
With never a word between.

"One chafes at the weight of an alien hand,
And sighs for the days that have been,
Chafes that the foreigner's command
Flies to and fro o'er Shivaji's land,—
But he weeps for the Great White Queen.

"Heart of our hearts! She was slow to chide;
Strong, she was strength to the faint;
Our joys her joy, for our tears she cried,
Her joys our joy, for her griefs we sighed,
Shri Devi, Mother, Saint.

"In her far-off isle our script she read,
Our homely tongue she spoke;
But the Great White Queen's pure spirit has fled,
Her last kind gracious word has been said
To her stricken Indian folk.

"She will live in our hearts to our dying day,
A memory ever green;
Teach we our daughters and sons to pray
For the soul of her who has passed away,
Shri Devi, Goddess, Queen!

"*Times of India*, February 16, 1901."

We had just finished our second travelling season in Dharwar, when I received orders transferring me to Poona as D.S.P. I was very happy at Dharwar, and didn't want a move to Poona or anywhere else. The transfer meant another great expense. However, Poona was the most important district in the presidency, and I was told to consider my selection as a compliment.

CHAPTER XIII

TRANSFERRED TO POONA—EUROPEAN SUBORDINATES—THEIR LOVE AFFAIRS—LORD CURZON'S POLICE COMMISSION—THE THANA DISTRICT—THE RUINED CITY OF BASSEIN—FRIENDSHIP WITH INDIANS—CRIME AT BANDORA—CAPTURE OF THE CRIMINALS IN BOMBAY—FUTTEH KHAN SHOOTS HIS COUSIN—IS ARRESTED THE OTHER SIDE OF INDIA—THE SUNJAN CASE—DHATURA POISONING—THE MOHURRUM—I CIRCUMVENT THE BANDORA BUTCHERS—I WRITE ANOTHER BOOK

I FOUND the work at Poona quite light compared with Dharwar. For one thing, Mr. Michael Kennedy, from whom I took over, had left everything in perfect order and up to date. He was appointed to act as Inspector-General. The district, on the whole, was not a criminal one. The most important part of the charge consisted of the city and cantonments. There was always political agitation in the city, which had to be carefully watched, and the presence of Government each year for the five months of the monsoon necessitated a great deal of attention. At Poona I had about fifteen European police officers under me, inspectors and sergeants. From a police point of view they were invaluable. In their private capacity, especially the younger men, they gave me a great deal of trouble. The settling of their love affairs took up a considerable amount of time. Fathers of blushing damsels would come to me to ask if I thought that Sergeants Robinson and Brown were in a position to marry and would make good husbands. One lady came to me and indulged in a flow of oratory that lasted an hour because Sergeant Jenkins, who had been courting her for months, refused to lead her to the altar. "It was a standing disgrace," she said, striking a dramatic attitude, "not only to the Police, but to the British Army." Jenkins had been in the Gunners. I was not responsible for the British Army; but I tackled Jenkins on the delicate question. "It was this way," he said. "You see, sir, I met the young lady at a dance, and afterwards at a tea-party. I was partial to her, but I had no thoughts of marrying her. I met her again, and, begging your pardon, sir, she said as how she couldn't love anyone but me. I edged off, but she has been running after me ever since." I would sooner go after a dacoity than have to deal with knotty points of this description.

The licensing of hackney carriages was a very troublesome and disagreeable piece of work for D.S.P.'s in all districts. The owners of the phaetons, shigrams, and tongas were up to every possible dodge. Their vehicles would appear for inspection with new harness, cushions, and lamps, and a very decent horse, or pair of horses as the case may be, and a driver in smart livery. A few days later the same carriage would be seen with harness falling to pieces, the other accessories in the same condition, a Jehu in ragged garments, and miserable horses in the shafts. The brand-new articles and good horses that had been displayed at inspection had been passed on from carriage to carriage for the Sahib to pass the turn-out. When called upon for explanation of the astonishing metamorphosis, reasons, of course, were plentiful as blackberries. Then followed retribution in the shape of a cancelled license. All sorts of measures had to be resorted to at an infinity of trouble to prevent these little artifices, and every article had to be stamped and numbered, and corresponding entries made in a register. The horses were numbered on their hoofs. A few constables were selected to look after the *gharies*. These, of course, proceeded to amass fortunes by taking four annas to overlook delinquencies. The men had to be changed when they became too well versed in this art. At Poona there were eight hundred carriages to pass, and the operation took days and days. The harness had to be removed from each animal, for there was every chance of finding horrible galls and sores beneath the collars and girths. "What do you call this," asked burly Inspector Moore of Sergeant Simmons, who had been to sea, as a cumbrous vehicle all on one side rolled up to be passed or rejected; "a list to port?" "A Dutch galleon in a storm, sir," solemnly responded Simmons, who knew something of pictures as well as of ships.

Before I had been two months at Poona as D.S.P. I got another transfer. I was appointed to do duty as Assistant Inspector-General. This was, so far as the name went, a new appointment; but in point of fact it was the same old job of Personal Assistant, only under a glorified name, that I had held years before. The very idea of it was hateful to me. We had to move out of our house, which we had made quite beautiful, for it belonged to Government and was the official residence of the D.S.P. for the time being. I tried to get out of the transfer, but it was no use. I was told it was a compliment, but I was tired of such compliments. It was no use arguing, so I took up the job and did my best in it. I was too old and too senior for the billet, and I disliked it intensely. I held it for nearly two years. Michael Kennedy acted as Inspector-General for most of this time, and my relations with him were of the most cordial and friendly nature. What he did not know about police work wasn't worth knowing. From a society point of view, we had a charming time during this period. The only police experience worth recording was extraneous to the appointment.

In February, 1902, I received a telegram saying that my father, Sir George Cox, was dead, and I succeeded him as fifteenth baronet. Owing to a certain circumstance I did not take up the title until I had consulted Lord Northcote, Governor of Bombay. The circumstance referred to was this. The Heralds' College required a birth certificate dating more than two hundred years ago. As the records of the church in County Cork did not go so far back as the date required by half a century, I naturally could not satisfy them in this particular. Lord Northcote saw from my papers that it was all right, and with his concurrence I accepted the dignity.

In July, 1902, I was placed on special duty for three months. Lord Curzon had instituted a "Police Commission" to inquire into the working of the Police all over India. For each presidency and province there was to be a preliminary Police Committee to go about and take evidence. The officers selected for the Bombay Presidency were Mr. E. L. Cappel, C.I.E., of the Civil Service; Mr. Dyaram Gidoomul, a Hindoo judge; and myself. We went about to a number of districts, including Ahmedabad, Surat, Belgaum, Dharwar, and Satara, and examined hundreds of witnesses, official and non-official. Really it was an appalling business. Never once did we come across anyone who had a good word for the Police. One would have thought, from all that was said of their tyranny, corruption, and general worthlessness, that the only thing to do with the Police was to get rid of them altogether. I was, indeed, rejoiced when it was all over, and we had submitted our report. I may be considered conceited, but I firmly believe it impossible that even a moiety of the iniquities imputed to the Police could have taken place in any district of which I had charge. But it was a grand opportunity for the witnesses to spread themselves out and display their oratory. Of course, throughout India, in every department of Government, and in all private transactions, buckshish and *douceurs* are the order of the day, neither more nor less in the Police than in anything else. This will never cease. Perhaps there are other countries in which a silver coin will stimulate official ardour. The only redeeming point of the committee to myself personally was the delightful companionship of Cappel. He was a most cultured and, at the same time, a most entertaining man. The following April I took eight months' leave, and we went home. I had been out for six years and a half this time without a break and I was fairly played out.

In January, 1904, we again sailed into Bombay harbour. I cannot say that I returned to India with a light heart. I was sick of it all, and counted the days to the time when my pension should be due and I could live in England. During my period of leave I had been promoted to second-grade D.S.P. on eight hundred rupees a month, and I was at last as well off as I had been in the political department more than twenty years ago! However, there was work for me to do, and so I did it. I was posted to the district of Thana and was there a year and a half. In spite of drawbacks owing to climate and want of house accommodation, I remember this as a very pleasant and interesting time. The scenery of the district was most beautiful. There were eighty miles of sea-coast, with palm trees growing almost to the water's edge, estuaries, rivers, lakes, mountains, and forests. Who that has stood before the bungalow at Ghorbunder could ever forget that glorious view? There were old Maratha forts on the mountain crags, old Portuguese forts along the sea-coast; and there was the marvellous old Buddhist city hewn out of a hill, with its chapels, refectories, monasteries, and halls adorned with wonderful carvings, which was familiarly and most inappropriately known as the "Kennery Caves." The most fascinating place to me was the ruined Portuguese city of Bassein, about thirty miles north of Bombay. Commencing from 1532, long before we English first adventured to India, the Portuguese raised a splendid walled city at this place. A high standard of civilisation was attained. But the city underwent many vicissitudes. From 1618 onwards it was ravaged by bubonic plague, and in the above year a terrible storm unroofed churches and other buildings. This was followed by famine. In 1674 Arab pirates plundered the churches outside the walls, unopposed by the panic-stricken garrison. In February, 1739, the Marathas besieged Bassein, and in May, after a gallant resistance, the defenders had to capitulate. They were allowed to march out with all the honours of war. In 1774, and again in 1780, Bassein was taken by the English, but each time most iniquitously restored to the Marathas, the beautiful Portuguese buildings being thus ruined. In 1817 Bassein finally became British territory. Nearly the whole of the fort is strewn with ruins in every direction. Fragments of walls with windows and doorways, overgrown with grass and brushwood and intermingled with palms, tamarinds, and pipal, are scattered about in confused profusion. Some of the ruins can be identified. There was the Cathedral or Matriz of St. Joseph, whose massive and lofty tower is surmounted with a fringe of delicate tracery. The front wall of the chancel was gone, but the chancel roof with its admirable mouldings, was in good preservation. My favourite ruin was the Church of Nossa Senhora da Vida. The roof of the chancel, with its graceful carved designs, was almost intact. The north side of the nave possessed some long lancet windows, deep set and impressive. There was the citadel or castle within the fort, the palace of the General of the North, the church of the Dominicans, the church of the Franciscans, dedicated to Santo Antonio, and the Jesuits' church of St. Paul, this last by common consent the handsomest piece of architecture in Bassein. It has a noble arch, and columns with fluted shafts and Corinthian capitals. The cloisters and arches reminded me of an English university. What a scene of ruin and desolation all these noble memorials presented! One could not avoid the reflection, "Will palm trees and pipals some day grow amidst the ruins of the great English buildings in Bombay?" The Portuguese had a splendid empire in Western India. It is gone. Will ours last? One reason for the fall of the Portuguese was that they settled down in the East, and the race degenerated owing to climatic influences. We do not settle in India. We go, do our work, and return home, constantly sending out a stream of fresh blood to carry on our imperial destiny. Another is, and this applies to the French also, that they mingled too intimately with the natives of India. The "hail-fellow-well-met" system is not compatible with empire making in the East. As Kipling says, "For East is East, and West is West, and never the two shall meet." We have kept ourselves aloof and exclusive. We have been "White Brahmins." We have never forgotten that we are the ruling race—just, considerate, sympathetic, beneficent rulers, but always rulers. I don't suppose that any Englishman in India has been on better terms with the natives of India than I have. I have enjoyed the real friendship of a large number of Parsees, Hindoos, and Mahometans. But to talk of equality, and go in for hob-nobbing, is intrinsically absurd. The relationship, which may be close and even affectionate, is that of a master to his favourite pupil, of a father to his children. The following incident may serve to elucidate my meaning. In 1906, when I was at Karachi, the Italian man-of-war *Vesuvio* visited that port, and the officers were hospitably entertained by the residents. I was at a ball given in their honour by the Commissioner in Sind. When engaged in conversation with one of the Italian officers, after an inquiring gaze around the ballroom, he said to me, "There are many English, but how is it that there are no Indians?" As I have said, no one could have been on more friendly terms than myself with Indians, but the very idea of admitting them to a ballroom, to dance with English ladies, seemed to me a profanity. In mere self-preservation, we, a quarter of a million people amongst three hundred million, have to preserve a dignified aloofness.

Thana itself, I mean the civil station, was twenty-two miles from Bombay. It was a primitive, uncivilised sort of place that might have been hundreds of miles in the interior. It was most difficult to get a house. The Collector had induced Government to build houses for some of its officers, including the D.S.P., on a hill called Persik, three miles off. The hill commanded a glorious view, and the temperature was about one degree lower than at Thana. There the advantages ended. I had to be at my police lines in the early morning for parade, inspection of stores, orderly-room, and all the rest of it, and I had to be in my office all the afternoon for administrative work. The rainfall was terribly heavy, and it was impossible for a D.S.P. to do his work with all this coming and going. I flatly refused to occupy the bungalow on the hill, and I took a peculiar sort of house practically right in the bazaar. I had to pay the rent for both residences, ill as I could afford it;

but work was the first consideration. The settlement at Persik was known as "Orr's Folly," and an Assistant Collector aptly adapted to it the lines in Horace, *Persicos odi, puer, apparatus*. Society at Thana was unexpectedly pleasant. What I am going to write will seem absolutely inconsistent with the sentiments expressed in my last paragraph. But the circumstances were perfectly unique, and the personal equation happened to be all that could be wished. The Civil Surgeon was Colonel Mistri, a Parsee. The Judge, a most excellent officer, was Tipnis, a Hindoo. The Assistant Judge was a Bengali, named Dutt. The senior Assistant Collector, who for four months acted as Collector and District Magistrate, and so was my superior officer, was Govind Dinanath Mudgaonker, a Hindoo member of the Indian Civil Service. The first two of these officers were married. With all of them, including Mrs. Mistri and Mrs. Tipnis, we sprinkling of Europeans were on most friendly, not to say intimate terms. We accepted each other's invitations to dinner, and constantly met at our little gymkhana for tennis and badminton. But it has to be remembered that we were all officials, that Thana was a very small place, and that the experience was quite exceptional. I can't say that I, as an Englishman, relished the idea of serving under a Hindoo; but I have nothing but praise to bestow on Mudgaonker for his good sense and tactfulness. As a matter of fact, I was by no means best pleased when his temporary appointment ceased and the officer for whom he had been acting returned. Among Europeans at Thana, when all were so friendly, it would be invidious to name individuals.

Of course, on joining at Thana I found the police force about thirty-five below strength, and leave consequently stopped. Equally of course, I soon had the force up to its full number. I was accustomed to this by now. Very few men of the Thana district ever joined the Police. They almost all came from Rutnagiri, down the coast. I at once gave leave freely, making it a condition that each man should bring back a suitable recruit with him. I also sent a recruiting party to Rutnagiri. By my granting leave when the force was under-manned, many head-constables and constables had for a time to do double duty; but they did not mind, as they knew that their turn for leave was coming. The Police were of very good material and only wanted working up. I found them all wearing disgracefully ragged uniform, though there was plenty ready for issue in store. I at once withdrew the rags, and the men soon presented a reasonably smart appearance. There was quite enough crime in the district to keep me going, and many a journey I made for cases of one category or another. There were two lines of railway in the district, and good roads for bicycling, so as a rule I could get about pretty easily. Some of the outposts were more inaccessible than the scenes of crime happened to be.

The place to which I had to give immediate attention was Bandora. Bandora, although within the administrative area of Thana, was practically a suburb of Bombay. It was an exceedingly pretty seaside place. A large number of wealthy merchants of Bombay, both European and native, lived at Bandora, going into the city every day for their business.

Burglaries and robberies at Bandora had been perfectly scandalous. One English lady, a Mrs. Robinson, had been seriously injured by a thief whom she detected in her bedroom at night. Immediately after joining at Thana I paid a flying visit to Bandora, assembled all the Police, went through the crime register, and examined the system of patrol and watch and ward. I saw that the Police, even if up to sanctioned strength, were quite inadequate for the work. But they were not up to strength, as about a dozen men were either absent or on sick-leave, and others non-existent owing to shortage in the district. For the immediate present I could do nothing in the way of strengthening the Bandora Police. We went into camp in another direction; but Bandora was in my mind all the time. I inspected the Thana, Kallyan, and Bhiwndi talookas, and found that without any great risk I could spare twenty men from these areas for Bandora. Then I wrote in for sanction for this to the District Magistrate. He had to write to the Commissioner of the Northern Division, who lived at Ahmedabad. That officer had to send the papers to the Inspector-General of Police at Poona for his opinion. At last I got sanction. Was not all this circumlocution simply preposterous? Fancy a man of my seniority and experience not being allowed to put my own police where I considered that they were most required! How I used to writhe in my fetters! Inwardly that is, for I dared not manifest my feelings. Here is a little instance of what I had to put up with. I was inspecting the outpost of Palakne, and, as usual, I had all the bad characters up to see if the Police knew them and their circumstances. There was a constable named Mahiputti who had been at the outpost for six months. His own particular beat did not officially include Palakne itself. He had to look after about twenty other villages within the limits of the outpost. Nevertheless, he was in the village of Palakne for at least three days in the week. In the village there resided no less than four bad characters, who had been to jail several times for serious offences. There was no doubt that these men had been constantly looked after by the Police, who, with the exception of Mahiputti, knew them well. Mahiputti did not know one of them by sight or by name. Every little naked boy playing in the village street knew all about them. So I reduced my friend Mahiputti from second-grade to third-grade constable. He appealed to the D.M., pointing out that the bad characters did not belong to his beat. The D.M., who was a mere youth as compared with me, cancelled my punishment. Discipline is discipline, and one must put one's feelings in one's pocket. When I got back into Thana I was ostensibly on the most friendly terms with the Magistrate. But this is a digression. I was able to strengthen Bandora by twenty men; and whenever any of the Bandora Police went sick or took leave, I used to fill up their places from headquarters at Thana. I often had to be at Bandora. Several times we took a little bungalow right on the sea-shore for a fortnight or so.

A whole lot of the burglaries that had occurred at Bandora came to light in an unexpected way. At Bandora itself there was no further trouble in my time. The residents were entirely unmolested. But there were houses of more or less well-to-do people scattered about for miles around. Many of these were run up temporarily for people who had left Bombay on account of plague. It would have taken a hundred or more police over and above what I had to patrol these sporadic houses efficiently. Crime, therefore, to some extent continued. We racked our brains as to who the thieves might be. The Baroda railway had several suburban stations in these parts, and it was easy for bad characters to come and go unsuspected. At last, one night, a police patrol had the luck to fall in with some malefactors in the very act of breaking into a house, and succeeded in arresting two of them. The accused were Waghris, a wild aboriginal tribe belonging to the fastnesses of the Western Ghauts. They were the very last people whom we should have expected to find operating in a civilised place close to Bombay. The story that they told was almost incredible. They said that they had for several years resided in the heart of the city of Bombay, and that nearly fifty others of their tribe who lived with them made their living by thefts in towns and villages outside Bombay. They went in and out by train, and no one suspected them. The Bombay Police were totally ignorant of these strangers within their gates. The story of the captured couple was perfectly true. With the assistance of the Bombay Police, who were somewhat startled at our information, we made a most successful raid on these people. A quantity of stolen property was recovered, and the whole lot went to jail for a long period on a charge of belonging to a gang of thieves.

Another large place in this district, also near Bombay, was Koorla. Here there was a settlement of Pathans. One afternoon one of these gentry, named Futteh Khan, shot a cousin of his dead with a pistol in a large public square. It was so sudden that no one realised what had happened. Several witnesses told me that they thought someone had let off a firework. Anyhow, the murderer got clean away. He went to the railway station and there was lost in the crowd. He apparently did not get a ticket at Koorla station. I was at Bandora when the murder took place. I rushed to the scene at once. There was not the faintest clue at the time as to where the accused had gone. I went to Bombay and interviewed the leading Pathans there. They professed to be greatly indignant at one of their nationality having done such a disgraceful thing, and promised to give every possible assistance. I think that they were quite honest. I sent notifications of the occurrence and a description of Futteh Khan to the Police all over India. Months passed, and I had given up all hope of the miscreant, when I received a telegram from Cuttack, the other side of India, telling me that a Pathan who answered to the description of Futteh Khan, and who could not give a satisfactory account of himself, was loafing in those parts. Would I send someone who knew Futteh Khan ? I sent off three men post-haste, and Futteh Khan the loafer turned out to be. After a long trial he was hanged.

In the north of the district was a place called Sunjan, inhabited chiefly by Mahometans. There were two factions among these people, one headed by Ibrahim and the other by Soolliman. They had been for years on very inimical terms; and owing to an extremely complicated question of a second marriage of Nassiroollah, the son of Ibrahim, who in more friendly days had wedded Amina, the daughter of Soolliman, and the rights or supposed rights of various persons to the dowry of Amina deceased, a fierce riot took place, which lasted the whole of a day. Nassiroollah and another man were killed, and houses burnt and wrecked. There was a fair list of minor injuries to person. I was a long way off, I forget where, and it was two days after the riot before I could reach Sunjan. I never saw such a sight as the place presented. It was a very well-to-do village; and the destruction of valuable property, including beautifully carved doors and windows, was lamentable. Most of the inhabitants had disappeared. However, within a couple of days we got hold of them and made a number of arrests among both factions. Here the point of this story comes in. Before the case came on for trial, the two parties came to terms and agreed to make up their mutual differences. They arranged that in the witness box they should all profess total ignorance regarding all that had happened. First of all, Soolliman's followers were put on their trial, and as no one said a word against them, they were all discharged. Then came the case against Ibrahim's merry men. They, of course, expected to be soon set free. But Soolliman, who evidently inherited the wisdom of his great prototype, thought that this was too good a chance to lose. So he and his men gave the most circumstantial evidence against Ibrahim and his company, who gnashed their teeth and foamed at the mouth when they saw the trick that had been played them. It was in vain that they stormed and raved. One went to the gallows and the rest to jail. But what was to be done with Soolliman's lot? I didn't know then, and I don't know now.

In the middle of July, when it was pelting with rain, I received a report from a place near Bandora that a strange man had been found wandering about in a state of delirium, it being added that he could give no account of himself. Of course, I knew what this meant—that the stranger was a victim to dhatura poisoning. I took the first train to Bandora, a most tiresome and roundabout journey, which entailed a change from one line to another at Dadur junction. Then I drove a couple of miles, after which I enjoyed a tramp through some rice fields which were under water, to get at the place where the unfortunate man had been found. The case was never detected. As so often happens with dhatura, the man had lost his memory. He had some vague idea that he had gone to purchase vegetables in the market in Bombay, and that a man, whom he could not describe, had told him that he could show him a place where better and cheaper ones could be obtained. So they went together in the train, and walked into the jungle, where the would-be purchaser of vegetables was given a drink of milk which his friend was carrying in a bottle. After that he remembered nothing more; but his gold ear-rings were gone. We made all sorts of inquiries in the Bombay market, but nothing came of them. The effects of dhatura poisoning are appalling. There is inability to swallow, and the voice becomes changed. The vision is deranged, and letters and figures appear double. The lower extremities are often partly paralysed. The patient reels like a drunken person and is generally delirious. A medical book thus describes the delirium: "The sufferer vociferates loudly or is garrulous and talks incoherently; sometimes he is mirthful and laughs wildly, or is sad, as if in great distress. When approached he suddenly shrinks back as if apprehensive of being struck, and frequently he moves about as if to avoid spectra. He picks at real or imaginary objects. Occasionally his antics are so varied and ridiculous that I have seen his near relatives, although apprehensive of danger, unable to restrain their laughter. After this description of the symptoms, it is easy to understand in what horror the ancient *poust* was held, and why one of the young princes who had rebelled against Aurungzebe, when brought into the emperor's presence, pleaded that he would rather be killed at once than made to drink *poust*." Dhatura poisoning is very common. Considering how difficult it is to detect the cases, owing to loss of memory of the victim and the facility with which the drug can be obtained, as the plant grows wild in most parts of India, I only wonder that it is not commoner.

During my second year at Thana the Mohurrum came on in March. I supervised arrangements at Bassein, where there was more chance of a row than anywhere else in the district. The day after it was over I went to inspect the outpost of Nulla Supari, sleeping the night there in a reed hut. About two o'clock in the morning I was awakened by a Bombay policeman, who brought me an urgent letter from the Commissioner of Police. There had been several rows in Bombay during the Mohurrum; and as a sequel to these disturbances, the letter warned me that a riot had been arranged at Bandora, in my district, for the next evening. At Bandora there were situated the slaughter-houses from which carcases of animals were daily, or rather nightly, conveyed to Bombay. The butchers were, of course, Mahometans, and a truculent lot at that. They may have numbered a couple of hundred. Naturally the Hindoos detested them, regarding them as ogres or demons, and these feelings were more or less mutual. Friends and relations of the butchers considered that they had some weighty grievances against certain Bandora Hindoos, who had gone to Bombay on the occasion of the Mohurrum. The butchers had consequently resolved to generally rush the bazaar at Bandora, and more especially wreck a Hindoo temple at Santa Cruz, two miles off. This was quite exciting. I at once despatched a letter post-haste to my headquarters at Thana, directing the chief constable to take every available armed man to Bandora with twenty rounds of buckshot each, place ten over the temple at Santa Cruz, and have the remainder, who, as I expected, numbered about twenty-five, at the Bandora police station. I then slept till morning, when I completed my inspection. I then rode to Bassein, about ten miles off, where I had left my wife and daughter in camp, had a bath, change of clothes, and breakfast, did an hour's office work, and then took train for Bandora. I found my headquarters chief constable, a Jew, who rejoiced in the name of Solomon Moses, with his men. I leisurely marched them to the slaughter-houses, and placed guards with fixed bayonets over the butchers' quarters and summoned the leaders of the profession before me. Curiously enough, a Mahometan came running up excitedly just at that time, and regardless of my presence, informed the butchers that he had come from Santa Cruz, and that police with guns and bayonets were guarding the Hindoo temple. There is nothing like a show of force. My friends the butchers were urbanity itself. Butter would not melt in their mouths. The Sahib had been misinformed by their enemies. So it ended, and I got back to Bassein for a rather late dinner. If there had been a riot, only to be quelled with bloodshed, I might have had kudos for subduing it. But it was better to prevent a disturbance by a little forethought.

Our first year in this district, we found it impossible on account of the climate to keep our little daughter in Thana during the rains, and my wife had to take her to Poona and stay with her there. My pecuniary condition was very tight. I drew 800 rupees a month. There was the boy at school in England, the rest of the family at Poona, and myself at Thana. 100 rupees a month went on life insurances and funds. I had to keep up my position as chief of the Police by having people to dinner. If I had not been able to make something by writing leaders for the papers and stories for magazines, I don't know how I should have got on. I made about £60 by a book called *John Carruthers, Indian Policeman*, which consisted of a number of more or less fictitious detective stories, something on the lines of *Sherlock Holmes*. If not true, they might have been true. The book was very well reviewed. In the hot weather of our second year we were making arrangements for the family again to go to Poona for the rains, when a most unexpected surprise occurred. A letter came from Government, saying that it had been decided to create a new appointment of Deputy Inspector-General of Police for Sind, and that I had been selected over the heads of four senior men. Here at last was promotion. But there is nothing without its drawbacks. After our awful experiences of illness in Sind, my wife was naturally very upset at the idea of going back there. Her prognostications were only too well justified by the results. However, of course, we went. Although I was going on promotion, I don't know that I ever left any district so reluctantly as I left Thana. It was by no means a favourite place, but things had been wonderfully pleasant. It was more like a family than a station.

CHAPTER XIV

I BECOME DEPUTY INSPECTOR-GENERAL OF POLICE—SIND AGAIN—VISIT OF THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES—HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS'S COMPLIMENT TO ME—SEDITION—MR. ENTHOVEN'S SENSE OF HUMOUR—MR. ABA SAHEB RAMCHANDRA'S SENSE OF HUMOUR—CONDITION OF THE PEOPLE OF INDIA UNDER BRITISH RULE—THEY WERE NEVER SO WELL OFF BEFORE—GOOD-BYE TO INDIA

I WAS two years and a half in Sind as Deputy Inspector-General. My work was general supervision, inspection, and reorganisation. There was no more investigation, and I may say at once that it was not half so much fun looking after other men's work as doing it myself. My headquarters were at Karachi, a very large station with plenty of gaiety and amusements. My favourite recreation was yachting in the harbour during the monsoon, and on the open sea when the weather became fair. I often had most delightful sails with Mr. W. T. Morison, who was Commissioner in Sind for my first five or six months. As soon as I was settled down it was my duty to draw up, with Mr. Morison, a reorganisation scheme for the whole of the Sind Police on the lines laid down by Lord Curzon's Police

Commission. The scheme meant a total *bouleversement* of nearly all existing conditions. The details were very technical, and it would need a volume to describe them. We got it done in about two months, after consulting the officers of the various districts. I had the very highest admiration for Mr. Morison's ability and power of work. He disposed of everything day by day, grappling with every question thoroughly and completely, and expressing himself with the utmost lucidity. He was one of the most charming of men. How I missed him when he left Sind! Our proposals went in. After a year they came back from Simla with a string of questions which seemed to imply that the authorities knew nothing about Sind, if even they were cognisant of its geographical condition. So the whole thing had to be done over again. I wrote a sort of gazetteer describing the province as a whole and each of the six districts in detail. I pointed out that the Karachi district alone had been as big as Switzerland, and that since a portion had been taken away to form the new Larkana district it was still as big as Belgium. A few instalments in the way of increasing the number of inspectors and so on were vouchsafed before I left Sind, but the delays were heartbreaking. It was a period of transition, thoroughly unsatisfactory and upsetting all round.

We went into camp in the cold weather, making our jumping-off place at Sukkur, more than three hundred miles from Karachi by rail. We camped at a number of places, and it was a great pleasure to renew our acquaintance with our old friends among the zemindars. Their joy at seeing us again was quite touching. But I was ill all the time with influenza and neuralgia; and at Jacobabad, just after Christmas, our little girl fell dangerously ill with cerebral malaria. We gave up the tour and bundled back to Karachi as fast as we could. The following March their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales stayed a few days at Karachi. All the D.S.P.'s and Assistants from the Sind districts came to Karachi on special duty, and seven of them were the guests of my wife and myself. It was a very jolly Police reunion. The arrangements for the safety of the Royal party involved immense forethought, preparation, and responsibility. We had Police detectives employed as lawn-mowers, water-carriers, and everything else that could be thought of. My wife and I had the honour of dining with the Prince and Princess. The day before they left I received a letter from the Equerry, saying that His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales wished to see Sir Edmund Cox at three o'clock in the afternoon. I had no idea what this was for. At the appointed time I went to Government House, as the residence of the Commissioner in Sind was termed. I was ushered into a room where the Prince and Princess were alone, standing. The Prince presented me with a handsome diamond pin, which he graciously said he wished to be a memento of his and the Princess's appreciation of my arrangements for their visit. I said, "I thank you, Sir, on behalf of all the Sind Police." I was greatly impressed by the compliment paid to me, and I always call the souvenir "my Royal pin." Shortly after this our daughter fell ill again, the malaria recurring, and my wife had to take her home.

Just as I was getting my finances into a sound condition this once more knocked them silly. These separations are too dreadful. After my wife's departure I went back to Upper Sind, and in the flaming heat I completed my tour of inspection, which had been interrupted in the cold weather. The following November I went home on three months' leave and had a delightful holiday in London with my wife and children. My son was now fourteen and a half and was a Naval Cadet at Osborne. How I enjoyed it when he and I snowballed each other in Kensington Gardens!

My wife and I went out to India together for the last time in February, 1908. Immediately on arriving at Karachi I had to superintend arrangements for the visit of His Majesty Habibullah Khan, Amir of Afghanistan. Then we went into camp in Upper Sind, and my wife at once went down with malarial fever, which she could not shake off for weeks. Really the climate of Sind was too awful. The idea of another disastrous tour was intolerable; and the following November, when a vacancy occurred at Poona in the appointment of Deputy Inspector-General for Railways and Crime, I applied for it and got it. My service was now nearly at an end, and I was very pleased in every way at being able to spend the final portion of it in the Deccan.

Before leaving Sind I wrote a fanciful story about the ruined city of Brahmanabad. When Alexander the Great marched through Sind, more than a couple of thousand years ago, he camped at this place. In my story I described some imaginary explorations among the ruins, and related how I came upon a soldier of Alexander's in a subterranean vault, where he had been in a sort of trance for all these centuries, and how I had a long talk with him about Alexander's campaign. This was published in March, 1908, in a Bombay magazine called *East and West*. Upon this a Secretary to Government wrote and asked me on what authority I had excavated at Brahmanabad! The following Government Resolution was subsequently issued on the subject. It was really too glorious.

"*Archæology.*

"Regarding the article on excavations at Brahmanabad published by Sir Edmund C. Cox, Bart., in the *East and West* for March 1908.

"General Department.
"No. 3753.

"Bombay Castle,
"23rd May 1908.

"Government memorandum No. 1825, dated 28th March 1908:—

"'The undersigned presents compliments to the Superintendent, Archæological Survey, Western Circle, and, in inviting his attention to the article "The tower of the seven storeys" by Sir Edmund C. Cox, Bart., that has appeared in the *East and West* for March 1908, is directed to request that he will be so good as to report—

"'(1) what Sir E. Cox did with the articles found at Brahmanabad;

"'(2) by whose permission he carried on the excavations referred to.'

"Letter from the Superintendent, Archæological Survey, Western Circle, No. 223, dated 6th April 1908:—

"'In reply to your memorandum No. 1825 of the 28th ultimo, I have the honour to say that I was ignorant of any excavations having been carried on at Brahmanabad by Sir Edmund Cox until I received your memorandum, nor had I heard of his intention to excavate. I have since seen his article in *East and West* for March 1908.

"'I do not know what he has done with the articles found, nor do I know by whose permission he carried on his excavations.

"'I had intended excavating at Brahmanabad this season, but postponed it in order to examine some of the other sites in the Presidency proper mentioned in Government Resolutions Nos. 4 of 3rd January 1907, paragraph 8, and 6625 of 7th November 1907, paragraph 4. I intend however taking it up next season together with the similar site of Vijnot in the north of Sind.

"'A full account of Brahmanabad and my previous work there will be found in the Archæological Survey of India Annual for 1903–04, a fasciculus of which I enclose. See also Government Resolution No. 1257 of 3rd March 1905, General Department.

"'As I intend continuing my work there I would suggest that Sir Edmund Cox be asked to send me all his finds for my inspection and to be deposited in our museum with what objects I have already collected from the site. I am not sure but what he has contravened the Act for the Preservation of Ancient Monuments, Section 20.'

"Government letter to Sir Edmund C. Cox, Bart., No. 3340, dated 4th May 1908 :—

"'With reference to the article "The tower of the seven storeys" published by you in the issue of the *East and West* for March 1908, I am directed to request that you will be so good as to inform Government of your authority for excavating at Brahmanabad and to favour them with a short summary of the results of your work.'

"Letter from Sir Edmund C. Cox, Bart., No. 1705, dated 6th May 1908 :—

"'In reply to your letter No. 3340, dated 4th May, 1908, on the subject of my article "The tower of the seven storeys" I have the honour to state that the article is entirely imaginative, and that I have done no excavation at Brahmanabad.

"'2. The cost of excavation at Brahmanabad would be prohibitive to any individual. But I cannot help thinking that the results of a systematic exploration might be of the highest archæological and historical interest; and that if Government were pleased to apportion for this purpose a sum of not less than Rs. 10,000 the results might well be commensurate with the expenditure.

"'3. As the article in *East and West* had a number of misprints I enclose a corrected copy.

"'4. I beg to express my regret at there having been any misapprehension regarding my imaginary excavations.'

"RESOLUTION.—Recorded.

"R. E. ENTHOVEN,
"Acting Secretary to Government.

"To

"The Commissioner in Sind,
"The Superintendent, Archæological Survey, Western Circle,
"The Public Works Department."

In the early months of 1908 my wife and I had a most delightful tour. The Police of the Rajputana-Malwa Railway were under the jurisdiction of the Government of Bombay, and consequently under my supervision. So we went to Surat, Cambay, Baroda, Ahmedabad, Jaipur, Ajmere, Ulwar, Delhi, Agra, Indore, Mhow, and other places. It was all most intensely interesting. Even this tour, extensive as it was, did not cover a great portion of the map of India, so vast is the empire comprised in that name. The chief reflection which forced itself upon me was the might and majesty of British power, and the prosperity of the innumerable dark races whose welfare is our sacred charge.

For the remainder of my time my work was chiefly occupied in dealing with sedition. I am not at liberty to write about my secret-service organisation in connection with this movement, which was active throughout India. Suffice it to say that there was a widespread agitation for the complete subversion of British rule. Bombs and rumours of bombs were the order of the day. The native Press expressed the most poisonous opinions. According to the vernacular newspapers, the Government was composed of officers totally devoid of honour and conscience, whose tyranny exceeded anything that could be conceived of as existing in Russia, and compared with whom Jenghiz Khan and Nadir Shah were ministering angels. Itinerant political agitators traversed the length and breadth of the land delivering homilies on the iniquities of British rule. My work in connection with all this was most distasteful. It was a very unpleasant sort of good-bye to India. The following extract from a Poona paper of July 24, 1908, will give an idea of the sort of work in which I was engaged. The case against Mr. Aba Saheb Ramchandra was not completed when I left India, but he was shortly afterwards sentenced to a long term of imprisonment.

"SEDITION IN POONA

"AN EXTRAORDINARY CASE

"'PROFESSIONAL SWINDLER' CAUGHT

"Aba Saheb Ramchandra, who claims to be a Rajput of about 45 years of age, a man who speaks English remarkably well, was yesterday placed before Mr. Carmichael, I.C.S., District Magistrate of Poona, and charged under Section 110, clauses E and F of the Indian Penal Code. Mr. S. C. Davar, Public Prosecutor, instructed by Sir Edmund Cox, Deputy Inspector-General of Police, appeared for the Crown, and Mr. L. J. Apte, Pleader, defended the accused, who is about the most extraordinary-looking individual that has ever stepped into a dock.

"On the case being called on Mr. Apte raised the question of jurisdiction, contending that the Court had no jurisdiction to try the case.

"Mr. Davar explained that the accused was brought to Poona under special orders of the Belgaum Magistrate, and not by a Police Order, and that under the ruling in 9 Bo. Law Report, p. 244, the Court had jurisdiction.

"The Magistrate ruled that he was empowered to hear the case against the accused.

"SYNOPSIS OF THE CASE

"Sir Edmund Cox, in laying an application before the Court, together with the correspondence attached by the Police, drew up the following synopsis of the charge against the accused.

"That for the following reasons, accused Aba Saheb Ramchandra, present in the Court, be dealt with under the provisions of Section 108 C.P.C.

"Accused was arrested at Castle Rock on 30th June. He is now under detention in accordance with the order of the District Magistrate of Belgaum, whose proceedings are appended. The Magistrate granted 14 days' remand on the ground that the Police suspect accused to be a political offender, this suspicion being corroborated by accused's own voluntary statement made to the Magistrate.

"On going through accused's papers, that have been attached, this suspicion is confirmed; and further investigations are being carried on with a view to a prosecution under sec. 124A I.P.C. These investigations will take time, and it is essential that in the meantime accused be detained in custody under sec. 108 C.P.C. (unless, of course, he executes a bond to the satisfaction of the Court).

"As regards accused's general character, his printed history shows that he is a professional swindler and has undergone six convictions for cheating.

"I put in the following papers to prove that accused has disseminated or attempted to disseminate seditious matter.

"(a) A bundle of 15 printed slips beginning with 'Bande Mataram,' including exhortations (quotations or otherwise) to 'do and die,' 'defend good principles with your blood,' and so on.

"(b) Draft of letter in accused's handwriting to one Chandidas Chakravaty of Jalpaiguri, Bengal, which includes the following passages: 'If you are prepared to be true to your caste, creed, country, and religion, in short to follow me to the very grave, come.' 'Articles in paper alone will do no good. Action, and action alone, with a rod in hand; that rod alone will give you and your country everything. Do not misunderstand me. A rod of manufactory, I mean. In short, if you are prepared to sacrifice your life for the world, come.'

"'You may show this letter to all the Jalpaiguri Patriots.'

"(c) Draft of letter to Master Chandidas Chakravaty, which includes the following passage:—

"'Come soon, and join us in turning up some things, not for us, but for the persons in need. We shall all try to free the country from the long-rooted plague.'

"(d) Letter signed Chandidas Chakravaty, dated Jalpaiguri 10th April 1906, which includes the following passage:—

"'I am ready to fulfil all the conditions mentioned and face every sort of danger and difficulties. I shall show the letter to the patriots here.'

"(e) Letter to the well-known Surendranath Banerji of Calcutta asking for a private interview for one of his students, who will tell him all about his business.

"(f) Letter to Nanilal Gupte from accused dated 26th June 1908 saying that all have been arrested but that nothing important to prove the affair was found, and that chemicals were examined but no dangerous chemical connected with the bombshell was found.

"(g) Draft letter not in accused's handwriting, but apparently dictated by him, saying that his work is of life and death, and referring to his letter to Chandidas.

"(i) List of Explosives.

"(j) Letter from Kemp & Co. to accused replying to an enquiry about chemicals, including picric acid.

"(k) Statement of accused to Lieut. Liddell at Belgaum that he could point out where explosives are now being manufactured near Nasik, Ahmednugger and Kolhapur.

"I submit that these letters and papers are so incriminating that it is essential to keep accused in custody until the most complete and searching enquiries have been made.

"E. C. COX,
"Deputy Inspector-General of Police.

"Ramrao Venkatrao, Police Sub-Inspector of the Criminal Investigation Department, said:—I have had nine years' service in the Police. I know the accused. I know him by the name of Aba Saheb

Ramchandra. I saw him at Castle Rock in British India on the 30th of last month, and I arrested him and took him to Belgaum and placed him before the District Magistrate, who remanded him for 15 days, and he was brought to Poona on that remand. The District Magistrate of Belgaum authorised me to place him before the District Magistrate of Poona. During this remand we searched the accused's boxes in Poona. There were seven boxes, and they were attached by me at Castle Rock. There were papers in the boxes, and I found they belonged to accused. In the course of my search I found a bundle of eight documents and many posters. The latter were found on the 27th June by the Portuguese authorities at Margao. At that time the accused was under arrest of the Portuguese authorities. These posters were in a big box in the Administrator's Office at Margao. There were fifteen posters in all. The box belonged to accused. I enquired what the Institution was. I found it to be a bogus Institution. There were about 37 students in it. Nobody knew what the students were doing there. But on enquiry, I learnt that the students used to go there, but were being cheated. The work of the Institution was being conducted in about half a dozen huts. Besides one or two hand-looms, there was nothing in the Institution to show that it was an Art Institution. This search was made on the 27th. I found some documents relating to explosive substances. One letter was addressed by Kemp & Co., Bombay, to Aba Saheb, Secretary, Art Institution, Margao. It referred to picric acid and other chemicals. Picric acid is used for the manufacture of bombs.

"Cross-examined by Mr. Apte:—I arrested the accused on my own responsibility. Before I arrested him I had information in my hands from the Commissioner of Police, Madras, that the Madras Police required one J. Aba Saheb Ramchandra, who had swindled many people in Madras. From my enquiries I learnt that accused had been in Margao for some years. I did not enquire whether the 37 students of the accused were boarding and lodging on the premises. The huts had no compound wall. I don't know whether the land belonged to accused. The students' huts were not accessible to any outsider. I took a remand from the Belgaum Magistrate to make some more enquiries about the accused. I arrested him under Section 54 C.P.C., sub-clause I. The cognisable offence of which accused was suspected was cheating. I have examined his own students at Margao, who complained of having been cheated by accused. The proceedings at Margao in regard to cheating have been dropped. I got the seven boxes at Castle Rock railway station along with the accused. When I broke open the boxes I did not make a 'panchnama.' There were labels on the boxes in the handwriting of the Portuguese authorities. I followed the Portuguese authorities when they were searching accused's huts. I have not seen the letter from accused to Kemp & Co. in reply to which they wrote about picric acid.

"Q.:—Do you know what are the constituents of a bomb?

"Witness:—I do not know. Personally I know nothing about the accused.

"Re-examined:—The seven boxes I found were in accused's charge. The boxes are in the C.I.D. (Criminal Investigation Department) Office.

"Inspector Bhimaji Balagi of the C.I.D. said:—I have been ten years in the Police. Seven boxes of papers and correspondence belonging to Aba Saheb Ramchandra were found with him at Castle Rock station. I searched four boxes, but I was present at the search of all the boxes in Poona, and I selected the papers shown to the Court from the boxes.

"I was at Margao. The posters shown to me were found in a box lying in the Administrator's Office at Margao. There were some huts in the Institution, but no machinery in the huts. There were some wooden wheels with thread and axles for winding. There were no weaving-looms, only winding-machines. There were some students in the Administrator's Office. There was a list of students in the huts. The names on the books did not tally with those of the students. I saw posters shown to me. They were got up for the purpose of poisoning the minds of the students. Our office did not enquire whether the letter belonging to accused was with Kemp & Co.

"Witness next produced letters identifying accused's handwriting.

"Mr. Apte objected to a private letter from accused to himself being put in to prove accused's handwriting.

"Witness continuing said that he had known accused since the end of June as J. Aba Saheb, but he also knew him by several other names, such as Bappa Saheb, Jaising Rao, etc.

"Cross-examined by Mr. Apte:—A panchnama was made of the boxes at the time of the arrest. I cannot say what is in the panchnama.

"After referring, witness said, the boxes were not mentioned in the panchnama at the time of the arrest.

Continuing, witness said there were 1,000 of each of the posters. They may be quotations from Byron and Milton, but he could not say. The posters were intended to create disaffection against British rule, because his students were British subjects and all his correspondence was with British subjects. Witness said he was an expert in handwriting. He learnt it at the School of Art in Bombay. Accused's wife was living about half a mile from the old Institution in Margao, which is about a mile from the new Institution. Some papers were in the accused's Institution, and some in the office, but none in the accused's house. Some students made verbal complaints against accused, but he did not know whether they were recorded. Ramjee Rao Raoji, a warder of the Yerrowda jail, was called to put in a statement signed by the Jailor of Yerrowda, showing Jaising Samtijirao's several convictions and also an identification sheet which tallied with the identification of the accused.

" By order of the Court the accused was taken in another room of the court house and his marks examined. This closed the case for the prosecution. The Court then proceeded to take down the accused's statement, but the accused asked for an adjournment till the next day on the ground that he had fever. But as it appeared that this was false, he was directed to make his statement.

" ACCUSED'S STATEMENT

" My name is Aba Saheb Jasuwantsingh Ramchandra. I am a Rajput aged about 48. I have got an Art Institution at Margao in Portuguese India, and have been residing there for nearly four years.

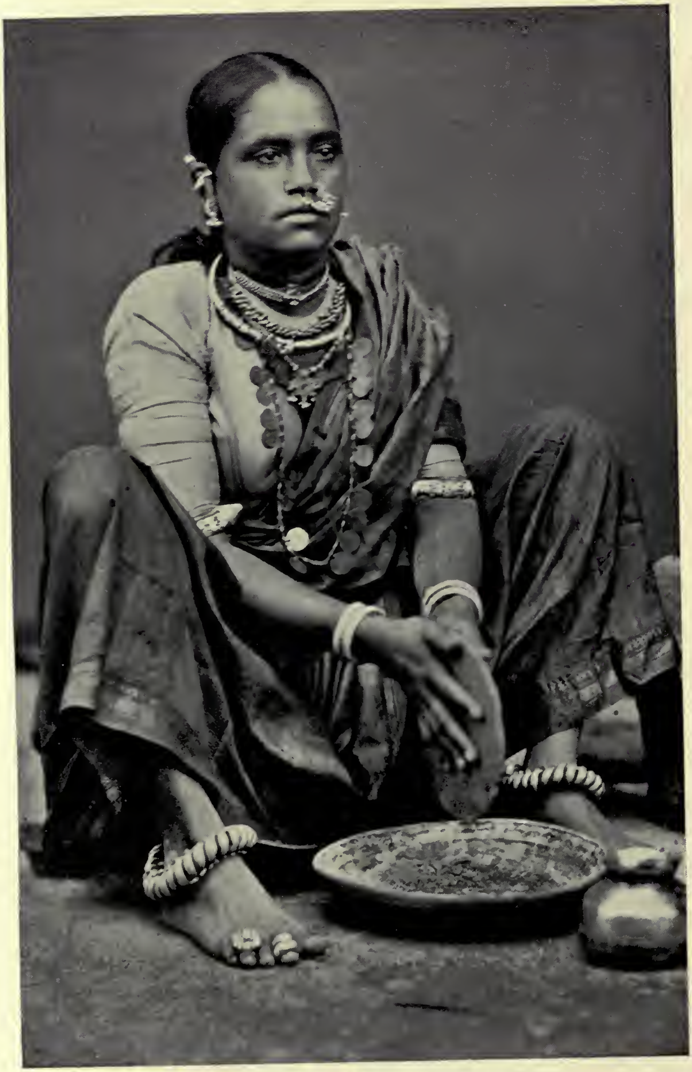
I cannot decidedly say whether the papers shown to me are in my handwriting. On further consideration witness said :—I don't believe them to be mine. Exhibits D and F I have not seen before. I don't know whether these letters were among my papers. I don't know whether they were in my possession. I never had a paper concerning explosives in my possession. I did receive a letter from Kemp & Co. regarding picric acid and other chemicals. But I want to explain. I did not ask for picric acid, nor for all the chemicals mentioned in the letter. The articles mentioned in Kemp's letter were never asked for by me; I did not get the posters printed and I have no knowledge of them. From the Portuguese enquiries I learnt that the posters were put in a box and addressed from Madras to a party in Bombay, but as the party was not to be found the box was sent on to Margao. The box was not addressed to me nor were the posters; I see that my name and Institute is printed at the bottom of the posters, but I can only conclude from this that somebody has been playing a trick on me and wished to get up a charge against me. I was never convicted before. A lot of my account books have been taken away by the Police. I want these to show what I have been doing. I am more a Portuguese subject than British, and I desire to be sent there for trial.

"The case stands adjourned till Thursday next, the accused being remanded to custody."

I do not wish to close these pages with the unpleasant subject of sedition. I prefer to leave off with a summary of my experiences regarding the general condition of the people. Since my return to England many English people have insisted to me that under our rule the natives of India are poor, miserable, and starving. Let me embody these various objectors in "Mr. Smith," and reply to him on the whole question. Mr. Smith once spent three weeks in India in the cold weather, and he has rushed into print. His first charge is that of poverty. Here is my answer.

Poverty, like many other things, is a matter of comparison. But, in fact, the generality of the people of India are not poor, whether relatively or actually. There is, of course, a percentage, in which the professional beggars are certainly not to be included, who are more or less destitute. But this is the case in all countries. An enlightened Mahometan gentleman has stated in the same journal to which Mr. Smith contributes that he has never known such grinding poverty in India as he saw in the East of London. The well-to-do appearance of the people in Bombay is at once noticed by visitors on their arrival in the East. The streets swarm with natives of every class who look well fed, and, according to their own ideas and requirements, well dressed; and whether walking or driving in carriages, or in quaint and gaudy recklas drawn by fast-trotting bullocks, whose approach is heralded by the tinkle of the bells on their harness, or sitting in the crowded tramcars, all, or nearly all, appear eager, contented, and busy. If there is an exception, it is to be found in the women of the poorer class, on whom the results of marriage when mere children cannot fail to leave their mark in the worn expression of the features. Walk through the streets of the great Mahratta city of Poona, and it is just the same. Endless streams of people passing to and fro, all bent on business of some description; endless rows of shops all doing a roaring trade, few, if any, standing idle in the market-place, all with every appearance of being well off, except the professional beggars, part of whose trade is an ostentation of poverty which is very far from real. True, their clothing is often scanty, but in an Indian climate clothes are an encumbrance. The dress of the labourers is suited to their work, and is as good of its kind as that of the average English hedger and ditcher, while the middle and upper classes delight in wearing garments of rich textures and bright colours. Few even of the poorest have not some showy *angrakha* to display on their persons at festivals and tamashas. Poor they are not; but many could be richer than they are, if they had not much the same dislike to steady work that is proverbial amongst the Irish. They can get along well enough by working at intervals, and then living on their earnings while they enjoy a holiday. The continuous hard work done by an English farm-hand from year's end to year's end without intermission is highly distasteful to the Indian labourer. The work of a cultivator, or peasant proprietor, is far lighter than that of a man earning his living in the same way at home. In most districts it is no easy task to obtain recruits for the Police, although the pay is sufficient to allow a constable to feed and clothe himself and give him, unless married, a surplus of at least three rupees a month to spend on comforts and luxuries, simply because the work, though not hard, is steady. If occasional field labour, with a wide margin for idleness between whiles, can provide a man with the necessaries of life, why should he enter a department in which he would have to work every day? In Sind many young men who enlist in the Police resign after a short time. This is a very fair indication that there is no great amount of poverty.

Railways in India are excellent investments, but it is the third-class passengers who make them pay. The trains are crowded with natives, who have taken to the "fire-carriage" in a very remarkable way, using the train not only for business, but for the enjoyment of holidays, change of air, and from sheer love of travelling. This characteristic of modern India is clearly incompatible with universal poverty. Then, again, Mr. Smith refers to the comfortless houses. All people have not the same idea of comfort. I have been into hundreds of Indian houses, both in villages and towns, and experience shows that natives possessing large incomes live in a style that differs only in degree from that of the poorest class. Furniture beyond rugs and cushions is practically unknown. There may be sometimes one room set apart for the reception of Europeans, or for occasional visits of ceremony from friends, where some stiff couches or hideous candelabra may be seen; but amongst themselves eating, sleeping, and writing are all done on the floor. Natives who own cash and ornaments worth thousands of rupees will occupy dark and dingy tenements of the smallest dimensions. On investigating cases of burglary, I have often found people who were in the enjoyment of considerable fortunes living in



BRAHMIN WOMAN MAKING CHUPATTIES.

what an occasional traveller would consider very straitened circumstances indeed. On ornaments and jewellery an immense amount of money is spent. Women and children whose general appearance might, to the uninitiated, suggest absolute poverty constantly wear on their persons ornaments, in the shape of nose-rings, ear-rings, necklaces, armlets, and anklets, of no inconsiderable value, the practice of covering little children, even amongst the poorest classes, with trinkets of this description frequently leading to thefts and worse crimes.

"Why do they live?" is the question which, according to Mr. Smith, is ever forcing itself for answer. "It is not," he replies, "that they may enjoy food; all that they eat is some coarse grain." True, the food of Hindoos usually consists of farinaceous matter, but they have as much variety as the poorer classes of Englishmen can get at home, and the quantity that they habitually consume at one meal is very large. Their chapatties, or thin girdle-cakes, are by no means unpleasant to the European palate, and, made as they usually are by the women in their own homes, there is no doubt as to their wholesomeness and purity. But chapatties are by no means the only staple of food. Sweetmeats are used, not as luxuries, but as articles of ordinary diet. There is an immense variety of these, as even a casual traveller like Mr. Smith might observe at the platform of most railway stations, where the vendors have a busy time in attending to the wants of third-class passengers. In the towns and larger villages it is not uncommon to find a dozen or more confectioners' shops close together. Mahometans and many Hindoos, as the Marathas, frequently eat meat. Nor are fruit and vegetables unknown luxuries. The poorest classes can, according to the season, obtain at very low rates mangoes, figs, guavas, plantains, melons, gourds, pomegranates, custard-apples, potatoes, yams, dates, cocoanuts, tomatoes, onions, and various native vegetables, not to mention spices and chilies. Rice, of course, is largely consumed, garlic and chutney being used to flavour it. Tobacco, of native manufacture, is regarded as a necessity of daily life by persons of both sexes. Thus the bill of fare laid down by Mr. Smith must have a few additions made to it.

Further, Mr. Smith contends that "they do not live from a sense of duty; all their duty consists in enduring, and not in doing." As regards the Mussulman community, while it may be admitted that their theory of existence is the will of Allah, or destiny, yet this does not ordinarily preclude a fair amount of energy and activity. But the Hindoo most emphatically does live from a sense of duty. With him birth, marriage, death, every meal that is taken, every ablution that is made, is a religious ceremony. He is deeply impressed with the mystery and solemnity of life, and he feels the presence of the god whom he worships in every phase of his earthly existence. The theory is closely followed by the practice. The Hindoo will, as a matter of course, support his aged parents, and the families of any of his relatives who may have died. He gives largely in charity to religious mendicants and those in real want. The regimental sepoy will, if necessary, live on one meal a day, in order to remit the means of livelihood to his wife and children in their distant home. The religion of both Hindoo and Mussulman teaches them to endure; but except, perhaps, on the occasion of some sudden calamity, when they may submit to what appears to be their fate without an effort, their life is composed of positive, and not merely negative duties.

Again, "it is not for pleasure that they live; all their enjoyment is a pilgrimage." On the contrary, the native of India has far greater opportunities for pleasure and enjoyment than the English country labourer. The Indian has frequent holidays that last for days, the followers of the two great religions usually taking part in each other's festivals. The most important Hindoo holidays are the Dussara, the Diwali, or feast of lamps, when every house is illuminated, and the Holi, which, though not of a very respectable nature, is perhaps the most popular; while the chief Mahometan holiday is the Mohurrum, when gaily decorated effigies of the tombs of the martyred brothers Hussan and Hussein are carried through the streets, day after day, for the best part of a month, to be finally immersed in a river, or tank, or the sea. On all these, and countless other smaller occasions, people of all classes don their best attire and go in for a period of thorough enjoyment. Then there are fairs from time to time, with booths of all descriptions; theatres, peep-shows, and merry-go-rounds are in full swing and largely patronised. Government offices are closed for a number of holidays in the year to allow the employees to join in the fun. There are, again, all sorts of family anniversaries and feasts. A marriage ceremony, with its processions through the streets, the chief persons being engarlanded with flowers, affords enjoyment to thousands and thousands, while fireworks, in the manufacture of which natives excel, form a principal feature in most entertainments. Illuminations are a matter of course on all great and many smaller occasions. Feats of jugglery excite the utmost interest, and, emulated by visits of professionals from England, natives have of late introduced circuses of their own. Kite-flying, again, is a common form of amusement, not only for children, but for grown-up men; while there is music in abundance, which, if not pleasing to the Western ear, is widely appreciated by our Indian fellow-subjects. Wrestling matches in many places attract large crowds, and most towns of any size have theatres, where strolling companies of actors can perform. No pleasures for the Indian! It would be a good thing for Hodge if he could only get half as many.

And yet, in spite of all these opportunities for enjoyment, the faces of natives, according to our visitor, are too sad to answer a smile! Joviality may not be a pronounced characteristic of the native of India, but I have, over and over again, seen natives indulging in hearty laughter, more usually perhaps among the lower classes than among the somewhat grave and dignified landholders. I have always found that a kindly greeting meets with a cheerful response, a little chaff is invariably appreciated and always taken in good part, while, in bargaining with shopkeepers, business is greatly facilitated by their enjoyment of a joke and their keen sense of humour. A further argument in support of the alleged poverty of the people is that they are always talking about pice. The fact is true; the deduction wrong. Pice means money, generally, and not merely the small coin of that name, while the fact that filthy lucre is a common topic of conversation proves rather the love than the absence of that commodity. As regards the stock phrases of a Congress-man, those who have been in India know too much about the constitution of that assembly to attach much value to every cry that it may put forward for political purposes. A European district officer could represent the masses far better than most of the gentlemen who lightly assume that onerous task. The assertion that a million persons lie down every night not knowing when they will break their fast is purely fanciful. Probably the percentage of persons in that unpleasant predicament is not greater than, if so great as, it is in Europe. It is equally preposterous to suppose that the people get poorer every year. In proof of the contrary, there is the unanswerable fact that India imports an immensely greater quantity of European goods year by year. By whom are these paid for but by the masses? The fact that the standard of comfort is increasing is patent everywhere. Men who, a few years ago, would have put an old sack over their shoulders in the rain now carry English umbrellas, which are imported by the million. Glass is seen in windows where it was not long ago undreamt of. In the smallest bazaars are found imported prints and coloured pictures, unfortunately of a wretched style of art, but all implying that there is money to buy them. The deposits in the savings banks grow larger and larger. The revenues of the Post Office and telegraph increase by leaps and bounds.

And now good-bye to India. The Accountant-General informed me that on the 17th of August, 1908, I could go, and on the 17th of August, 1908, I went. From first to last I had put in nearly thirty-two years in India, and I consider that quite enough. My pleasantest recollections consist of camp life, and my chief sense of satisfaction is that I got to know the people intimately and was able to do something in my small capacity for the welfare both of the Police and the general public in the districts of which I from time to time had charge.

THE END

INDEX

Aba Saheb Ramchandra, 233
Abdul Rashid Khan, 240
Aboriginals, 109
Achan's confession, 135
Adam's Peak, 5
Afghan war, 40, 54
Afghanistan, Amir of, 278
Afzool Khan, 138
Ahmednugger, 92, 177
Alban, Captain, 101
Alcock, Mr., 96
Alibag, 115
Ali Khan, Inspector, 186, 199
Allahabad, 56
Alonzo da Briganza, 145
America, 90
Amuck, running, 210
Anderson, Mr., 234
Angria, family of, 116
Annual Report, 140, 169
Army Clothing Department, 9
Arrow, Mr., 37
Artillery soldier killed, 223
Aryan brother, 108
Asiatic Quarterly Review, 170

Babaji hangs himself, 152
Baboo Bullub Perchund, 9, 11
Badami, 34
Bad characters, 126
Bagh-o-behar, 146
Bail-ghari, 195
Baillie, Mr., 13
Baji Rao, Peshwa, 110, 139
Bakar Ali, 42
Balloon tragedy, 227
Bandora, 265
Banjos, 103
Bankipur, 8
Bassein, ruined city, 259
Beatty, Charles, 105
Becher, Colonel, 165
Beer, 47
Belwundi, 94
Beni Israel, 123
Berhampur, 43
Bhamptas, 175
Bhils, 108, 110
Bhimaji Balagi, Inspector, 289
Biden, Mr., 53
Biddle, Jim, 106
Bijapur, 78
Bills, 45
Bipin Chundra Pal, 226
Birch, Mr., 27, 90
Black Hole of Calcutta, 34
Boodhan Sahib, 39
Borradaile, Colonel, 173
Brahmanabad, 218, 278
Brahmo-Samaj, 226
Bright, John, Mr., 149
Buddhist city, 259
Buddhist monastery, 32
Budmashes, 127, 216
Burke, Mr., 181
Burra Sahib, 36, 40
Bussapa, dacoit, 241
Butchoo, Badshah, 218

Cabs, 12
Calcutta, 8
Calling, 12

Camels, 195
Camping season, 126, 193, 205
Cappel, Mr., 258
Carriage inspection, 255
Cattle theft, 184
Chitpawan Brahmins, 62
Chota Hazri, 9
Chowringhee Hotel, 8
Christian village, 156
Christmas catastrophe, 90
Christmas in camp, 205
Chuttri Nizampur, 139
Clerical amenities, 26
Clive, Lord, 116
Cochrane, Mr., 85
Collector, 11
Collet, Inspector, 164, 166
Colombo, 4
Confessions, 134
Congress, National, 66, 89
Connaught, Duke of, 164, 172, 178
Connaught, Duchess of, theft of her diamonds, 165
Cooke, Dr. Theodore, 181
Corruption, 159
Cow, a goddess, 208
Cow-row, 208
Creagh, Sir O'Moore, 210
Cricket in the hot weather, 97
Criminal Procedure Code, 124
Croft, Sir Alfred, 32
Cruelty to animals, 196
Cutcherry, 119
Cuttack, 52

Dacoities, 97, 212, 240, 249
Dairy farming, 91
Daniel, Major, 59
Darjeeling, 17, 20
Dasgaum, 130
Daud Mirza, 41
Dauries, 238
David dancing, 121
Davies, Digby, 105, 113
Dawk-bungalows, 14
Dawk-ghari, 15
Delhi Durbar, 5
Deputy Collectors, 136
Description of the people, 292
Detective department, 161
Dharwar, 234, 239
Dhatura poisoning, 270
Dhulia, 105
Dhumny, 77
Dhurumgaum, 105
District Magistrate, 11
Diwali, 297
D.M., 82
Dogs' tails, 168
Drastic remedy, 185
Drill, 96
D.S.P., 80
Dublin Fusiliers, 164
Duncan, Mr., 74
Durbars, dress-suits at, 13

Elephants, 48
Elijah the Prophet, 156
Enthoven, Mr., 279
Equitation, 96
European subordinates, 255
Evidence, 193
Explosion, 224
Extradition, 95

False cases, 141
False charge of murder, 163
Famine, 5, 13
Farhad Mirza, 39
Fergusson, Sir James, 70, 138
Ferris, Colonel, 65, 74, 86
Fever, 193
Fire on train, 86
Flora, the ship, 150
Futteh Chund, head-constable, 223
Futteh Khan's murder case, 268
Fayaz-ud-din, 41

Gambling Act, 211
Ganesh Khind, 171
Garden Reach, 7
Ghauts, 57

Ghoolam Mahomed, 185
Ghoolam Rasool, 229
Giles, Mr., 227
Golden Gang, 174
Golibar, 123
Govindbux, pleader, 189
Green, Private, 68, 90

Hangal, king of, 241
Hangings, 192
Harvest-home, 32
Henery island, 117
Hill people, 24
Hindoo gods, 152
History of Bombay, 147
Hobson-Jobson, 39
Holi, 297
Hooghli pilots, 6
Hoors, 218
Hubshis, 152
Hume-Henderson, Colonel, 228
Hurish Chundra Ghur, 99
Hyderabad, 209

Ibrahim Khan, 210
Ibrahim Roza, 79
Icicles, 182
Ilbert Bill, 88
Imambux, his Chinese wife, 190
Imperialism *in excelsis*, 37
Inchalkarunji, chief of, 65
Indus, 194, 196
Inoculation, 244
Insect pests, 183
Inspections, 126
Intermediate class, 11
Inundation, 196
Isa, naib-diwan, 218
Italian man-of-war, 262

Jacobabad district, 199
Jail, murder in, 191
James, Sir Evan, 206
Jellapahar, 17
Jews, 123
Jindal Shah, 262
John Carruthers, 273
Johnstone, Bishop, 53
Joint-magistrate, 11
Jolly times, 97
Judge, a conscientious, 193
Junjira, 152 ; Nawab of, 156
Junnat, death of, 187

Kaludgi, 77
Kanarese, 87
Kandy, 4
Kanhoji Angria, 115
Kelat, 201
Kenhery lighthouse, 116
Kennedy, Hartley, 114
Kennedy, Michael, 254, 257
Kennery Caves, 259
Keyser, Mr., 117, 162
Khandesh, 104
Khan Mahomed, Inspector, 187, 189, 199
Khan of Kelat, 201
Khansameh, 45
Khirajmul, 187
Khooshal Amerani, 199, 201, 203
Kinchinjunga, 17
Kine-killing, 208
Kirkee, 172 ; battle of, 109
Kissendass murdered, 191
Kitmagars, 10
Kolaba district, 114
Kolhapur, 58
Kolis, 149, 151, 156
Koorla, 268
Krishna Mokashi, murder of, 131
Krishna, the god, 146, 156, 170
Krishnaji, Inspector, 238, 240
Kulma, the, 54
Kurseong, 17

Ladies, courage of, 100
Ladysmith, relief of, 248
Languages, 87
Lansdowne Bridge, 194
Larkana, 204

Late nights, 96
Lifeboats, 116, 150
Local self-government, 89
Locusts, 87
Lord, Mr. W. F., the author, 84
Lunar months, 38, 52

Macarthy, Mr., 85
Madras, 5
Magisterial powers, 64
Mahableshwar, 61
Mahadev Wassudev Burve, 62, 165
Mahadev Wassudev Phudke, 59
Maharajpet dacoity, 240
Mahboob Ali, 196
Mahomed Ali Shah, constable, 224
Malabar Hill, 7
Mamlatdar, 120
Marathi language, 63
Marlborough masters, 111
Matheran, 179
Mathias, Mr., 19
McCorkell, Mr., 85
Mehrab Khan, 197
Mengraj, head-moonshi, 185
Mhárs, 109
Miraj, chief of, 65
Mir Hussan Ali, 193
Mirpur, 198
Mirza Abas Ali Beg, 155
Mistri, Colonel, 263
Modak, 62
Moghul Empire, 148
Mohurrum, 38, 121, 271, 297
Money-lenders, 214
Moonshee, 63
Moore, Inspector, 256
Moorghi, 145
Moorshedabad, 34
Morison, Mr., 275
Motiram murders his wife, 221
Mountford, Mr., 218
Moving camp, 128
Mudgaonker, Mr., 263
Muggenlal's little game, 176
Mukhi Dhund, 217
Mules, Mr., 229
Mungharam, Inspector, 226

Narayan Sing, Inspector, 211, 221
Native officers, 161
Native press, 54, 283
Nawab Nazim, 35
Nizamut College, 34
Nizam's dominions, 95

Orderly-room, 93
Orthodoxy *in excelsis*, 37
O'Sullivan, Mr., 50
Outram, Sir James, 110

Partition of Bengal, 104
Patna, 8
Patrol books, 127
Pay, 75
Peacock, Major, 43
Penjdeh scare, 103
Philip da Mello, 153
Pice, 299
Pig-sticking, 49, 94
Piracy, 116
Plague, 232
Plassey, battle of, 34, 36
Police Commission, 158, 257, 276
Police force, constitution of, 81
Police manual, 93, 170
Police not good enough, 53
Police Probationers, 75
Political department, 57
Polo, 47
Pondicherri, 8
Poona amusements, 171
Porteous, Mr., 179
Portuguese territory, 289
Port Said, 4
Poust, the poison, 271
Pratápghur, 138
Prem Sagar, 146
Prince of Wales, 277
Propert, Rajah, 106, 162
Prother, General, 139
Prukurns, 143

Pundits, 63
Punkahs, 46
Punno Akil, 196
Pushtoo language, 202

Raighur, 139
Railway accident, 178
Railway frauds, 173, 196
Rajah of Kolhapur, 62; his death, 90
Rama, the god, 232
Ramrao Venkatrao, Inspector, 286
Ramzan, 52
Rapid promotion, 76
Rasool Bux, murder of, 205
Rebellion, 59, 66
Reeves, Major, 74
Reinold, Mr., 84
Rewadunda, 119
Riots in Bombay, 207
Robbers, band of, 199
Roha, 119
Roodra - Gauda, chief constable, 244
Rosherville, 171

Sale of women, 216
Sand-storms, 190
Santa Cruz, 272
Sarah Begum, 36
Saving money, 19
Schneider, Colonel, 61
Sedition, 54, 282
Servants, 23
Shahnawaz, 189
Shahzadas, 35
Shiahs, 38
Shikarpur, 180, 182
Shiwaji, 115, 138, 139
Shuttleworth, Allen, 150
Siliguri, 15
Silk industry, 44
Sinclair, Dr., 74
Sinclair, Mr., 118, 149
Sind Commission, 229
Sind Frontier Tribes Act, 205
Sindi language, 186
Slander in Sind, 187
Solomon Moses, 272
Soonnies, 38
Sowkars, 214
Steele, Mr., 219, 229
Stewart, Captain, 245
St. Paul's School, 22, 28
Sturt, Colonel, 101
Suicide in the lines, 190
Sukkur, 183, 194
Sultan Sahib, 39
Sunjan riot case, 269
Superstition, 88
Suraj-ud-dowla, 34
Syuds, 38

Takavi, 214
Tales of Ancient India, 170
Talooka, 82, 120
Tamasha, 122
Tanks, 243
Tasmania, 90
Tea-planting, 21
Temperance agitation, 157
Temple, Sir Richard, 9, 10, 55, 57
Terai, 16
Thana, civil station, 262
Thana district, 259
Thur and Parker district, 217
Tiger, I shoot a, 247
Tilak, 70, 71; his transportation, 73
Tipnis, Mr., 263
Tommy Atkins, 208, 223, 233
Tongas, 58
Torture by Police, 134
Trackers, 115, 197
Tulhar, 227
Tungaboodhra River, 244
Turf Club, West of India, 106

Umballa Sweep, 50

Van Tassel, Mrs., 227

Vernacular correspondence, 158
Victoria, Queen, 139; her death, 251
Vincent, Mr., 207, 209
Vishalgud, chief of, 65
Vishvanath, Jogleker, 251

Waghris, 267
Warburton, Mr., 26, 56
Warden, Mr., 143, 250
Waris Ali, 42
Watoomul Pohomul, 225
Wellington, Duke of, 101
White man's burden, 125
Wilkins, Mr., 11
Wilson, Colonel, 167
Winter, Mr., 102
Wise, Colonel, 167, 177
Woodburn, Mr., 218
World, end of the, 102

Yar Mahomed, 201

Zemindars, 195, 200, 216, 225

WILLIAM BRENDON AND SON, LTD.
PRINTERS, PLYMOUTH

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY
BERKELEY

THIS BOOK IS DUE ON THE LAST DATE
STAMPED BELOW

Books not returned on time are subject to a fine of 50c per volume after the third day overdue, increasing to $1.00 per volume after the sixth day. Books not in demand may be renewed if application is made before expiration of loan period.

AUG 4 1917
SEP 1 1917
FEB 24 1922
AUG 22 1931
JUL 28 1966 38
IN STACKS
JUL 14 1966
RECEIVED
AUG 29 '66 -1 PM
LOAN DEPT.

JUN 5 1967 58
RECEIVED
MAY 31 '67 -3 PM
UCLA
INTERLIBRARY LOAN
OCT 31 1974

50m-7,'16

222830
DS413
C75